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BASSETT'S SCRAP BOOK



Scraps from N. E. W. S.

PENNED AND SCISSORED

IT IS TO LAUGH
IT IS TO BE WISE
IT IS KNOTS TO UNTIE



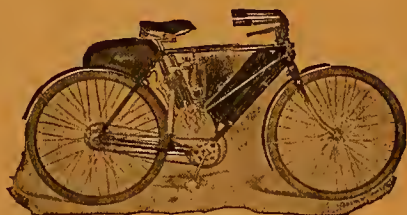
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Bassett's Scrap Book

SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Vol. 2. No. 1. ✓

MARCH, 1904.

5 Cents.

Published Monthly.

A collector and purveyor of odd bits of information in the domain of History, Literature, Biography, etc.

*"In winter you may read them by the fireside,
and in summer under some shady tree; and
therewith pass away the tedious hours."*

L. A. A. Publishing Co.

ABBOT BASSETT, Editor.

60 Cents Per Year.
5 Cents Single Copy.

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BEN ADHEM.

Ben Adhem had a golden coin one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew;
Year after year awaiting him it lay,
Until the coin two pieces grew, and these
two four.
And all the people said, "How rich Ben Adhem is."
And bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,
Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.
Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave,
But when his soul reached heaven, angels
with pride
Showed him the wealth to which his coin
had multiplied.

Metta Victoria Victor.

Choose your chums: Do you know why a polar bear is white. The icebergs answer. Or a Bengal tiger striped? The jungles of India fling the answer down your throat. If you walk with the lame you may learn to limp.

Put a load of potatoes in a cart and rattle it down hill. Every big potato will be on top. Why? Because every little potato went to the bottom.

THE FIRST HANDFUL OF SCRAPS.

The mission of The Scrap Book, now starting on its second volume is

To tell its readers something new, or, if it be not new, something worth being repeated;

To furnish a repository for keeping things worth keeping;

To preach the gospel of good cheer and make its readers smile;

To drive away all tears except those caused by our efforts to create a smile;

To present some of the poems you ought to know that you may keep them handy for easy reference;

To catch your attention by publishing many short and no long articles;

To preach the gospel of fresh air and exercise;

To show you that there is no better and no more exhilarating exercise than that which one gets on the cycle;

To show you that while we have better roads than we had, we ought to have more good roads than we have;

To show you that the individual is powerless until he is organized;

To persuade people that we are "it" so that we may touch them for a subscription;

To satisfy curiosity and answer questions propounded;

To become a welcome visitor at all times.

The authorities tell us that Scrap comes from Scrape and that scraps are really things scraped off. Our education is a matter of attrition. We rub up against people and scrape off what we need. A Scrap Book, then, is made up of things scraped off. You will ask if the Scrap Book is to have nothing original. Bless you, where are we to find original things. All literature is but the pouring of old wine into new bottles. It may be that our readers will get just as much orig-

inal sin from us as from others. All magazines, newspapers, etc., are but Scrap Books, after all.

We are the official organ of the League of American Wheelman. This is a very worthy organization and it has proved itself a power in the field of work it has occupied.

It has made it possible for a wheelman to ride his wheel, unmolested, in any part of the country. Before its time the wheelman found opposition on every hand;

It initiated the movement for good roads, and now the country is a unit on this question;

It brought together in a common interest more than a hundred thousand young men and made them workers in a common cause;

It preaches now that the bicycle is a practical vehicle, the poor man's carriage, the best developer of the physical man, the most exhilarating of all sports and a thing that will not be put down;

It seeks and needs the active co-operation in its work of every man who rides a wheel or believes in good roads;

It seeks to hold those members it has and wants to gain others;

It has taken space in our paper and will use it to preach the gospel of the wheel;

It asks you, if you are not a member, to follow up its notices and announcements that it may convince you that it still lives and flourishes.

A TOAST.

To the Crystal of Desire,
To the Wheel of Mystic Birth,
Child of the Mine and Fire—
Drink, Riders of the Earth!

To the hum of the whirring wire,
In the rush of the air disturbed;
To the purr of the spurning tire,
And the speed of the steed uncurbed,
To the stroke of the corded muscle,
And the rise of the warming thigh;
To the lift and drop of the hills we top,
And the woodlands rolling by.

To the deep exhilaration
To the brawn, and the touch that guides;
To the Freedom of creation—
To the world of him who rides,
To the spindrift mists of morning,
To noon, of the golden light;
To the tints that fade, and the mystic shade,
To the Moon, and the mottled night.

To the air, to the winds that buffet,
And the will to which they bend;
To Life and the way we rough it,
To the roads that never end.

To the vilest and the velvet,
To the wind flung leaves we toss;
To the clouds that race at a breathing pace,
And the bird that darts across!

To a joy beyond dimensions,
To a pleasure never old;
To the Prince of all inventions,
To the steel worth more than gold.
We, Heirs of an Age of Science,
With leaping Life shall ride
From the purple dawn of Manhood, on
To the ebbing eventide.

A Toast to the Child of Fire,
To the Wheel of Mystic Birth,
To the End of all Desire—
Drink, Riders of the Earth!
Francis James Macbeath.

How many people are aware of the origin of that special female prerogative belonging to leap year? By an Act of the Scottish Parliament passed during the reign of Margaret, "every maiden of both high and low degree shall have liberty to speak to the man she likes." And mark this, all ye bachelors of the year 1904: "If he refuse to take her to be his wife he shall be mulct in the sum of £100 or less, as his estate may be, except and always if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman then he shall be free."

This pretty story comes from over the water. The other day Queen Alexandra, who was greatly pleased at the warm reception given to her and the King in Ireland, remarked to an Irish lady, "What touches me is that the poorer the people look, the more heartily they shout their welcome." "Ah, ma'am," replied this daughter of Erin, "you see their voices are all they have to give you." "How I wish I could give them something in return," sighed the Queen. "And sure, you do, ma'am," was the ready answer. "You give them smiles; any one can give them money, but only you can give them your smiles."

It is said the barking dog never bites. There may be other virtues possessed by the barking dog, but they do not come to mind at this moment.

"What is the difference between poetry and versification?" asked the ignorant one. "Poetry," replied the wise one, "is what a man writes himself; versification is the rhyming done by others."

In the realm of the blind the one-eyed man is king.

The most annoying things in the world, says one of our exchanges, are "little dogs, little debts and little men." "Attend a concert," it proceeds, "and you will find the only person who wishes to bring his bouquets into early notice will be a dapper little fellow, who has to stand on a shingle to jump over a corn-cob."

Have you had trouble with postage stamps this winter? Have they curled up and cracked apart? Then you have been supplied with summer stamps instead of those made for winter wear. There is a stamp for summer and a stamp for winter and the difference is in the gum. The gum used in winter is heavier and will withstand low temperature. In summer a thin gum is used and this will not melt so readily in the warm weather. Many postmasters have been selling summer stamps this winter but orders have been issued to discontinue doing so. Regardful of our taste, Uncle Sam now puts in a flavoring of wintergreen when he mixes the gum.

In the United States there is but one "four corners," where four states and territories join. More than this, it is the only place of its kind in the world. This point, upon a spur of the Carizo Mountains, is the one where Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona join. At no other place on the globe do we find four states, territories or provinces uniting to form such a junction. This spot is not easy of access and few tourists ever see it, yet a monument stands at the point, erected by United States surveyors and inscribed with the names of the states and territories whose boundaries meet there.

Is the man who can do a thing well the best teacher? We may know without being able to impart. Now, if one were going to attend a course of lectures on the theory, mathematical, physical, and psychical, of the bicycle, and all its recondite tricks, far more instructive would it be to listen to the philosopher, who cannot keep his seat on it for thirty seconds, than to the little boy, who can hang his legs over the lever, put his hands into his pockets, and go whistling along in supreme contempt of theory. But for a practical instructor and inspirer in the use of so ticklish a contrivance, commend us to the boy. "Don't you see! Just get on to her, and give yourself up to her, and you're all right." would be the sum and substance of his teaching.

"I thought on the first of the year you left off doing all sorts of things?"

"So I did."

"Well, you are doing them all again."

"Exactly. You see when I turned over those new leaves, I forgot to put in a book-mark, and now I can't find the place where I left off."

There is no fiend quite so fiendish as the scrap book fiend. If he goes to work systematically, sorts his scraps, puts all of one kind into a separate book, indexes them and displays some taste in arrangement, he will soon have a collection of material invaluable to himself and those who come after. There is no end of material for him to work upon and he gets it at little expense. If you have a fad or an interest in any special thing you should be a collector and scrapper of the literature which is born of it. Get a pair of scissors and a paste pot and go hunting. It is better than killing things.

There is a whole sermon for the "Sunny Side" in Nixon Waterman's exquisite little verse:

The savage beast, the poison vine, the evils
of the earth—
I know not if the good and ill were only one
at birth—
But all the world seems gracious, when I set
against the wrong:
A woman's love, a sheaf of grain, a lily, and
a song!

There you have it in a nutshell—human affections, useful productiveness, the beauty of nature and the charm of music, balancing all the ills that flesh is heir to. Isn't it a fine thought? Isn't it an answer to all the pessimism the world is cursed with? Isn't it worth repeating and reiterating and emphasizing till the dark shades of Schopenhauer are driven away and the decadence of D'Annunzio shrinks into a dark corner where it belongs?

Speed is the thing most desired at the present time in this busy world. Here are the records as they stand today:

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Electric car | 130.4 miles per hour |
| Locomotive | 120.0 miles per hour |
| Automobile | 92.3 miles per hour |
| Motor cycle | 69.2 miles per hour |
| Bicycle | 62.0 miles per hour |
| Steam yacht | 45.0 miles per hour |
| Running horse | 37.4 miles per hour |
| Launch | 22.7 miles per hour |
| Skating | 22.2 miles per hour |
| Running, man | 14.2 miles per hour |
| Sailing yacht | 12.2 miles per hour |

It is more than probable that 1905 will make a change in these figures. Slow coach must go—faster.

I WANT TO GO TO MORROW.

I started on a journey just about a week ago,
For the little town of Morrow, in the State
of Ohio,

I never was a traveler and really didn't know
That Morrow had been ridiculed a century
or so.

I went down to the depot for my ticket and
applied

For tips regarding Morrow, not expecting to
be guyed.

Said I, "My friend, I want to go to Morrow
and return

Not later than tomorrow, for I haven't time
to burn."

Said he to me, "Now let me see if I have
heard you right,

You want to go to Morrow and come back
tomorrow night.

You should have gone to Morrow yesterday
and back today,

For if you started yesterday to Morrow,
don't you see,

You could have got to Morrow and returned
today at three.

The train that started yesterday, now under-
stand me right,

Today it gets to Morrow, and returns to-
morrow night."

Said I, "My boy, it seems to me you're talk-
ing through your hat,

Is there a town named Morrow on your line,
now tell me that?"

"There is," said he, "and take from me a
quiet little tip,

To go from here to Morrow is a fourteen-
hour trip.

The train that goes to Morrow leaves today
eight-thirty-five,

Half after ten tomorrow is the time it
should arrive.

Now if from here to Morrow is a fourteen-
hour jump,

Can you go today to Morrow and come back
today, you chump?"

Said I, "I want to go to Morrow, can I go
today

And get to Morrow by tonight, if there is no
delay?"

"Well, well," said he, "explain to me and
I've no more to say,

Can you go anywhere tomorrow and come
back today?

For if today you'd get to Morrow, surely
you'll agree

You should have started not today but yes-
terday, you see.

So if you start to Morrow, leaving here to-
day, you're flat,

You won't get in to Morrow till the day
that follows that.

"Now if you start today to Morrow, it's a
cinch you'll land

Tomorrow into Morrow, not today, you un-
derstand.

For the train today to Morrow, if the sched-
ule is right,

Will get you into Morrow by about tomor-
row night."

Said I, "I guess you know it all, but kindly
let me say,

How can I go to Morrow if I leave the town
today?"

Said he, "You cannot go to Morrow any
more today,

For the train that goes to Morrow is a mile
upon its way."

FINALE.

I was so disappointed I was mad enough to
swear,

The train had gone to Morrow and had left
me standing there;

The man was right in telling me I was a
howling jay,

I didn't go to Morrow, so I guess I'll go
today.

"The Boston Medical and Surgical Jour-
nal" says that a Boston physician was re-
cently called to a family which he found in
such destitute circumstances that he gave, in
addition to his prescription, a \$5 bill. Hap-
pening in the next day, he discovered that
his gift had been thus spent: Three dollars
to the priest, and \$2 to get another doctor.

Little George is an embryonic philosopher.
He said the other day at table, "Now,
when I sit in my chair my feet won't touch
the floor, but when I walk around they touch
the floor just as well as anybody's."

One feature of the Scrap Book we wish
to make especially valuable. Under the
heading "Answers" we shall try and give sat-
isfactory answers to questions asked on his-
torical, literary and practical matters that are
of general interest, religion and politics
barred. We are not going to pretend that
the questions, which we answer in this issue,
came to us. You would not believe us if we
so stated. We have to start things and we
expect to ask ourselves questions for a good
many months. When we can work up a
large correspondence we hope to make our
"Answers" of great value to our readers and
to ourselves. Don't think for a moment that
we are a storehouse of knowledge and that
any and every question can be answered off-
hand. We have large resources for looking
up things, and if we fail to find we can appeal
to our readers.

A member of the Massachusetts Legisla-
ture with more zeal than discretion has in-

troduced a bill to compel the removal of underbrush growing within the limit of public ways. The bill provides that within five years all underbrush growing by the country roads, except abutting on pasture land, or through woods from which the selectmen of the town shall decide it inexpedient to remove the underbrush, shall be removed by the owner of the abutting property.

Now the obvious intent of this bill is to have the country roads "cleared up" and scraggy and unsightly growth of shrubs and small trees removed, not only for the sake of the aesthetic effect, but to protect the roadways. Reasonable as this might appear, the bill actually provides for the destruction of all the native growth along the country roads, the good and bad alike, and defeats the very purpose sought. For one of the great charms of the country road is in the well kept native growth of shrubbery which lines the stone walls on either side. To sweep the native growth away indiscriminately, to reduce all roadsides to a monotonous state of bareness, will not contribute in any degree to the beauty of the landscape, or serve a particularly useful purpose in protecting the roadways.

"Thomas, what is the meaning of 'hic jacet'?" "Here lies." "Can you give an example in which it is used?" "Yes, ma'am. When the cook tells ghost stories we all gather round her and hic jacet."

English women have always put our American ladies to shame in the matter of walking, but they were behind us in cycling. Our American women took up the wheel much more generally than did the English women. And now England must look to its laurels in walking. It is said that walking was never so fashionable in New York as it is today. A number of prominent women were advised by their physicians to walk for the sake of exercise and air, and the habit has given rise to the fashion among the fashionables. Women who never would have thought of going out except in a carriage a year ago now go up and down Fifth Avenue because it is distinctly smart to walk, and to walk in a way showing that one is doing it for one's own sake. They do not dawdle and stop every once in awhile to look into the shop windows. They walk vigorously, and without stopping. This fad has the advantage of healthfulness that few fads possess, and it may well be followed by women of other places.

LIFE.

"Now, what is life?" I asked my little son. He laughed and answered: "Life is having fun."

I asked a little maid. She understood. Sweet, innocent, that life was "being good." I asked a youth, who, biting at his glove, Confessed abashed that he thought life was "love."

I asked an old man, honored, wise and brave. He answered: "Life is waiting for the grave."

Tom Hall.

"De man dat keeps talkin' 'bout de meanness of human nature," said Uncle Eben, "may be a philosopher. An' den ag'in may be he has jes' been unlucky in choosin' his friends."

Rev. Peter McQueen of Charlestown, Mass., is an optimist who always has a good word to say for everybody, even though the person under discussion may seem to have no admirable qualities. One day when he had been standing up for a particularly disreputable specimen of humanity a friend said to him: "Mr. McQueen, how is it that you always can think of something pleasant to say about everybody under the sun?" Mr. McQueen laughed. "Well, you see," he said, "there is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it does not become any of us to speak ill of the rest of us."

The London Lancet says that athletics in England have developed too much into gladiatorial displays by picked competitors struggling to win prizes or to earn wages before huge crowds of spectators, and can hardly be regarded as effective agents in the development of the physical strength and physical activity of the people. Better ride for pleasure in the open country on the steed that never tires. The race track never yet gave us a man healthy in mind and body.

It is most unfortunate for the human race that so many young men have given up riding the wheel. The automobile will never do for humanity what the bicycle has done. Bicycle riding brings about a physical development of high order. Even its most serious use is a pastime and an exercise which promotes cheerfulness in the highest degree. Drudgery soon becomes exhausting, but pleasurable labor is invigorating. The bicycle rider enjoys an exercise which is remarkably uniform in its effects upon the

whole body. The arms and chest are always involved in the general exertion; and, on rough ground, where steering is difficult and hard pulling necessary, the upper part of the body feels the strain even more than the lower limbs.

A map of America made in 1510, and which was responsible for the naming of the new world for Americus Vespucci, instead of calling it Columbia, in honor of Christopher Columbus, will be one of the interesting relics exhibited at the world's fair from the Vatican at Rome. The old map was made at the town of Saint Die, Lorraine, by Martin Waldseemuller, and was recently found by Prof. Fischer, a German scholar of fame. Father Ehrle, who through the courtesy of Pope Pius X. is preparing the Vatican exhibit, has secured the map and will send it with the other treasures.

If there are any who have had doubts regarding the propriety of saying "stunt," they will be relieved now to know that it is all right. Mrs. Martha Crow Foote says so, and she is dean of the woman's hall at Northwestern University, in the classic suburb of Chicago. Mrs. Foote says "stunt" is not only a good word, but that it is correct English—or, rather, American. In introducing the performers at a coed entertainment recently she used "stunt," and, moreover, placed her public seal of approval upon the word. The growth of the language shall not to this extent be stunted.

NONSENSE VERSE.

A canner, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny,
 "A canner can can
 Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

We hear of horseless carriages,
 Propelled by unseen force;
Also of loveless marriages,
 Which generate divorce.
We hear of wireless telegrams,
 A wonder of our day;
But 'twixt them armless courtships
 Will never come to stay.

'Tis the men who are busy as B B B B
That opportunity fleeting as C C C C
 For with wide-open I I I I
 They grow wondrously Y Y Y Y
And spend their old age in great E E E E.

He put a stick of dynamite
 Inside a stove to heat.
He didn't dream at all that night,
 His sleep was calm and sweet.

Some of him slept upon the hill,
 Some of him in the vale,
And some beside the twinkling rill
 That bubbles through the dale.

When a girl begins to have beaux,
She is apt to turn up her neaux,
 At father and mother,
 At sister and brother,
And tell them to heau their own reaux.

If all the men were two foot six
And all the women six foot two,
And all the men kissed all the girls,
I'd sell stepladders; wouldn't you?

An ambitious young Ph. D.
Got a bid one day to a T.
 At the Y. M. C. A.
 And he felt like a J.
On forgetting his R. S. V. P.

There was an old man in a hearse,
Who said, things might have been worse.
The ride is immense, likewise the expense,
But it doesn't come out of my purse.

Said Latitude to Longitude:
 "Most troublous times, my friend;
I just heard Boundary Line remark
 He knew not where he'd end!

"So let us thank our lucky stars
With all this awful fuss,
Whichever way the war may go,
At least they can't move us."

A boorish young fellow from Fla.
Made a dash through a crowded inn's ca.;
Said a lady from Me.,
As he trod on her tre.,
 "I never met a man who was ha."

A fishy old fisher named Fischer
Fished fish from the edge of the fissure;
A cod, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in—
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

There was a young lady of Ealing,
Whose friends thought her very unfeeling;
When she had scarlet fever,
They wouldn't receive her,
So she called on them while she was peeling.

Life is the dramatic presentation of good and evil. Some astute critics are of the opinion the performance is now in the fifth and last act, but, owing to the absence of the official programme, nothing can be determined.

A neighbor of ours went to sleep the other night and dreamed he was in a city entirely governed by women. It was scrupulously clean, and while wandering around he saw three men arrested for spitting on the pavement. A garbage box at the rear of each lot was hand painted and tied with blue rib-

bon. Mail boxes were decorated and fire plugs had cushioned seats on top of them. Sweet peas were climbing over the electric light poles, and a hand painted cuspidor occupied a prominent place on every corner. There was no business, not a team being allowed to pass up and down the main streets for fear of making dust. The town was deserted save for the police women, who marched up and down to see that no one with dusty shoes stepped into the town. There was one variation to the established order of things. Every man was allowed a special "den," into which he could retire and from which he could exclude women, brooms and dusters. "Leave soap behind all ye who enter here," on the door. Quite an ideal world. Happiness for all.

COME BACK INTO LINE.

Come back into line, you erring ones,
Ex-devotees of the wheel.
Shake out the kinks from your atrophied legs
And recover your oldtime zeal.
Tighten the belts round your thickening
waists,
Throw off your burdens of care,
And travel once more on the steel that's shod
With a hosepipe stuffed with air.

What have you found to take the place
Of the health-compelling wheel?
The saddle horse or the trolley car,
Or the ill smelling automobile?
These are the playthings of lazy men,
Or men with senile decay.
But think of the fun you used to have
That the riders are having today.

On Sunday mornings you slowly wake,
Turn over and sleep some more.
You tardily rise at nearly twelve,
Feeling lubberly to the core.
After your breakfast you merely loaf;
You eat too much when you dine,
And after an ill spent, tiresome day
You roll into bed at nine.

How different 'tis with the men who ride.
Our Sundays are filled with joys.
On our flying wheels we cover the roads
With the vigor and vim of boys.
We visit the woods and the fields and ponds;
We breathe the life giving air.
And when night comes we look back on a
day
Of enjoyment, all free from care.

Then hasten back, misguided men,
Nor idly sit and prate
Of the morning spins and the rollicking runs
Of eighteen seventy-eight.
The roads and the wheels have both im-
proved,
And are better than ever before.
And there's just as much fun in riding a
wheel
In nineteen hundred and four.

You'll find the enjoyment is just as true,
And just as keen as then.
That a wheelmen's rest is quite as good
As a home for aged men.
Don't sit round the house the rest of your
life
And imagine your race is run.
Don't be an old fossil at forty-five,
But a youngster at sixty-one.

The woods and the fields may look the same
From your seat on an automobile,
But the health and the strength come better
by far
To the man who rides the wheel.
And his are the sense of freedom and life,
And the ravenous appetite,
The recognition of things achieved,
And the well earned sleep at night.

Return, you sinners, while yet there's time,
Nor tamely stand and wait.
But start this spring to renew your youth
On a wheel built up to date.
Talk of the present and not of the past;
Then all thy world will say,
"These are no longer the Men Who Were;
They're the Men Who Are Today."
—Quincy Kilby.

One of the best cures for stoutness is to
live at a boarding house where you will be
treated like one of the family.

It is not the consistent man in politics,
the man who makes today the logical se-
quence of yesterday, and yesterday of the day
before, and so backward to the beginning,
whom you see in the forefront of the fortu-
nate throng. How highly would you value a
weathercock that always pointed in one di-
rection, no matter how the wind blew?

"Wisdom is a funny thing," said the adver-
tising solicitor. "This morning one of the
printers came down stairs inquiring about
the words 'laundried' and 'laundered.' I said
promptly that there was no such word as
'laundered,' and felt quite wise for knowing
so much without looking. Later, with a
view of mentioning the matter to the printer
again, and rubbing it in, I looked up the
words, and found that there was no such
word as 'laundried'; that 'laundered' was the
proper word. I was quite ashamed for a
moment, but only a moment, and wrote a
paragraph abusing people who use 'laun-
dried.' Then I laughed at myself. The
world is full of wisdom like mine."

Here are some questions about things
you've seen every day and all your life. If
you are a wonder you may possible answer
one or two of the queries offhand. Other-
wise not.

What are the exact words on a 2-cent

stamp, and in which direction is the face on it turned?

In which direction is the face turned on a cent? On a quarter? On a dime?

Which way does the crescent moon turn? To the right or left?

What color are your employer's eyes? The eyes of the man at the next desk?

Draw a picture of the face of your watch, making the figures correctly and placing them in right position regarding the stem. The odds are you will make two mistakes.

How high (in inches) is a silk hat?

How many buttons has the vest or shirt waist you are wearing?

How many stairs are there in the first flight at your house?

How many steps lead from the street to the front door of your house?

What is the name, signed fac-simile, on any \$1, \$2, \$5 or \$10 bill you ever saw? You've read dozens of those names. Can you remember one?

A Hebrew merchant was talking with one of Boston's prominent lawyers one day when they were approached by another Hebrew of a very affectionate nature. He put his arms around the neck of his Hebrew friend and said:

"Abe, how are you, my boy? Why don't you come and see me? Why don't you come tonight? Why don't you come and have dinner with me tonight?"

"I can't come tonight," replied the first Hebrew. "I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'"

"Bring 'Hamlet' with you," replied the affectionate Hebrew.

"All right; good-bye," said the first Hebrew.

The affectionate one murmured his good-bye and departed.

The second Hebrew remarked to his legal adviser: "What a pity! His ignorance! He thinks 'Hamlet' is a fellow. He ain't. He's a theatre."

The air is saturated with war and rumors of war. Civilized man has not yet found the way for nations to settle disputes except by murdering men by wholesale. What little things lead to war. Lord Palmerston used to say that only three men had ever known the nature of the troubles in Schleswig-Holstein which led to two great wars—two of them had died before war broke out, and he, the third of the trinity, had completely forgotten what it was all about. It is now well known, however, that a slight manipula-

tion by Bismarck of a telegram set France and Germany flying at each other's throats a generation ago, with results too appalling to contemplate.

The spaniel is so called because the original breed came from Spain, and the first arrivals in England were called Spanish dogs. The dachshund is a German breed, and his name is a German name, meaning "badger dog." The original dachshund was used for drawing badgers. The fox terrier earned his name, not from any fancied resemblance to the fox, but because, long ago, in the days of "merry England," these terriers, much larger and stronger then, were used by sportsmen for drawing and killing the fox. The various breeds of hounds of today are called hounds because they are the present survivors of the time when all hunting dogs were used to hound game. In the early hunting days of England every dog that was used to accompany the hunt was selected mainly for his speed and endurance. There were hounds that were supposed to follow the game by scent and others who were supposed to sight it a long way off, but all were expected to be able to run the game down. Consequently, while the name of hound, or hund in the ancient Saxon, was first used for all kinds of dogs, it finally came to denote hunting dogs only; that is why we call our hunting dogs hounds today, such as greyhounds, bloodhounds, wolfhounds, deerhounds, etc.

The King can do no wrong. In England the speed limit of motors by the new act of Parliament is twenty miles an hour on an open country road and ten miles an hour in town. The act allows the King's automobile to go without being numbered. His Majesty is not required personally to have a driving license, though, of course, his chauffeur possesses one.

Wheelmen are not unfamiliar with the badge fiend, and the following story will appeal to them. General Corbin was at the Old Guard ball, where a particularly pompous-looking military man was strutting around with three medals conspicuously displayed on his coat.

"I say, General," asked a companion, "where do you suppose that peacock got those medals?"

"Well, judging from appearances, he must have received the third because he had the other two; the second because the first one

he had looked lonesome, and the first he probably got because he had none at all."

Later in the evening it developed that the medal wearer was a member of the National Guard who was a manufacturer of gold badges.

IMPH-M.

When I was a laddie langsyne at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce and a fule,
Fo a' that he said, I could ne'er un'erstan'
Unless when he bawld "Jamie, hand oot yer han'!"

Then I gloom'd an' said, "Imph-m,"
I glumch'd and said "Imph-m."
I wasna ower proud, but ower dour to say—
a-y!

Ae day a queer word as lang—nebbit's him-
sel'

He vowed he would thrash me if I wadna
spell,

Quo' I, "Maister, I will," wi' a kin' o' a
swither,

"I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me
anither.

Let's hear ye spell 'Imph-m,'
That common word, 'Imph-m.'
That auld Scotch word 'Imph-m,' ye ken it
means a-y!"

Had ye seen hoo he glowr'd, hoo he scratch'd
his big pate,

An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!
Get aff to yer seat! Yer the plague o' the
schule,

The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or
fule,

But I only said "Imph-m."
That common word "Imph-m,"
That auld-farran "Imph-m," that stan's for
an a-y.

Ye've heard hoo the de'il, as he wanchel'd
through Beith

Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, an' ane in his teeth,
When some ane cried oot "Will ye tak' mine
the morn?"

He wagg'd his auld tail while he cockit his
horn,

But only said "Imph-m,"
That useful word "Imph-m,"
Wi' sic a big mouthfu', he couldna say a-y.

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my
Jean—

O' Avon's braw lassies the pride of the
Queen—

When 'neath my gray plaidie, wi' heart
beatin' fain,

I spiered, in a whisper, if she'd be my ain,
She blush'd, an' said "Imph-m."

That charming word "Imph-m"—
A thousan' times better an' sweeter than a-y.

An' noo I'm a dad, wi' a hoose o' my ain—
A dainty bit wife, and mair than ae wean;
But the worst o't is this—when a question I
spier,

They pit on a look sae aul-farran' an' queer,
But only say "Imph-m,"
That daft-like word "Imph-m,"
That vulgar word "Imph-m"—they winna say
a-y!

Sae I've gi'en ower the "Imph-m"—it's no' a
nice word.

When printed on paper, it's perfect absurd:
An' if ye're oure lazy to open yer jaw,
Jist hand ye yer tongue, an' sae naething ava;
But never say "Imph-m,"

That daft-like word "Imph-m"—
It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid
a-y!

—James Nicholson.

Mrs. Robert Leighton writes from Arbor-
field, Reading, that this song was written by
the late James Nicholson of Glasgow, who
published several volumes of poems and a
book on natural history.

An enterprising merchant advertises "male
or female" umbrellas. Very likely a female
umbrella is one that won't shut up.

There would be no great ones if there were
no little ones.

Politicians live more in their epigrams than
in their enactments.

A strong taste for commerce leads by the
shortest road to civilization.

The best part of beauty, after all, is that
which a picture cannot express.

Love is the most intelligible when it is un-
able to express itself in words.

Envy is unquestionably a high compliment,
but a most ungracious one.

The wickedness of unnecessary war has
seldom been more effectively stated than in
the homely dialect of Hosea Biglow, Low-
ell's shrewd New England philosopher, in
one of the earliest of Lowell's Hosea Biglow
poems. This was called out by President
Polk's invasion of Mexico, which brought
on the conflict at arms with that weak people.
Hosea says:

Ez fer war, I call it murder—
There you hev it, plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my testymet fer that.
God has sed so, plump an' squarely—
It's ez long ez it is broad;
An' you've got to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

The individual responsibility in the case
is about as well brought out further on in
these lines:

Ef you take a sword an' drow it,
An' then stick a feller thru,
Gov'ment ain't to answer fer it—
God'll send the bill to you.

ANSWERS.

Q—In what year did February have five Sundays? A—In 1880. In leap year February has five week days repeating that with which it begins.

Q—When did the British obtain possession of Gibraltar, and have they ever offered to part with it? A—During the war of the Spanish succession, in the reign of Queen Anne, Admiral Sir George Brooke suddenly attacked and took this fort and secured possession of the whole rock July 24, 1704. Later the rock was offered back to Spain as a compensation if she would refuse to sell certain American possessions to Napoleon. The offer was refused.

Q—Will you please tell me why the war of 1861-65 is called the "civil war"? A—The word is derived from *civis*, a state, and primarily means pertaining to the state in general, as the civil authority; also related to the state as organized for peace, as opposed to the military and naval branches, as the civil service. Wars within a state or country have been called civil wars, as distinguished from foreign wars, from time immemorial. The Romans gave them this name, and words of similar meaning have been applied to such wars in all tongues. The Revolution was really more of a civil war than was that of 1861, which was wholly sectional. The Revolution divided friends and families.

Q—How do Eskimos tell time? A—They have two different methods, according to the interval of time involved. For instance, if you are about to start on a journey and ask an Eskimo how long it will take, he will tell you three sleeps or four sleeps, corresponding to the number of days the trip will take, but he knows nothing about a day—only that ever so often he has to stop to sleep. And fortunately the Eskimo finds it convenient to sleep about once in twenty-four hours, so that his sleep means practically a day. Peary tells us that when he sent an Eskimo on an errand to a distant point he would call his attention to the position of the sun and tell him he must return when the sun reached such or such a point in the heavens. The Eskimo was sure to watch the sun and be timed by it.

Q—What is the meaning of the term, "moon souths," that we find in the almanac? A—The moon souths when it is on the meri-

dian and is consequently just south of us. The southing of the moon was the basis of the old way of determining longitude. The telegraph now makes it possible to time the passing of a given star from the meridian of one place to that of another, a better way of getting at the longitude. The presence of the southings in the almanac, like that of some of the signs and odd characters, is probably a relic of past usefulness, although, indeed, in a station aloof from the telegraph or on a vessel, the old method might be very convenient.

Q—In geographies three cities of Germany are said to be "free cities." What is meant by free cities? They are Luebeck, Hamburg and Bremen. A—These cities were part of a league of seaport towns in Germany called "Hanse Towns" or "The Hansa," formed about 1140 for protection of German merchants and towns against piracies of Swedes and Danes. The Hansa, in 1370, included 66 cities and 44 confederates. This league was merely for common defense and to regulate maritime laws, but each city maintained its independence not only as to the league, but as to the German ruler. However, all the cities except Luebeck, Hamburg and Bremen submitted to the laws of the kingdom of principality in which they were located. These three maintained their independence and joined the German Empire as free or sovereign cities, not belonging to any of the German kingdoms like the other cities.

Q—Why is the musical instrument called a jew's harp? A—The word comes from the French *jeu harpe* (toy harp).

Q—What does it mean to "tool" a coach? A—To drive one. Generally applied to a gentleman Jehu, who undertakes for his own amusement to drive a stage coach. To tool is to use the tool as a workman; a coachman's tools are the reins and whip with which he tools his coach or makes his coach go.

Q—We say "deaf as a haddock." Are haddocks deaf? A—The saying comes from an old Cornish legend. Cornish fishermen allege that haddocks are quite deaf, the reason given being that once on a time as the devil was fishing a haddock continually carried off his bait, which made him so angry that he put his face close to the water, by the fish's head, and cried, "Ha, Dick, I'll tackle thee yet." The sound broke the drum of the

fish's ears, and he has always been stone deaf ever since and his name has been Ha Dick or haddock. The Icelandic legend is that the devil one day groped in the water till he found a haddock, and gripped it under the breast fin, where ever since a dark stripe can be seen down each side of the fin. In Norway it is called St. Peter's fish, and the marks on each side of its mouth are believed to show where the apostle's finger and thumb touched it when he took from it the piece of money.

LITTLE DUTCH GRETCHEN.

Little Dutch Gretchen came over the sea
With an aunt in place of a mother.
"As like," so little Dutch Gretchen told me,
"As like as one pea to another."

Little Dutch Gretchen fell sick on the way,
A sailing upon the dark water;
The captain came down to the cabin each day,
And called her his patient Dutch daughter.

Little Dutch Gretchen took pretzels and beer,
Hoping she soon would be better;
And at last, when the end of her journey was near,
Dutch Gretchen sent homeward a letter.

"I'm better," Dutch Gretchen wrote first on the page,
"And my annt is as kind as my mother;
But never a prison bird shut in a cage,
Longed more to give one for the other."

"There's a look and a tone and a tenderer way,
A bosom more gentle to lie on.
And, mother, a love that will never grow gray,
And a heart that is blessed to die on."

"So mother, I've said to the captain, tonight,
To Bremen I'll sail back most gladly,
To tell you if changing one's mother is right,
It's a trade that will cheat a child sadly."

And little Dutch Gretchen went home o'er the sea,
And gave back her aunt for her mother;
"For they're not all the same," said Dutch Gretchen to me,
"Though like as one pea to another."

Q—A current magazine speaks of John Rutledge as President of South Carolina. How came the State to have a President? A—In 1776 South Carolina, in a constitutional State convention, of which John Rutledge was a member, took on the form of an independent republic, and soon after Rutledge was made President and Commander-in-chief of the State forces. He held this

office until 1778, when he was succeeded by Rawlins Lownds. The constitution was modified March 19, 1778, and thereafter the chief State executives were known as Governors.

Q—Is it true that no battle has been fought in Great Britain since many years before our Revolution? A—The last battle in Great Britain was the battle of Culloden Moor, April 16, 1746 (O. S.). It was fought on a plain about five miles from Inverness, Scotland. It was the last attempt on the part of the Stuarts to get possession of the throne of Great Britain. This attempt was made by Charles Edward Stuart, a grandson of James II. He defeated the English in the battle of Falkirk; but in a second battle, at Culloden, was finally defeated by the Duke of Cumberland. He wandered as a fugitive in the Highlands for five months, finally succeeded in getting out of the country, and died in Rome, January 30, 1788.

Q—In how many different ways can the fifty-two cards be distributed among four whist players so that everyone gets thirteen cards? A—This sent us to a mathematical expert and we give his solution of the problem. The number of all possible distributions is 53,644 quadrillions 737,765 trillions 488,792 billions 839,237 millions 440,000. The following illustration may give an idea of the immensity of this number: If on the entire surface of our globe, inclusive of all mountains and oceans, whist tables could be so placed that each table together with the four players should occupy no more space than one square meter (39.37 inches), and if they should play whist incessantly, each game consuming only five minutes, it would require more than a thousand million years before every possible distribution of the fifty-two cards could be realized.

Q—What is the etymology of the word "gumption"? A—Its meaning is comprehension, capacity. The word gumption is from the Yorkshire (England) gaum, to comprehend. "I can na gauge it, and I canna gaum it," as a Yorkshire exciseman said of a hedgehog. The phrase, "I canna gaum it," is equivalent to "I can not understand it; I can not make it out," and gaum-tion is the capacity of understanding or making out.

It is worthy of note that it was man and not Satan who tried to lay that Eden affair to woman.

Let the young man who blushes take courage, for it is the color of virtue.

A drop of the blackest ink may diffuse a light as brilliant as the light of day.

The schoolteacher stands at the fountain giving direction to the stream of life.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtue.

Bacon says: "The debauches of youth are so many conspiracies against old age."

Old age is a relentless tyrant; it forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.



OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

The objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

OFFICERS OF THE LEAGUE.

President, Geo. L. Cooke, 15 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.
 First vice-president, Walter M. Meserole, 44 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Second vice-president, Geo. M. Schell, Box 1145, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Secretary-treasurer, Abbot Bassett, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.
 Foreign consul, Joseph Pennell, 14 Buckingham St., Strand, W. C., London, England.

DUES:—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership, \$10. Life members must pay additional for official organ if they desire it. All dues payable in New York, Philadelphia or Boston funds. Money orders preferred. Personal checks outside the foregoing cities are subject to a collection fee of 10 cents, which must be added to amount in all cases.

Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

VETERAN:—A member becomes a Veteran when he has been a member ten consecutive years. When he enters upon his tenth year his ticket will be marked "Veteran" and he will be entitled to wear the Veteran Bar. He must hold a ticket bearing number less than 2210.

PIONEER:—A Pioneer is one who belongs to the "Pioneers." To be eligible to membership he must have joined the L. A. W. during the decade of 1880-89. He pays dues of 50 cents each two years. A Pioneer must hold a number less than 951.

SUPPLIES:—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enamelled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket hold-

ers, 25 cents. Veteran Bar: Price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents. Road Maps, State and City Maps, etc. Send for list.

APPOINTMENTS.

The following is a list of committee appointments made by me and accepted to date:

Rights and Privileges.—William M. P. Bowen Chairman, Banigan Building, Providence, R. I.; Charles F. Cossum, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Highway Improvement.—Hibberd B. Worrell, Chairman, 555 West Sixteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Robert A. Kendall, Pawtucket, R. I.; Horatio S. Earle, Detroit, Mich.; Arthur P. Benson, Dedham, Mass.; Harry C. G. Ellard, Cincinnati, O.

Local Organization.—Robert T. Kingsbury, Keene, N. H.

Touring.—Abbot Bassett, Chairman, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.; George M. Schell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Nelson H. Gibbs, Providence, R. I.

Legislation.—George A. Perkins, Boston, Mass.; William A. Howell, Rockville, Conn.
 GEO. L. COOKE,

President L. A. W.
 Providence, R. I., Feb. 29, 1904.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.

The Massachusetts Division is not dead, nor is it likely to die. We are active, full of hope and intend to show results. We, of all divisions, have much to be grateful for. Everything we have contended for by way of legislation has become a law, and now we rest simply because there is nothing for which we can reasonably ask or expect. The coming season bids fair to revive an interest in cycling and your officers are planning to make a membership in L. A. W. of value. There seems to be an impression that the League is dead, but a little interest

manifested will soon convince people of the error. We suggest that a good way to revive the sport is to turn out and ride and be seen on your wheel.

GEO. A. PERKINS,
Chief Consul.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION DINNER.

Members are hereby notified that the Spring Dinner will be held in Boston, April 30, and it is hoped a large number will attend. This will be for members and their friends, including ladies. That we may have some idea whether or not any interest is to be shown, you will confer a great favor if you will, previous to April 1, write the Chief Consul if you expect to attend and about the number of your guests. The hotel will be announced later. Tickets, per plate, \$1.50. Let the old timers turn out and back up the officers as of old, get together and have a good time.

The following will serve on the committee with the Chief Consul: Abbot Bassett, A. D. Peck, John C. Kerrison, John J. Fecitt, Hebron A. Libbey, W. J. Smith, A. W. Norcross of Haverhill, John A. Stitt of New Bedford.

GEO. A. PERKINS,
15 Court Sq., Boston. Chief Consul.

NEW YORK DIVISION.

Please take notice that the First Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Officers of the New York State Division, L. A. W., will be held at the Hotel TenEyck, Albany, N. Y., on March 19, 1904, at 8.30 o'clock p. m.

Fraternally yours,
JOHN F. CLARK,
Secretary-Treasurer.

February 27, 1904.

NEW YORK DIVISION.

To the Board of Officers, New York Division:

Gentlemen:—I herewith tender my resignation as Secretary-Treasurer of the New York State Division, League of American Wheelmen, to take effect March 1, 1904.

Fraternally yours,
JOHN F. CLARK,
Secretary-Treasurer.

February 27, 1904.

RHODE ISLAND DIVISION.

At the regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Officers held this evening it was voted:

To appoint committee to revise Constitution of the Division to conform with recent changes made by the National Assembly. Messrs. Cooke, Parkhurst and Gibbs were appointed.

To appropriate sum of \$10 to place name of G. Richmond Parsons on the Life Membership List, and \$10 to be returned to Mr. Wm. M. P. Bowen, already a life member.

NELSON H. GIBBS,
Secretary-Treasurer.

COMMITTEE ON LEGISLATION.

W. M. Thomas, Albany, N. Y., is chairman of the Committee on Legislation.
GEO. L. COOKE,
President.

N. Y. STATE DIVISION.

In order that you may understand your present relationship to the L. A. W. as a National organization, and to the New York State Division, and the probable function of the New York State Division in future L. A. W. work, the undersigned members of the Executive Committee of the New York State Division, acting as individuals and not as officials, wish to say that having accepted office under the election of last November they intend to perform their official duties until relieved by another election, even though the income of the Division is stopped. As a matter of fact, for three years past the income of the Division has not been sufficient to meet the running expenses of the Vanderbilt Building headquarters, and some members of the Executive Committee have been paying the deficiency, amounting to about 50 per cent. of the income from membership fees. Under the new arrangement the clerical work heretofore done in New York City has been transferred to Boston, and the only effect of the change introduced at the National Assembly will be that the office in the Vanderbilt building will be closed, and the work of the Division will be carried on without headquarters, as it was in all the years the League existed before 1894.

There is no present need, or any call for, voluntary subscriptions for carrying on the Division, and we do not anticipate that the Board of Officers at its quarterly meeting at Albany on the 19th inst., will take any steps which will make such action necessary.

The new arrangement will not interfere in any way with the usefulness of the organization of New York State wheelmen and your Executive Committee has formulated plans for increased efficiency in the way of promoting legislation and improvements of interest to wheelmen.

You may all rest assured that the work of the Division will be pushed in every possible manner, and we trust that you will aid us by your advice and criticism at all times, and by renewing your memberships promptly as they expire.

Until further notice correspondence relating to the work of the Division should be addressed to L. P. Cowell, Secretary pro tem, 25 Broad Street, N. Y. City.

Yours fraternally,

W. M. Thomas,
L. P. Cowell,
John F. Clark,
Walter M. Meserole,
Charles J. Obermayer,
M. M. Belding, Jr.,
E. F. Hill,
L. C. LeRoy,
L. H. Washburn.

CONSTITUTION

AND

BY-LAWS

League of American Wheelmen.

ADOPTED FEB. 10, 1904.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

Name and Objects.

Sec. 1. This organization shall be known as The League of American Wheelmen.

Sec. 2. The objects of The League of American Wheelmen shall be to defend the rights of cyclists, to obtain benefits for its members and facilitate touring, and to secure the construction and maintenance of good roads and cycle paths.

ARTICLE II.

Membership—Fees and Dues.

Sec. 1. Any white person of good character shall, with the endorsement of two League members, or three other reputable citizens, be eligible to membership in this League upon payment of the initiation fee and dues, as provided in this constitution.

Sec. 2. Applications for membership shall state the name, residence, postoffice address and occupation of the applicant, the names of his endorsers, and shall be sent to the Secretary-Treasurer, accompanied by the prescribed initiation fees and dues.

Sec. 3. The Secretary-Treasurer shall decide upon the eligibility of applicants for membership in the League.

Sec. 4. The annual dues shall be seventy-five cents. Any member wishing to subscribe to the official organ shall pay twenty-five cents additional at the time he pays his annual dues. (Subscription is optional.)

Sec. 5. Memberships shall expire one year from the date when the application was accepted and placed on the rolls, except as provided in Section 7 of this Article.

Sec. 6. Memberships may be renewed by payment of the annual dues.

Sec. 7. All live members on the rolls on Feb. 10, 1904, shall continue as such. Any person who has been a member of the League in good standing for five years may become a Life Member by the payment of Ten Dollars, which shall be in full for all dues thereafter. No life member shall be entitled to receive the official organ unless he pays the subscription price thereof, except where a specified portion of his payment was required by the Constitution to be set aside as a fund for such subscription, and then only until such fund has been exhausted for that purpose.

ARTICLE III.

National Assembly and Officers.

Sec. 1. The management of this association is vested in a national assembly, which shall meet annually on the second Wednesday of February at such hour and place as it shall designate, or, in default of such designation, at such hour and place as shall be determined by the executive committee. Thirty days' notice of such meeting shall be given through the official organ. Unless otherwise provided by the constitution or by-laws, all matters relating to the business, management and control of this association shall be vested in said national assembly. Provided, however, that while such assembly is not in session such powers, except as to amendments to the constitution and by-laws of this association, shall be vested in and exercised by the executive committee.

Sec. 2. The national assembly shall consist of the President, Vice-Presidents, Secretary-Treasurer and Auditor, the delegates chosen as hereinafter provided, the Chairmen of all standing committees and all ex-presidents and ex-vice-presidents of the League, who shall at the time of the meeting of the national assembly be members of the League in good standing, but no ex-president or ex-vice-president shall

be represented by proxy at any meeting, nor shall be entitled to hold the proxy of any other member.

Sec. 3. The League members residing in any state of the Union, if numbering 100, and not more than 150, shall be entitled to one representative in the national assembly, and for every 100 members in excess of 50 to an additional representative. The membership in each state shall be determined by the Secretary-Treasurer from the rolls as they stand on the first of October of each year, and public announcement thereof shall be made in the next issue of the official organ.

Sec. 4. During October of each year the executive committee shall group states containing less than 100 members each so as to make up districts which shall be entitled to representation in the national assembly in a ratio similar to that above provided for single states, but in making up such groups they must select states that are consecutive geographically (except where a state intervenes which is entitled to independent representation under the above provisions.)

Sec. 5. The national assembly shall have power to adopt a constitution and by-laws for the government of this association, and shall have power to alter or amend the same at a regular meeting or at any special meeting called for such purpose.

Sec. 6. Ten members personally present at any regular or special meeting of the national assembly shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. At such meetings all members entitled to attend, except as otherwise specified in Section 2 of this Article, shall be entitled to be represented by written proxy, to be held by some person also a member, from the same state or group of states as the person whom he represents. If no member from his state or group of states is present, a member may give his proxy to a member from another state, but no member shall hold more than one proxy for a member not residing in his own state or group of states.

Sec. 7. Special meetings of the national assembly shall be called on thirty days' notice by the President, on the application of 10 members thereof made in writing.

Sec. 8. The officers of the League shall be a President, First and Second Vice-Presidents, a Secretary-Treasurer and an Auditor. All of such officers shall be elected by the national assembly at its annual meeting in February of each year, and their terms of office will begin with the close of the annual meeting.

Sec. 9. Wherever in this constitution the words "state or group of states" shall appear, they shall be held to have the meaning defined in Sections 3 and 4 of this Article.

ARTICLE IV.

Nominations and Elections of Representatives.

Sec. 1. Elections for representatives in the national assembly from each state or group of states, as defined in the previous article, shall be held in the month of December of each year by a mail vote.

Sec. 2. Nominations for the office of representative may be effected by the making of a certificate of nomination signed by not less than ten members eligible to vote for such representative and filing the same with the Secretary-Treasurer during the month of October.

Sec. 3. If sufficient nominations to fill the list of representatives from any state or group of states are not made and filed with the Secretary-Treasurer then the President shall make nominations to fill the vacancies. If more than sufficient nominations are made they shall be printed on the ballots in the order received, with nothing to distinguish any particular name. There shall be published in the official organ during November, a full list of all nominations, with a statement as to which were nominated by petition and which by the President.

Sec. 4. The ballots shall be mailed on or before November 30th, by the Secretary-Treasurer, to each member entitled to vote, and shall be made out in such form as to show the names of all nominations for the state or group of states in which the member resides; shall show the number of representatives to which that state or group of states is entitled, and shall have blank spaces sufficient for the insertion of an entirely new set of names, if the voter so desires. The ballot shall contain a concise statement as to the methods for indicating the choice of the voter, with directions that the ballot must be returned by him to the Secretary-Treasurer in a sealed envelope, marked with the name and address

of the voter, and in such a manner as to indicate its contents, and must be mailed on or before the 15th day of December.

Sec. 5. Each member shall be entitled to vote for as many names as the state or group of states in which he resides is entitled to representatives.

Sec. 6. Before the 31st of December the Secretary-Treasurer, in the presence of the President and the Chairman of the Rights and Privileges Committee (or of those who may be designated by each of them to act in their respective places), shall canvass the vote and announce, in the next issue of the official organ, the result thereof. Any ballot which is not sent in a sealed envelope, so marked as to indicate its contents and the name and address of the voter, shall be declared void.

ARTICLE V. Committees.

Sec. 1. The standing committees of this association shall be: (a) the executive committee, to be composed of the President and Vice-Presidents; (b) the rights and privileges committee; (c) the highway improvement committee; (d) the committee on local organization; (e) the touring committee; (f) the committee on legislation.

Sec. 2. The general supervision and executive powers of the League shall be vested in the executive committee, consisting of the President and Vice-Presidents, but said committee shall not involve the League in any matter not contemplated by the purposes of this organization, without the authority of the national assembly. Said committee shall enforce all rules, regulations and orders made by the national assembly and carry out the constitution and by-laws, but shall not have any power of legislation (this being vested solely in the national assembly.) They shall approve all bills before payment by the last treasurer, and may during the months of January, April, July and October of each year publish in the official organ a financial statement up to the first day of each of said months. Said January statement shall be audited by an auditor to be elected by the national assembly at the annual meeting.

Sec. 3. The standing committees (except the executive committee) shall be appointed by the President, who shall have power to revoke any such appointment. Each committee shall consist of not less than three nor (except the committee on legislation) of more than seven members.

Sec. 4. Special committees may be appointed at any time by the President for any purpose not conflicting with the constitution and by-laws.

ARTICLE VI. Official Organ.

Sec. 1. The national assembly, or in case of its failure so to do, the executive committee, shall make proper provision for an official organ, in which shall be published all official matter relating to this association, and which shall be the medium of communication between this association and its members. This organ shall be devoted to the promotion of the objects of the association. It shall be regularly issued as a periodical not less than once a month, and the subscription price thereof, to be paid by all members, shall not exceed 25 cents per annum. Unless otherwise provided by the national assembly or the executive committee, the Secretary-Treasurer of this association shall have editorial charge of said organ, and all matter intended for publication therein shall first be submitted to him.

ARTICLE VII. League Day.

Sec. 1. The national assembly, or in case of its failure so to do, the executive committee may designate some day and place or places in each year for a general meeting or meetings of the members of this association, at which shall be considered the general welfare of the association, and particularly the best means of promoting the construction and maintenance throughout the United States of good roads and highways and bicycle paths.

ARTICLE VIII. Amendments.

Sec. 1. This constitution may be amended by the national assembly at any regular meeting or at any special meeting called for that purpose. Thirty days' notice of the proposed amendments, stating the substance thereof, shall be given in the official organ.

A two-thirds vote of all present in person or by proxy shall be required to pass any amendment.

ARTICLE IX. By-Laws.

Sec. 1. The national assembly may by a majority vote alter and amend the by-laws at any meeting, but not so as to conflict with the constitution.

After the adjournment of each meeting of the national assembly the executive committee shall revise the existing by-laws of the League so as to make them consistent with the constitution, but this power shall be limited to changes necessary to remove inconsistencies. Announcements of all such revisions shall be made in the official organ.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I. Officers.

Sec. 1. The President shall preside at all the meetings of the national assembly; shall appoint all committees not otherwise ordered; may fill pro tempore any vacancy in any office or committee not otherwise provided for; shall have a general supervision over the affairs of the League; and shall make a report at the annual meeting of the national assembly.

Sec. 2. The Vice-Presidents shall, in the order of their priority, preside in the absence of the President at all meetings of the League or of the national assembly, and perform in such absence all the necessary duties of the president at the time; and in case of death, resignation or removal of the President, they shall, in the order of priority, act as President until the next annual meeting of the national assembly.

Sec. 3. (a) The Secretary-Treasurer shall receive all applications for membership; shall receive and be accountable for all dues; shall keep a register of all applications and any action thereon; shall keep a list of members and officers of the League, with notes of all changes in the same, and shall keep suitable books of account.

(b) He shall receive and answer, or refer to the proper officials, any correspondence that pertains to the affairs of the League. He shall notify members or officers of all meetings; shall record the proceedings of all meetings of the League and of the national assembly, shall keep an accurate roll of the membership, and generally provide himself with all necessary information.

(c) He shall act as editor of the official department in the official organ, over which he shall have control, subject, however, to the supervision of the executive committee.

(e) He shall issue to every member the membership ticket.

(f) His compensation shall be fixed by the national assembly at the annual meeting.

ARTICLE II.

Sec. 1. The proceedings of all meetings of the national assembly shall be published in the official organ.

Sec. 2. At all business meetings of the national assembly, the established law (Cushing) of deliberative assemblies shall be observed. The order of business shall be as follows:

- Calling the roll.
- Report of credentials committee.
- Report of the President.
- Report of the Secretary-Treasurer.
- Report of the Auditor.
- Reports from standing committees.
- Reports of special committee.
- Unfinished or referred business.
- Amendments to constitution and by-laws.
- Election of officers.
- New business.

ARTICLE III. Divisions.

Any division of the League in existence Feb. 10, 1904, shall be paid over to the Secretary-Treasurer of by the League to such division by virtue of the provisions of the constitution in force prior to Feb. 10, 1904, shall be paid over to the Secretary-Treasurer of such division by the Secretary-Treasurer of the League as soon as it may conveniently be done.

ARTICLE IV.

Duties of Committees.

Sec. 1. The committee on rights and privileges shall consider and advise in all matters pertaining to the maintenance of the rights of wheelmen, the enactment of legislation, and the protection of the privileges of the members of the L. A. W. and may take such action in connection therewith as the circumstances of the case may require.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the committee on the improvement of highways to promote in the public mind, through the instrumentality of the League, a sense of the utility, general economy and desirability of high class roads, and an active sentiment in their favor; to encourage legislation requiring committees and public officials to construct and maintain good roads; to collect practical suggestions and information based upon observation and experience concerning the methods of making and mending roads, and generally to perform such other duties as shall best promote the objects of the League.

Sec. 3. The committee on local organization shall consider and advise with reference to the formation of local clubs, consultates or associations composed of League members resident in cities and towns, and of divisions other than those existing Feb. 10, 1904, composed of members resident in a state or adjoining states, to the end that the objects of the League may be better advanced, the rights of cyclists determined and defended, and their interests better served. This committee may formulate and recommend rules for the organization and government of local bodies and may from time to time report through the official organ such facts and information as may tend to encourage the work of local bodies and to inform the membership at large of the progress, condition and benefits of these organizations; but no local club, consultate body or organization or division shall be formed or maintained whose constitution or by-laws shall be in conflict, with the construction or by-laws of the League.

Sec. 4. The committee on legislation shall have power to take cognizance of all pending legislation in Congress, Legislatures and local legislative bodies affecting the rights and interests of wheelmen and the construction and maintenance of good roads and cycle paths, to formulate and promote the enactment of beneficial legislation and to oppose the enactment of pernicious legislation.

Sec. 5. The touring committee shall collect information concerning roads, cycle paths and touring, and distribute the same under the direction of the executive committee.

ARTICLE V.

Sec. 1. Any member or officer of the League charged with conduct prejudicial to the interests of the organization may be protested in writing by six members of the League. He shall be furnished with a copy of the charges and heard in his own defence. If, after a full hearing, before the executive committee, it shall find that the charges are sustained, it may impose a penalty of reprimand, suspension or expulsion. If the protest is lodged against a member of the executive committee the chairman of the rights and privileges committee shall take the protested member's place on the board of trial.

ARTICLE VI.

Badge.

The emblem or badge of the League shall be a wheel, having upon its side three wings radiating from the hub to the rim at equal distances apart, and the letters "L. A. W." on the spokes between the wings.

ARTICLE VII.

Seal of the League.

The seal of the League shall be a fac simile of the League badge surrounded by the words, "League of American Wheelmen, Organized 1880."

ARTICLE VIII.

Election by Ballot.

All officers of the League shall be elected by written or printed ballot, and a majority of all the votes cast shall be necessary to elect. Each officer shall be elected by a separate ballot.

THIRTY-SECOND DAY OF THE MONTH.

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the eighth day of the week,
On the twenty-fifth hour of the sixty-first minute we'll find all things that we seek.

They are there in the limbo of Lollipop land
—a cloud island resting in air,
On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of
Mist in the Valley of Overthere.

On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of
Mist in the Valley of Overthere,
On a solid foundation of cloud are palaces
grand and fair.

And there is where our dreams will come
true, and the seeds of our hope will
grow

On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope,
in the hamlet of Hocus Po.

On the thitherward side of the Hills of
Hope, in the hamlet of Hocus Po,
We shall see all things that we want to see,
and know all that we care to know.

For there the old men will never lament, the
babies they never will squeak,
In the Cross Road Corners of Chaosville, in
the County of Hideangoseek.

In the Cross Road Corners of Chaosville, in
the County of Hideangoseek,

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth
month of the eighth day of the week,

We shall do all the things that we please to
do, and accomplish all that we try,

On the sunset shore of Sometimeoruther, by
the beautiful Bay of Bimeby.

—Sam Walter Foss.

The bachelor who looks forward to a
happy fireside has grate expectations.

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APRIL, 1904.

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APRIL.

April laughed, and threw a kiss;
Then afraid it seemed amiss,
Quick she dropped a shining tear,
And it straightway blossomed here;
Seeing this, she then threw more,
Crying harder than before—
A tear for ev'ry kiss she threw;
From ev'ry tear a blossom grew,
Till she, laughing, ran away,
And left her flowers all to May.

SCRAPS LIKE APRIL SHOWERS

come now to bring the roses of thought for bye and bye. Following our policy we cannot have a scrap of politics nor a scrap of religion, those two things wherein scraps do most abound. Scraps of intelligence never offend. We come of Quaker stock.

We ran across our old friend Nixon Waterman the other day. He is dropping ink into such papers as will pay him so much per rhyme. He told us that spring poetry was in great demand and that he was trying to corner it. A Boston publisher is setting several poems of his to music and very soon we shall be singing the poems we have liked so well. We are to have some of his poetry in the Scrap Book.

Chrissie (reading letter): "To please you I would penetrate the pathless forest; I would traverse broad oceans and explore the unknown regions of the earth; I would ascend the loftiest peaks of the mightiest mountains and brave the raging torrents which pour down their precipitous sides; I would assail the Arctic ice-pack and, overcoming every obstacle, carve my way to the undiscovered Pole. For you, dear I would dare anything and everything."

"Oh, the brave boy!"

Continuing: "P. S.—I will come and see you tomorrow, weather permitting."

To be possessed of money seems to be the ideal of happiness. "Gimme plenty o' ten-dollar bills to change," said Uncle Eben, "an' I isn' gwinter worry 'bout whether de leopard kin change his spots or not." Mr. Rockefeller is not happy for want of a strong stomach.

They are discussing in England a new system of road building, which would save a large percentage in the cost of construction. Instead of the present method of convex surfaces with a gutter at each side, it is proposed to build concave roads, with a gutter in the middle. Phew! Think of the side-slip and no level surface. Wheelmen are not behind this move.

April is the Moon of Bright Nights. Such is the pretty synonym.

In the little unpleasantness which is now going on over the water our sympathies naturally go out to Japan. Her indictment of Russia is that Russia promised to evacuate Manchuria, but never intended to keep the promise. Great Britain promised to evacuate Egypt in 1888, but she is still there. While in the last century the possessions of Russia, exclusive of Manchuria, were increased by something over 1,500,000 square miles, those of the United States were increased by 2,800,000 square miles; of France, 3,900,000 square miles, and of Great Britain 10,000,000 square miles. We are a lot of land grabbers; but the individual does not grab his neighbor's land and go free. Nations are a bad lot. They both steal and murder. And yet we are patriotic.

It was Juliet who said something about the unimportance of a name. She must have travelled in Japan. Every European child can answer the question, "What is your name?" but the Japanese boy must think a little to make sure, for at various periods of his life he is called by different names. He receives his first when he is just a month old. Then three different names are written on three slips of paper and thrown into the air in the temple while prayers are addressed to the family deity. That which falls first to the ground bears the name the child is called till he is three years old. Just a matter of a toss-up. At fifteen the Japanese boy receives a new name in honor of his coming of age. His name is changed again on the occasion of his marriage and on any advance in his position.

And we do not doubt one name smells as sweet as another.

She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

The woman was doing her shopping. The counterjumper handed her a package and she slowly turned away.

"Do I need anything else?" she absent-mindedly asked.

"You have just bought some lawn," ventured the clerk. "Don't you think you will need some hose?" He thought she should be stocking up for a rainy day.

Why not be original? Be yourself if you are no better than common place, or even queer. All the world relishes originality. All the world palls of routine and humdrum, however lumpish a contribution to these each one may himself be making. Is there, then, any sure specialist's receipt for originality? Yes, one of the easiest on earth to prescribe, and one of the hardest to get people in any large number to take. It is simply this: Every man is original who is his own pure, unadulterated self—that is, who talks in his own offhand way, laughs his own natural laugh, displays his own unaffected tastes, and is not a mere imitator or echo.

What is the greatest distance ridden on one bicycle? The Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette notes 39,000 miles in a little more than two years. An Oxford M. A. has now written to that journal, however, to say that he has an old Beeston Humbler "which has run about 42,000 miles." Needless to say, this mount was carefully looked after and overhauled once a year. These figures make Karl Kron's 10,000 miles on a bicycle look very small. Can we not top this record in America? We shall be more than glad to put up larger figures to the credit of some one on this side of the water.

A number of youths had been discussing the beauties of Shakespeare, and one had quoted King Henry's soliloquy on sleep. "Beautiful!" "Sublime!" "Exquisite!" ejaculated several of the company. The the funny one spake:

"I can't help thinking that the king was a bit of a duffer! He must have been acquainted with the philosophy of Mahomet contained in his observation that if the mountain would

not come to him he must go to the mountain."

"What of that?" inquired his companions.

"Why this: When the king found sleep would not come to him, he should have gone to sleep."

This from Count Leo Tolstoi:

I am neither for Russia nor Japan, but for the laboring people of both countries, deceived by their governments and obliged to fight against their welfare, conscience and religion.

No doubt about the genuineness of this utterance.

When the clock strikes it is no sign that it has quit working.

Among our usual population there has been for many years an idea that if a boy was too lazy to be a farmer he would make a good minister or a good poet. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, speaking at Washington on "Reminiscences of Four New England Poets," said that Emerson, Lowell, Holmes and Longfellow were all sad dogs at college so far as studying was concerned. They were very slack about attending lectures and "wasted their time writing poetry," as the professors used to say. Lowell was suspended for being such a troublesome student, and his father told him he wished he would "drop writing and go to work." Had these great literary men stuck to the routine it would have been a great loss to the world, few can doubt. Why, even Nixon Waterman has been known to work. One day a great snow storm struck Arlington Heights, where Waterman lives. He had to shovel snow during the whole forenoon. The novelty of the thing led his wife to take a snap shot, and she has the picture framed and hanging in the parlor to evidence certain statements she may make about Nixon's industry.

The Making of a Musical Comedy.—"But why do you call the hero of your musical comedy 'Azof Yore'?"

"Well, you know that in every perfect musical comedy there must be at least one joke. You can have all the music you want, but you need only one joke. The audience looks for it."

"Well?"

"Well, when the heroine asks, 'Do you love me as of yore?' they get the joke. See? Azof Yore. Clever, isn't it?"

THE SONG OF THE OPTIMIST.

When clouds are thickest and the world looks dark,

Don't fancy that the rain can never cease.

The sun will shine again, the sky will clear,

The future will bring happiness and peace.

The spring will come with beauty and its charm,

The summer with its holiday delight,

The autumn with its glorious, golden days,

And many a frolic on a winter's night.

Look on the side that's brightest,

Troubles will fade like smoke.

Keep your face to the rising sun,

Never, never croak.

When things don't look the way you want them to,

Cheer up and wait for them to grow more bright.

Most worries you can straighten out yourself,

So don't complain, but try to set them right.

A smile will do more good than any scowl,

A laugh is ten times better than a frown.

Brace up and put your shoulder to the wheel,

And all the time look up and never down.

Seek for the side that's sunniest,

Worry will make you sick;

Take your medicine like a man.

Never, never kick.

When friends don't do exactly as you'd wish, Forgive their faults; think only of their best.

And when you talk of them to other men,

Tell all their virtues and forget the rest.

Find the best qualities in every one.

Speak well of all and do it all the time;

Forgive the little foibles of your friends,

Don't let some tiny error seem a crime.

Point out their best sides always,

Stand by them like a rock;

Don't tell their faults to anyone,

Never, never knock.

—Quincy Kilby.

"But, of course, a rich man can take nothing with him when he leaves the earth," said the tall passenger.

"Well, I don't know about that," remarked the little man at the end of the seat. "A Columbus capitalist who died suddenly last week left his safe locked and they had to get a convict from the penitentiary to open it. It looks very much as if the dead man took the combination with him."

The title "Mikado" given by the Japanese to their Emperor is a very ancient one and means "The Honorable Gate."

In diplomatic papers the Emperor is not referred to as Mikado, but as Kotei.

The Mikados of Japan claim their descent can be traced back further than that of any living ruler of the present day. They trace their lineage back in an unbroken line to the

Emperor Jimmu, who lived 700 years before Christ appeared on earth.

Do you know why Uncle Sam hates to have leap year come? Because the extra day requires him to appropriate about one and one-half million dollars extra for running expenses. On the other hand, as most of his employees are paid by the year, he gets an extra day's work out of them without cost, and so he comes out about even.

A "Big Indian" strayed away from his camp and got lost. Inquiring the way back, he was asked: "Indian lost?" "No," said he, disdainfully, "Indian no lost—wigwam lost." Striking his breast, he exclaimed, "Indian here!"

"He wor a great mon," said Patrick.

"Who wor?" asked Mrs. Murphy.

"Th' mon I met tonight. Oi wor in Casey's when he said to me:

"'Oi'll bet yez th' drinks an' a dollar thot I can guess your name in three guesses."

"'Done,' sez I.

"'Oi'll draw up an agreement so thot there won't be any mistake,' sez he.

"'All roight,' sez Oi.

"He done ut, an' we both signed.

"'Me fir-rst guess is Jones,' sez he.

"'Wrong,' sez Oi.

"'Me second guess is Goldstein,' sez he.

"' 'Tis not,' sez Oi.

"'Oi have one more guess comin',' sez he.

"'Yez have,' sez Oi.

"'Me last guess is Murphy,' sez he.

"'Bedad, you're roight!' sez Oi.

"Oi wonder how he told?" said Mrs. Murphy.

"He wor a great mind reader. He told me so himself. Ut wor worth th' money!"

A little friend of ours made a strange mixture of history a few days since. A visitor called during the absence of his parents, and to entertain the children and instil a lesson of manly honor and patriotism told them the famous stories of the liberty bell and the cherry tree. The boy was much interested, but the details got badly twisted in his head. When his father returned home he was told of the fine story the visitor had told about the father of his country. "Washington must have been a wonderful man," said the boy. "He smashed the liberty bell with his little hatchet and his father whipped him with a cherry tree for telling a lie." It took pater-familias some time to straighten things out.

We had a case in our own family quite similar to this, for a little prattler told us that the immortal George didn't know how to tell the truth.

We were at one of the big conventions a few years ago and at the hotel we found the usual acute dorky who takes a hat from each guest as he enters the dining hall and returns the same to the right owner on his exit and never makes a mistake. We had a clergyman in our party, and the good old gentleman was astounded at the feat, for it is no common task to pick out the right top-covering of four or five hundred people when the greater proportion wear the conventional Derby. "How did you know that was my hat?" said the clergyman. "I didn't know," said the dorky. "I only know that you handed it to me." And then the clergyman was more astounded than ever.

It might be carrying poetic justice a step too far to punish bad cooks according to their desserts.

In this busy world things never stand still. Even our stature varies. It is a fact that you are taller when you get up in the morning than you were the preceding night. The reason that you are pressed down during the day by the weight of the atmosphere and by the pressure of the upper parts of your body and such burden as you may carry. These weights press down the cartilages at the joints, and especially those in the spinal column, so that your height is reduced. When the weights are removed and you lie down at night the cartilages acts like cushions and gradually return to their original size. A French specialist once reported measurements of 287 persons showing a difference in height between morning and night measurements of six to twenty millimeters (one-fifth to four-fifths of an inch). This fact is well understood among French conscripts, and some of them who are just upon or very slightly above the minimum limit as to height have been known to walk about with heavy weights upon their shoulders for several days and during the night immediately preceding the final measurements in order to reduce their heights. This practice has been so successful that in some extreme cases the height of a man has been reduced by it more than an inch. As men advance in age the cartilages do not fully recover during the night from the effects of the day's compression. The result of this is that men are commonly

not so tall at an advanced age as in middle life.

The general allusion to the ruler of Russia as the "Czar" is, strictly speaking, incorrect. His official title is "Emperor and Autocrat." "Czar" is the old Russian word for "lord" or "prince," and was abandoned by Peter the Great on his triumphal return from Poltava, his crowning victory over Charles XII. of Sweden. Since then the Russian monarch has been officially entitled the Emperor, and at the Congress of Vienna in 1815 his right to the Imperial term was admitted by the Powers, with the proviso that though he was Emperor he had no precedence over the Kings of Western Europe.

Is a commercial enterprise that cannot stand on its own foundation worth the while to prop up? Is it not a confession of weakness when a newspaper has to boost its circulation by guessing games and voting contests? It would be better far if our churches could be supported by the pew rents and not have to depend on the contribution box and strawberry festivals, but churches are not commercial enterprises. There is no accounting for tastes but we do like to see a big newspaper that knows nothing of guessing contests, and can get along without poster type in its scare heads. If these quiet journals find fewer readers we have an opinion of the community in which the two kinds circulate.

Did it ever occur to you that there are thoughts you can't think? You may strain your thinking-gear to the breaking-point, but you will never be able to imagine what space means. The human head will not hold the idea. In a way, there isn't such a thing as space, because it has no limit; and yet, there is. Where does it begin and end? If you could travel away from the earth in a straight line at a million miles a minute for a million years, the journey would be no longer in comparison with the rest of space than if you had walked across the room. How far could you go, and, if you could go on for ever, where would you land, and what would you pass on the way? Where does the wind begin? This sounds so simple that you may think you have seen it happen yourself—on a calm day at sea, when a breeze ruffles the water from one spot onwards, leaving it perfectly calm behind. But this is only a trick of the wind and water: no one can imagine how a wave of wind begins, and where it starts. You can't see it, or feel it, either,

except when it is well on the way. Where and why does it begin? No man can say; and yet it must be simple enough. Don't think!

In England an officer is court-martialed for being drunk. A young officer was accused of this crime and was very nearly got off by his servant. The servant, who was an Irishman, was asked by the court whether his master was sober on the night when he was stated to have been drunk.

"Yes, sir," the servant replied, "he was quite sober."

"How do you know he was sober?"

"Because he asked me to call him early."

This was a convincing answer. But one of the officers of the court-martial, remembering that there was no early parade on the following morning, asked the servant what reason his master gave for wishing to be called early. Without a moment's hesitation the servant replied:

"He said he was the Queen of the May, sir."

That, of course, concluded the case.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come.

But what have we done today?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,

But what did we give today?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,

We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,

We shall speak the words of love and cheer,

But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the after-while,

But what have we been today?

We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,

But what have we brought today?

We shall give to truth a grander birth,

And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,

We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,

But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,

But what have we sown today?

We shall build us mansions in the sky

But what have we built today?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,

But here and now do we do our task?

Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:

"What have we done today?"

—Nixon Waterman.

"Still on with noiseless wheels we go.

Till in the west the sun dips low—

And night is come; a sound of bells,

Like sudden music, sinks and swells

In yonder vale, and through the night

A lamp shines like a beacon-light.

Ah, happy inn! ah, happy guest!

How sweet is night! how sweet is rest!"

—Rev. J. B. Kenyon.

They give many reasons why cycling is not as popular as it once was and no reason that we have heard is complimentary to the American people. Laziness is behind about every excuse that we hear. They tell us the trolley car has paralyzed cycling. Men can see the country for a nickel. Speaking of paralyzing we are reminded of a story.

The most popular man in a Western town once did up a tough in a manner satisfactory to the entire community. To vindicate the majesty of the law, the offender was brought up for trial. The jury was out about two minutes. "Well," said the judge, in a familiar, offhand way, "what has the jury to say?" "May it please the court," responded the foreman, "we, the jury, find that the prisoner is not guilty of hittin' with intent to kill, but simply to paralyze; and he done it." The verdict was received with applause, and the prisoner given an ovation.

Pass on the praise. Does your clerk do well? Pass on the praise.

Tell him that you are pleased, and if he is a good clerk he will appreciate it as much as a rise. A good clerk does not work for his salary alone.

Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about it; if he is better, tell him again. Thus, you see, good, better, best.

Don't grumble, don't pick flaws. Try to make your neighbor happy. Be a good fellow and you will wear diamonds from the mine of your friends' good opinion.

Among slang phrases, few are more misleading than the old saying, "A miss is as good as a mile." Neither "miss" nor "mile" have anything at all to do with the sentence. It should read, "Amys is as good as Amyle." Amys and Amyle were two friends, who lived in France in the reign of King Pepin. Amyle risked his life and all his possessions to save the reputation of his friend. Later Amyle contracted leprosy, which he was told could be cured only by the blood of a child. Amys thereupon killed his child that his friend might recover. Amyle was cured, and, at the same time—so the legend goes—the child was miraculously restored to life.

All the world likes a holiday, but as we grow older we like fewer of them. It isn't so down where the sugar cane grows.

"I didn't believe that there were 352 saint days in the Cuban calendar," said an Ameri-

can soldier who was stationed on the island for two years, "but I found out by asking a Cuban that I was wrong. When he had corroborated what one of my comrades had told me, I said:

"'If 352 out of 365 days in a year are holidays with you, what do you do on the other thirteen days left?'

"'Oh, we sit around and wonder why they came to be left out,' he answered, with a laugh."

Owing to the state of national anxiety into which Russia is at present plunged, all dancing has been tabooed throughout the country, and Russian school girls have, therefore, one lesson less, for in the girls' schools of the Czar's dominions dancing is as much a part of the curriculum as mathematics, history or literature. Just now the Emperor has other use for money than paying the fiddler.

Call them goobers, peanuts, groundnuts, groundpeas or what you will, they crack just as merrily, and the toothsome kernels taste just as sweet, and the palate of man responds just as eagerly to the temptation in the fragrance of the roaster. Probably of all the common hankerings of American humankind, none is more general than the love of peanuts. Peanuts at the circus, peanuts in the theatre gallery, peanuts at the county fair, peanuts on the street corner—peanuts everywhere—and never too many for the greedy market! It is really delightful to contemplate the unanimity of opinion as regards a wholesome and cheap luxury of life—peanuts! They tell us there will be a short crop this year. There are worse things than a coal famine.

There is no more common mistake than the mispronunciation of "ye" (as in "ye olde fashioned singinge schoole"). In the Anglo Saxon there was a character shaped something like a small p. It represented a sound like our th. Early English writers had no form of character like the Anglo Saxon and they used one that was very near to our y. The printers soon began to use the y. They wrote and printed "ye" but they always spoke "the." If we find ye, yat or yem in an old book we should remember to pronounce them, the, that and them, and never employ the English sound of y.

A good story is told of the way in which a woman of that aesthetic town called Boston sought to excite her husband's interest in the

matter, and his unsympathetic response. "John," she said enthusiastically, "do you know I'm getting on splendidly with my French? I am really beginning to think in the language." The husband being deeply engaged in reading his newspaper, was annoyed at this burst of enthusiasm, and replied dryly without looking up at the disturber of his peace, "Is that so? Well, let me hear you think a little while in French." Wonder what he expected when he married her, and if he was content to have her think to herself during the courtship? Wasn't he a brute?

Gibbon, the historian of Rome, says: "The public roads were accurately divided by mile-stones and run in a direct line from one city to another, with very little respect for the obstacles either of nature or of private property. Mountains were perforated, and bold arches thrown over the broadest and most rapid streams. The middle part of the road was raised into a terrace which commanded the adjacent country, consisted of several strata of sand, gravel and cement, and was paved with large stones, or, in some places near the capital, with granite. Such was the solid construction of the Roman highways, whose firmness has not entirely yielded to the efforts of fifteen centuries. They united the subjects of the most distant provinces by an easy and familiar intercourse. . . . Houses were everywhere erected at the distance of five or six miles; each of them was constantly provided with forty horses, and by the help of these relays it was easy to travel a hundred miles in a day along the Roman roads."

A neat bit of Chinese repartee was recently heard in Chinatown when a Bostonian was chaffing a Celestial concerning the national custom of placing rice and chicken upon the grave of a deceased friend to sustain him upon the journey from this world to the next.

"Do you think," was asked, "that your countryman comes out of his grave to eat the food?"

John replied quickly: "When you put flowers on grave of Melican man, do you suppose he come out to smell them?"

It looks like a blow at a very important Chinese industry. The big American fish would dine on the little Chinese minnow. The latest new departure of the big laundry establishments is to offer to furnish all their masculine patrons with linen free of charge

on condition that they pay these establishments for washing the same. It looks like a reasonable proposition, provided the laundry charges are not exorbitant. It is based on the calculation that at least twice the cost of the masculine linen garment will be spent in washing it before it is worn out. There is no doubt that it costs men far more money to keep their linen clean than it does to buy it. In future we shall all be walking around with some one else's shirt on. Wonder if they will put a stamp on the tail: "This shirt belong to the City Laundry; don't sit down too hard." At all events it is quite probable that the shirt will wear out rather than rust out.

WHICH WAS BEST?

Three tailors started business in a certain street in town.

Their names were, incidentally, Jones, Robinson and Brown;

But as such competition was annoying without doubt,

Each sought by bold advertisement to "cut each other out."

The first to move was Robinson, the man who dealt for cash.

(His philanthropic offers were, to put it mildly, rash!)

He felt that he had scared off Jones and wiped the eye of Brown

By hanging out the legend: "The Best Tailor in this Town!"

This confident announcement brought in orders by the score.

And Robinson was busy as he'd never been before:

But, sad to tell, his grand idea was ruined at its birth.

When Jones put up next morning, "The Best Tailor on this Earth!"

Now Brown was not a genius; in fact, to tell the truth,

He'd always been regarded as a duffer from his youth:

So that perhaps is why, in letters elegant and neat,

He wrote upon his signboard: "The Best Tailor in this Street!"

There are several ways of looking at the same thing. When we call our sweetheart our "only one" or "my own sweet one," it has a sentimental meaning. Here now is a case of unsentimental proprietorship. "I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said the mistress. "Aren't you nervous about the long voyage?"

"Well, ma'am," said Kitty, calmly, "that's his lookout. I belong to him now, and if anything happens to me it'll be his loss, not mine."

There was a moment of confusion in our office. We had received a letter containing a word that baffled the imagination of every one to whom it was submitted. The mysterious word was "yfe." It was repeated several times, and seemed, indeed, to be the main subject of the communication. At length it occurred to us to try it on the elevator boy. "Can you tell the meaning of this word?" said we to the boy of ups and downs. "Why certainly," said the monarch of the lift, "yfe spells wife, of course. What else could it spell, sir." His question we couldn't answer.

It is not pleasant individually to suffer the infliction of the ready talker. But let the ready talk address a large gathering of people and we rather enjoy his loquacity. This may be regarded as confirmation of the truth of the proverb that misery loves company.

Jones: "It is not enough that bicycles carry bells. The law should enforce a regular system of signals that all can understand."

Brown: "What would you suggest?"

Jones: "Well, I don't know exactly, but it might be something like this: one ring, 'stand still;' two rings, 'dodge to the right;' three rings, 'dive to the left;' four rings, 'jump straight up and I'll run under you;' five rings, 'turn a back handspring and land behind me,' and so on. You see, we who walk are always glad to be accommodating, but the trouble is to find out what the fellow behind wants us to do."

In a previous issue we referred to trivial instances which have led to war. History is full of such cases. The "Seven Years' War" was largely due, according to his own confession, to the vanity of Frederick the Great in wanting to see his name figure largely in the Gazettes; the Indian Mutiny was precipitated by the cartridges served out to the Sepoys, which they believed were greased with the fat of animals unclean alike to Hindu and Mohammedan; and the Turco-Russian war, in the opinion of thousands, was started by the blacksmith's hammer with which a Herzegovinian blacksmith killed a tax-collector who had insulted his daughter.

Among other ludicrous causes from which wars have sprung are the emptying of a bucket by a Florentine citizen on the head of a man of Milan who was passing underneath the window; and the stealing of a laced petticoat of a Castile lady by a Moor, which, with the vendetta that followed the theft, led to many years of fierce warfare between the

Spaniards and the Moors. Borrowing a tobacco-pipe and failing to return it kindled civil war for many years among the rival races in the Pamirs and Afghanistan; a dispute as to the relative attractions of snails and vipers as food gave rise to fifty years of fighting between Milan and Pisa; and it is said two German States fought for years out of rivalry as to their respective powers of beer-drinking.

An Albany lawyer with a penchant for billiards had occasion recently to visit a small town. While there, seeking to pass the time, he found a new and excellent billiard table. Upon his inquiring if there was anybody about who could play the landlord referred him to one of the natives, who may be called John Jones because that isn't his name. They played several games, but the result was against the Albany lawyer. Try as he might, the countryman won.

"Mr. Jones," he remarked, "I have quite a reputation at home. They consider me a good billiard player, but I'm not in your class. May I inquire how long you have played?"

"Oh, fer a spell back," replied the native. "Say, stranger, I don't want to hurt your feelin's, but you're the fust feller I ever beat."

The bicyclers of America are a superior class of men, as is evident from the fact of there being drawn to an exercise which taxes their vigor and their manhood; still, the influence of the bicycle, both moral and physical, tends to further develop them. As a rule, they are temperate in living. Rarely is one found who is given to excess. The healthful influence of the exercise is here apparent. He who has a strong nervous system craves no stimulants and instinctively lives in moderation. The wheel tends to keep sound both body and mind, and makes men energetic and often daring. Its dangers, even, come from the vigor it creates. It may be abused, as may any good thing, even to the eating of bread or drinking of water; still, even from its improper use, comparatively few ills have resulted. Its benefits are great to every man who rides, and thousands owe to it restored health and prolonged life.

"You seem to have a great liking for large words."

"Well, sur," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I once knowed a man whose life were saved by a big word. He once told me dat I prevaricated, an' by de time I foun' out what dat

word meant it were too late for me to hit him."

A man who was bicycling in southern France was pushing his machine up a steep hill when he overtook a peasant with a donkey cart. The patient beast was making but little progress, although it was doing its best.

The benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other hand, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load successfully up to the top.

When the summit was reached the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor.

"It was good of you, indeed, monsieur!" he protested. "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."

Good, philosophical Ras Wilson once said to a new reporter, "Young man, write as you feel; but try to feel right. Feel good humored toward everyone and everything. Believe that other folks are just as good and just as smart as you, for they are. Give 'em your best and bear in mind that God has sent 'em in His wisdom all the trouble they need, and it's for you to scatter gladness and decent, helpful things as you go. Don't be too particular about how the stuff will look in type, but let 'er go—some one will understand. That is better than to write so dosh bing high and so tarnashun deep that no one understands—let 'er go!"—Nixon Waterman.

"The men who never go home except when they have to, and who neglect wife and children," writes a woman in a masculine hand to this office, "have a great deal to say about the sacredness of the fireside and the danger that threatens the home when a woman talks of voting. Should she vote at every election, it would not take more than a half hour in a year." We think she hits it about right.

Only they who are gossiped about gossip. Intelligent people talk of things; ignorant people of their neighbors.—Colton.

No house was ever big enough for two families. It was for this reason, doubtless, that Noah forgot to invite anybody outside his immediate brood into the ark before the rain began to fall.

Circumstances alter cases. In a game of whist it is not considered fortunate to get into the nine-holes. To get into the nine-

holes in a game of golf, on the contrary, is the one thing above all others to be desired.

"My friend," said the philosopher, "you should be content with what you have."

"I am," replied the grumbler. "It's what I haven't that worries me."

WHAT MONTH SHALL IT BE?

Married in January's hoar and rime,
Widowed you'll be before your prime.
Married in February's sleety weather,
Life you'll tread in tune together.
Married when March winds shrill and roar,
Your home will lie on a foreign shore.
Married 'neath April's changeful skies,
A checkered path before you lies.
Married when bees o'er May blossoms flit,
Strangers around your board will sit.
Married in month of roses—June,
Life will be one long honeymoon.
Married in July, with flowers ablaze,
Bitter-sweet memories in other days.
Married in August's heat and drowse,
Lover and friend is your chosen spouse.
Married in golden September's glow,
Smooth and serene your life will flow.
Married when leaves in October thin,
Toil and hardship for you begin.
Married in veils of November's mist,
Dame Fortune your wedding ring has kissed.
Married in days of December's cheer,
Love's star burns brighter from year to year.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME.

First the teacher called the roll,
Clos't to the beginnin',
"Addeliney Bowersox!"
Set the school a-grinnin'.
Winter-time, and stingin' cold
When the session took up—
Cold as we all looked at her,
Though she couldn't look up!

Total stranger to us, too—
Country-folks ain't allus
Nigh so shameful unpolite
As some people call us.—
But the honest facts is then,
Addeliney Bower-
Sox's feelin's was so hurt
She cried half an hour!

My dest was acrost from her'n;
Set and watched her tryin'
To p'tend she didn't keer,
And a-kind o' dryin'
Up her tears with smiles—tel I
Thought, "Well, 'Addeliney
Bowersox' is plain, but she's
Purty as a piney!"

It's be'n many of a year
Sense that most oncommon
Cur'ous name o' Bowersox
Struck me as so abomin-
Nubble and outlandish like:
I changed it to Adde-
Liney Daubenspeck—and that
Nearly killed her daddy!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

ANSWERS.

Q—Almost everybody has heard the couplet which tells us that we do not know the name of the architect of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, but that the name of him who set it on fire is known to everybody. I have been trying to find the name of the incendiary. Can you tell me? A—The temple of Diana at Ephesus was set on fire by Herostratos, for the sake of perpetuating his name. The Ionians decreed that any one who mentioned his name should be put to death, but this very decree gave it immortality.

Q—What is King Edward's family name? A—When Albert Wettin married "Victoria de Este," otherwise known as "Victoria, Queen of England," she became Mrs. Wettin, and her son, the present king, was Albert Edward Wettin, now King Edward VII.

Q—I have been told that Massachusetts is not a State but a Commonwealth and that several other "States" are really Commonwealths. Please explain. A—The word "Commonwealth" marks the first declaration of independence in this country, the occasion being on May 14, 1634, when the Massachusetts Legislature declared itself free of the domination of king, parliament or bishop and announced that henceforth the colony should be known as the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which it has remained to this day, and not a state or any other thing, as a matter of historical record. Cromwell copied the word directly and knowingly from Massachusetts practice and since then three other states—Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kentucky—so designate themselves in their constitutions. The word marked the beginning of government here, Charles I's charter being regarded as little more than a passport from England.

Q—What was Charles Eliot's definition of success? A—The late Charles Eliot, son of President Eliot of Harvard University, in a college theme once wrote that "success is the attainment of a sufficient competency combined with the largest amount of usefulness to one's fellow-men." Probably this is what you wish to have stated.

Q—Does the Vice President live at the White House? A—Not unless he becomes President; no official residence is provided for anyone but the President.

Q—Whence comes the phrase, "I do not

pin my faith upon your sleeve?" A—The best authority at hand says the saying is traced in sentiment to feudal times, when the partisans of a leader used to wear his badge pinned upon their sleeves. Sometimes these badges were changed for specific purposes, and persons learned to doubt, hence the phrase, "You wear the badge, but I do not intend to pin my faith on your sleeve."

Q—When was the "Augustan Age of Literature," and why was it so called? A—The period during Queen Anne's reign, 1702-1714, famous for its prose writers: Addison, Steele, Defoe, Swift, and the poet Pope. It is so named from the Roman Emperor Augustus on account of the brilliant writers by whom he was surrounded, such as the historian Livy and the poets Virgil and Horace.

Q—Who was the Protestant Pope? A—Pope Clement XIV has been so called on account of a bull issued by him in 1773 ordering the suppression of the Order of Jesuits, which to the devout Roman Catholic seemed a concession to the Protestants.

Q—Why does Japan object to the Russian occupation of Korea? A—Because Japan is overcrowded with a population 12 times as dense as that of the United States, and it seeks an outlet for its immigrants on the mainland. The island empire has hoped, too, to make Korea the basis of an attempt to extend Japanese influence throughout China. Furthermore, it now conducts nine-tenths of Korea's commerce and owns Korea's two railways. Its trade and railways would both be threatened and probably deprived of value in the event of Russia's success. And, finally, Japan holds that its own independence would be menaced were Russia to gain the harbor at the end of the Korean peninsula almost within cannon range of the Japanese island fortress of Tsushima.

Q—Whence comes the term "bear" as used in the stock market? The signification of "bull" is apparent. A—The term "bear" is said to have originated at the time of the South Sea Bubble. There is an old proverb that it is unwise to sell the skin before you have caught the bear, and the use of the term as now applied is supposed to have come from this saying. "Bull" would naturally come into use after the other word was once recognized in the stock exchange sense. There is said to be an allusion in the London Magazine in 1744 to "bulls and bears," and in 1774 George

Colman, the elder, used the words in their present sense in his comedy called "The Man of Business." An English dictionary of four years later noted that to sell a bear was "to sell what one hath not."

Q—What is the meaning of "Mardi Gras" and what does it signify? A—It is French and means "Fat Tuesday," so called from the French custom of parading a fat ox (*boeuf gras*) during the celebration of the day. Being the last day before Lent it has for hundreds of years been celebrated as the concluding and culminating day of the carnival festivities.

Q—What authority is there for spelling Alfred with an "e" for the second letter? It is so spelled on the statue of Aelfred the Great. A—Aelfred is good old Anglo Saxon; but "ae" was not a diphthong in Anglo Saxon; it represented that typically English sound of "a" in "cat," "that," "fat," etc., which foreigners find so hard to acquire (and which, by the way, is not heard so very commonly in these states); so that the difference in sound between the Anglo Saxon "Aelfred" and the modern "Alfred" was practically null. In the course of time, and doubtless through Norman-French influence (for William the Conqueror's followers Normanized everything Anglo Saxon that was distasteful to them) the letter "A" was substituted to the symbol "ae" in the spelling, although no change occurred in the pronunciation of the name.

Q—What is Iconology? A—It is the science that describes men and deities, distinguished by some peculiar characteristic, and the doctrine of picture or image representation. Thus, Saturn is represented as an old man with a scythe; Jupiter with a thunderbolt, and an eagle by his side; Neptune with a trident, in a chariot drawn by sea-horses; Mercury, with wings on his hat and at his heels; Bacchus, crowned with ivy; Pallas, leaning on her shield; Venus, drawn by swans or pigeons; Juno, riding in a cloud, etc. Heathen mythology gave rise to the later worship of the sun, moon, stars and other objects; and to the representation of the true God in various forms; and to images. From this word we get "Iconoclast," one who destroys idols. The Iconoclastic schism rent asunder the Roman Catholic church in the early part of the eighth century.

Q—What is a billion? An English friend contends that it is a million millions. I con-

tend for a thousand millions. A—Worcester's and Webster's dictionaries agree absolutely in their definition of a "billion." They say: "According to the French method of numeration, in use on the Continent of Europe and in the United States, a thousand millions; according to the English method, used in Great Britain and the British Provinces, a million millions." Your friend, who stands by the English idea, may contend that etymologically a billion should mean a million raised to the second power. But usage often defies and overrules etymology. We have deliberately chosen in the United States to call a thousand millions a billion; and for us it means a thousand millions and nothing else. The List Congress went down into his history as a "Billion Dollar Congress." At its two sessions it appropriated more than a thousand million dollars. When taunted by Democratic critics with extravagance in expenditures, what did Thomas B. Reed, the Speaker of that House, say? Did he answer: "Ah, my dear men, you only display your ignorance. Don't you know you can't call a thousand millions a billion?" No. he simply drew himself up to his full height and retorted: "Well, gentlemen, this is a billion dollar country." No American ever doubted what either Speaker Reed or his Democratic critics meant. The United States is no longer a British dependency.

Jan-et was quite ill one day;
Feb-rile troubles came her way.
Mar-tyrlike she lay in bed;
Apr-oned nurses softly sped.
"May-be," said the leech, judicial,
"Jun-ket would be beneficial."
Ju-leps, too, though freely tried,
Aug-ured ill, for Janet died.
Sep-ulchre was sadly made.
Oct-aves pealed and prayers were said.
Nov-ices with many a tear
Dec-olated Janet's bier.

—Carolyn Wells.

Q—Is it true that our soldiers were furnished with flint-lock muskets during the Civil War? A—No. On the destruction of the arsenal and armory at Harper's Ferry, April 19, 1861, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Confederates, the resources of the government were seriously impaired. Many regiments had to be detained in camp for weeks until arms could be obtained from Europe, and all the small arms procurable in this country, no matter how poor or antiquated their make, were put in use. The soldiers complained greatly of the old muskets that were given them. Many of these were originally flint-locks, but the old lock

had been removed and a cap-lock put in its place. The government did not supply any of the men with flint-lock muskets in their original condition, but many muskets that had been changed in this way were put to use.

Q—Which is the "Gentleman's Psalm" so-called, in the Bible? A—We have heard the 50th Psalm so denominated. It describes as among the many who are entitled to be considered as gentlemen "one who leadeth an incorrupt life, speaketh truth from his heart, doeth no evil to his neighbor, is lowly in his own eyes, keepeth his word even if it be to his own hindrance."

Q—What is the greatest and shortest distance between England and France across the English Channel? A—The shortest distance is twenty-one miles, at the Strait of Dover, from Dover to Cape Grisnez. The longest distance, or greatest breadth, of the channel is 140 miles, from Sedmouth to St. Malo. The average width of the channel is seventy miles.

Q—What was the Edict of Nantes, the revocation of which drove the Huguenots to America? A—It was a decree signed by Henry IV. of France at Nantes, the capital of Brittany, on April 13, 1598. It gave to the Protestants in France the right to dwell in France with perfect liberty of conscience, and to hold their services occasionally. Protestant nobles of higher rank could have services on all occasions; the people could meet for service at cities where they had met in 1596-97; and a second city in each bailiwick of the Kingdom was allowed in which the Huguenots could meet. Universities and schools were opened to the Huguenots, who could also found schools for themselves; and portions of existing cemeteries as well as of new burial grounds were set aside for them. In civil matters the Huguenots were placed on an equality with the Roman Catholics. The Edict was put in force March 17, 1599; it was revoked by Louis XIV. October 1, 1684.

Q—Is it not true that there are more men than women in America? A lady friend of mine claims that women preponderate. She has been to hear Mrs. Livermore talk about "Superfluous Women." A—The figures have always shown a preponderance of men in this country, though the women are gaining. In many parts of the East women are in the majority, but in the whole country there is

nearly 1,800,000 more male than female population. Out of every 1,000 inhabitants 512 are males and 488 females. This is accounted for by the fact that most of the immigrants coming to this country are men.

Q—What is the story of Palamon and Arcite? A—Two young Theban knights, who fell into the hands of Duke Theseus, and were shut up in a dungeon at Athens. Both fell in love with Emily, the duke's sister-in-law. In time they obtained their liberty, and the duke appointed a tournament, promising Emily to the victor. Arcite prayed to Mars to grant him victory, Palamon prayed to Venus to grant him Emily, and both obtained their petition. Arcite won the victory, but being thrown from his horse, died; Palamon therefore, not the winner, won the prize for which he fought.

Q—Who introduced vaccination into the United States? A—Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse introduced it into New England about the year 1800.

Q—Which queen of England was it that died of a broken heart? A—Caroline of Brunswick, wife of George IV. of England. Prince George married her at the command of his father, and at the time the contract was executed had never seen her. He at once conceived a deep hatred for his wife, and he seemed to find a keen and malignant pleasure in making her miserable. Among other things he had her name erased from the liturgy of the church, and more than once tried to persuade Parliament to grant him a divorce. On the day of his coronation Caroline went in state to Westminster to be crowned with him and was forcibly ejected. She returned home and in a month died, it is said of a broken heart.

Q—Kindly give an account of the so-called Deucalion flood, when it took place and where. A—Deucalion was a mythical character of ancient Greek history and is sometimes represented as the father of Hellen, who was the reputed founder of the Greek nation. The seat of his authority was Thesaly, and the tradition was that he was driven from that country by a great deluge. The Greek legend of this deluge, which resembles remarkably the Biblical story of the Noachian flood, was as follows; Deucalion was married to Pyrrha. On account of the wickedness of mankind Jupiter had determined to destroy the entire race, but Deucalion was saved

through his father, Prometheus, who warned him of the purposes of Jove. He therefore made for himself an ark, and putting provisions into it, with his wife, took refuge therein. Jupiter then poured rain from the heavens so that the greater part of Greece was inundated, and all the people, excepting a few who fled to the highest mountains, perished in the waters. At the same time the flood burst through the mountains of Thesaly, and this country and also the isthmus below were flooded. Deucalion had sailed over the sea in his ark nine days and nights until he reached Mount Parnassus, where he anchored his ark. He then opened its window and sent out a bird, and, as the bird flew away and did not return, he judged that the waters were abated. Then with his family he left the ark and offered a sacrifice to Jupiter, who sent his messenger, Mercury, to ask what Deucalion desired. He requested that the earth be again replenished with men. By the direction of Jupiter he and his wife went down from the mountain, flinging stones behind them, and those which Deucalion threw became men and those which his wife threw became women, and in this way the world was again peopled.

The man with a tender heart does not need to demonstrate it by the softness of his head.

"Every man should feel satisfied to leave well enough alone."

"That's a fallacy. No man who feels that way ever reaches 'well enough.'"

No matter how erect a general may be he is apt to lean more or less on his staff.

Old gentleman (getting his boots blacked Sunday morning)—Boy, do you know what the good book says, "Remember the Sabbath day?"

Bootblack—Yessir, I allers remembers it.

Old gentleman—Then you go to Sunday-school, do you?

Bootblack—No, sir; I don't go to Sunday-school, but I charges 10 cents for a shine.

Fortune sometimes makes fools of wise men by bestowing her caresses upon them.

Some men are in advance of their age, but women are always a few years behind it.

In a divinity essay written by a schoolboy appeared the following passage: "So he sed unto Mosses. Come forth; but he came fifth and lost the jobb. Morral, Git up urly."

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN.

Superintindint wuz Flannigan;
Boss of the siction wuz Finnigin;
Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack
An' muddled up things t' th' divil an' back,
Finnigin writ it to Flannigan,
Afther the wrick wuz all on agin;
That is, this Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,
He writen tin pages did Finnigin,
An' he tould jist how the smash occurred:
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd
Did Finnigin write to Flannigan
After the cars had gone on agin.
That wuz how Finnigin,
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin;
He'd more idjucation, had Flannigan;
An' it wore 'm clane and completely out
To tell what Finnigin writ about
In his writin' to Muster Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finnigin:
"Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

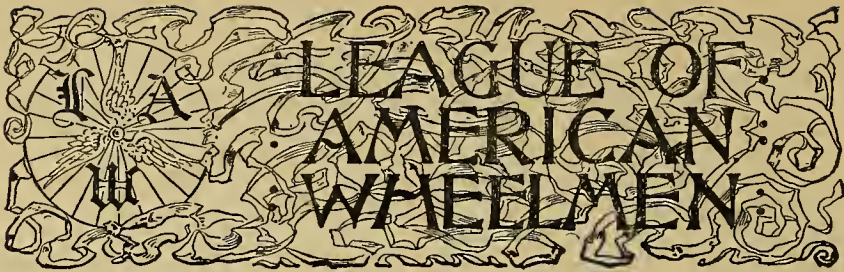
Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan
Be blushed rosy rid, did Finnigin;
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's
pa-ay
That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay
Befoore Sup'rindint, that's Flannigan,
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.
From Finnigin to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin,
On the road sup'rindinted by Flannigan,
A rail gave way on a bit av a curve
An' some kyars went off as they made the
swerve,
"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,
"But repoorts must be made to Flannigan."
An' he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
As minny a railroader's bin agin,
An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down his repoort, wuz Finnigin.
An' he writed this here: "Muster Flannigan:
Off agin; on agin;
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

S. W. Gillilan.

Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr., was out in a field, near a haystack, with his camera, when John Kendrick Bangs happened along and asked him in surprise what there was there worth photographing. "Just you come over here and look at the reflection on my ground glass and you will see!" responded Eickemeyer, with such artistic fervor that Bangs ventured over and put his head under the cloth. "Ah, now I see!" said Mr. Bangs gravely: "the haystack is standing upside down!"



OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

The objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

OFFICERS OF THE LEAGUE.

President, Geo. L. Cooke, 15 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.
 First vice-president, Walter M. Meserole, 44 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Second vice-president, Geo. M. Schell, Box 1145, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Secretary-treasurer, Abbot Bassett, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.
 Foreign consul, Joseph Pennell, 14 Buckingham St., Strand, W. C., London, England.

DUES:—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership, \$10. Life members must pay additional for official organ if they desire it. All dues payable in New York, Philadelphia or Boston funds. Money orders preferred. Personal checks outside the foregoing cities are subject to a collection fee of 10 cents, which must be added to amount in all cases.

Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

VETERAN:—A member becomes a Veteran when he has been a member ten consecutive years. When he enters upon his tenth year his ticket will be marked "Veteran" and he will be entitled to wear the Veteran Bar. He must hold a ticket bearing number less than 2210.

PIONEER:—A Pioneer is one who belongs to the "Pioneers." To be eligible to membership he must have joined the L. A. W. during the decade of 1880-89. He pays dues of 50 cents each two years. A Pioneer must hold a number less than 951.

SUPPLIES:—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar: Price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents. Road Maps, State and City Maps, etc. Send for list.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.

SPRING DINNER.

The Spring dinner will be at Revere House, Bowdoin Square, Boston, Saturday, April 30, 6.30 o'clock. Tickets \$1.50 each plate. Members may bring friends. Ladies

are invited. Col. A. A. Pope has written that he will be with us. Members are urged to manifest an interest. We must know by Wednesday April 27, just how many to provide for. Do not wait until then to reply. State how many guests you will have. At this dinner let us show that the division is still alive. Be sure and reply to the chief consul, 15 Court Square, Boston.

GEO. A. PERKINS,
 Chief Consul.

Abbot Bassett, A. D. Peck, John C. Kenisen, John J. Fecitt, Hebron A. Libbey, W. J. Smith, A. W. Norcross, John A. Stilt, committee.

A LITTLE FOREWORD FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Founders, Veterans, and the other yet Loyal Members of the League of American Wheelmen:

You have chosen to elect me president of our organization through your representatives in the National Assembly. I know I have your good wishes. I want your active help. I shall not ask the impossible, nor even the improbable of you. All I ask of you is that each of you make it your personal business to build up the League, to steadily increase its membership this year. Do not make catchy offers. Do not promise something for nothing. Avoid all bonuses. We are better off without the kind of persons that such things attract. We have had too many of them in the past. We want a good, loyal, substantial membership, who will remain with us year in and year out, as the big majority of you have done and will do. There are thousands upon thousands of wheelmen still existent and active, and you will get plenty of them to join us, if approached in season and properly. Our record and what we stand for is sufficient to attract and hold them to us. Wheelmen's rights and benefits, good roads and paths for all people, afoot, awheel or in vehicles—this is the sum and substance of it. And, to keep us in touch with each other, we give to members a good monthly periodical, that, besides informing us officially of our doings, is interesting, instructive and pleasing.

The wheeling season is now on. Now is the time to move and act. What is done before the heated term sets in counts most of all. Do not delay or postpone.

If each one of you gets but one member in addition to yourself, that helps. You certainly can do that, if not better. Further, renew, yourself, promptly and interest yourself in others' renewals.

The nub of the matter is simply this—Personal Effort—and that I ask and expect from each one of you.

GEO. L. COOKE,
President.

April 2, 1904.

CORRECTION.

Article III of the By-Laws was incorrectly printed in last issue. It should read:

Any Division of the League in existence February 10, 1904, may continue its organization. All money owing by the League to such Division by virtue of the provisions of the Constitution in force prior to February 10, 1904, shall be paid over to the secretary-treasurer of such Division by the secretary-treasurer of the League as soon as it may conveniently be done.

APPOINTMENTS.

The following is a list of committee appointments made by me and accepted to date:

Rights and Privileges.—William M. P. Bowen, chairman, Banigan Building, Providence, R. I.; Charles F. Cossum, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Highway Improvement.—Hibberd B. Worrell, chairman, 555 West Sixteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Robert A. Kendall, Pawtucket, R. I.; Horatio S. Earle, Detroit, Mich.; Arthur P. Benson, Dedham, Mass.; Harry C. G. Ellard, Cincinnati, O.; John F. Clark, Staten Island, N. Y.

Local Organization.—Clarence W. Small, chairman, 74 Winslow St., Portland, Me.; Robert T. Kingsbury, Keene, N. H.

Touring.—Abbot Bassett, chairman, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.; George M. Schell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Nelson H. Gibbs, Providence, R. I.

Committee on Legislation.—W. M. Thomas, chairman, Atty. General's office, Albany, N. Y.; George A. Perkins, Boston, Mass.; William A. Howell, Rockville, Conn.

GEO. L. COOKE,
President L. A. W.

Providence, R. I., Feb. 29, 1904.

ESSTEE'S COLUMN.

An apology is coming. We were much behindhand on our first number. Why? A printers' strike. Purely mechanical. Spare us the details. No one has been madder than we. If it occurs again we shall jump off the wharf, or on the printer.

Things are looking up. Think of it! We booked three times as many applicants in March 1904 as in March 1903, and more than in 1902. We booked nearly twice as many renewals in March 1904 as in March 1903, and

three times as many as in 1902. Isn't that encouraging? Perhaps the toboggan has turned around.

League Day is appointed for June 29, and we should begin to get ready for it. Let's make it a boomer this year. Don't stand around and wait for some one else to make a good time for you, but take hold of things yourself.

Massachusetts opens the season with a banquet at Revere House on April 30th. Night before the big run to the Reservoir in Boston. Dinner will be served in the "Prince of Wales" suite. Send in your name. See card elsewhere.

The prospect of a big crowd at the Reservoir on the first Sunday in May is very good. Hundreds have signed the call. Show your colors. Any League member who will call at headquarters April 25 to 30, may have, free of cost, half a yard of League ribbon and a pin to attach it to his handlebar, and, as well, a bronze lapel button. If he brings in the application of a friend he may call for a duplicate. Those who are too busy or too lazy to call may have the ribbon by mail if they enclose 5 cents for packing and postage.

Reservoir Day will see the biggest crowd of wheelmen gathered in many years. There will be fifty wheels from Providence, one hundred from Lynn, and large delegations from all around. Every kind of wheel, new and old will be in line. There will be the new chainless with cushion frame, old-time Stars, Kangaroos, Faciles and Springfield Roadsters. There will be more grey heads and bald heads than there used to be. Get into line.

We suggested in our last that St. Louis have a run to the pump. An enthusiastic wheelman of that village writes us that the pump has been taken away. The people would seem to have no use for pumps. Why not run to the old location and drop a few tears to the memory of the departed pump that used to be an objective point of old-time runs? We rode out there once and looked at the pump as we passed, but we were in a hurry to get to the brewery and so we didn't stop. Our only pumping was on the pedals.

Would it be a half-bad idea if the New York wheelmen should run to the spot where Conant Foster and W. M. Wright were arrested for riding in Central Park? It was the first and the important step in that great movement which gave New York the Liberty Bill and opened the only place in New York where the bicycle could be ridden. Why not celebrate the efforts of our pioneers?

We have many foreign organizations of wheelmen and here seems to be one that has complimented us by the flattery of imitation. The League of German Wheelmen has arranged to send a team of bicycle polo players and several fancy riders to the St. Louis Exposition next summer; in addition, there will

be a number of German racing men, who will compete in the events during the first week of August.

They are coming back to us. Look at this for a small list of repentants who have taken out tickets once more. Sterling Elliott becomes a life member; Nixon Waterman has come again; R. G. Betts of the Bi World is on deck again, and there are others unknown to fame.

Cincinnati was down for a run on April 10th. The Consulate is alive and full of ginger. We don't know if they run to a pump or to a reservoir. Perhaps to a river. All wheelmen in Cincinnati are asked to get together that day.

League Day June 29. Don't forget it.

The Massachusetts Club, Boston, Mass., celebrated its silver anniversary on March 26 at the club house. Organized in 1879 it has made a glorious record for itself. Gathered around the table were Albert S. Parsons, first secretary of the L. A. W.; E. W. Pope, first captain of the club; Chas. F. Joy, A. D. Peck, Abbott Bassett and some two hundred others. The club is still organized in the interest of cycling and has many riding members. In the absence of President E. W. McGlenen, Vice-President Bowser presided.

The Essex Bi Club (N. J.), celebrated its 26th anniversary on April 2nd. A banquet, speeches, etc. It is the old fellows that have the good times.

A fair majority of our members find their membership at an end in April. This is the last issue of Scrap Book that will go to those who do not renew. Better get your renewal in.

We have had many kind words from friends sent along with renewals. We cannot answer half of them and keep on sawing wood. Let this tell them how we appreciate their good opinions, and how we like to hear them speak of old times and in praise of the L. A. W. What a lot of good fellows we have in our organization. Esstee sends thanks and returns compliments. May we live to enjoy each other for many years to come.

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Bassett's Scrap Book

SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Vol. 2. No. 3.

MAY, 1904.

5 Cents.

Published Monthly.

A collector and purveyor of odd hits of information in the domain of History, Literature, Biography, etc.

"In winter you may read them by the fireside, and in summer under some shady tree; and therewith pass away the tedious hours."

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ABBOT BASSETT, Editor.

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Entered as Second-Class Matter March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The fear of being found out is often mistaken for the prickings of conscience.

A man is never too old to learn, but sometimes he is too young to realize it.

All things come to those who wait, but you might save time by going out to meet them.

MAY.

Were one to go to worlds where May is naught,
And seek to tell the memories he had brought
From each of thee, what were most fitly said?

I know not if the rosy showers shed
From apple-boughs, or if the soft green wrought

In fields, or if the robin's call be fraught
The most with thy delight. Perhaps they read
Thee best who in the ancient time did say
Thou wert the sacred month unto the old;
No blossom blooms upon thy brightest day
So subtly sweet as memories which unfold
In aged hearts which in thy sunshine lie,
To sun themselves once more before they die.

—Horace Parker Chandler.

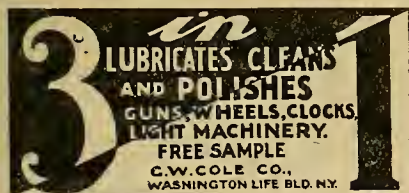
SCRAPS WHICH COME AS THEY MAY

May, among the Romans, was sacred to Apollo and almost every day was a festival. On the 9th, 11th and 13th days was celebrated the festival of the "lemuria" in memory of the dead, and consequently it was believed that marriage contracted in this month would result fatally. From the festival in honor of Flora, celebrated from April 28 to May 2, is derived our May Day with its festive and floral rites.

"In May I am of the earth earthy. The soul loses its wild white pinions; the heart puts forth its short, powerful wings, heavy with heat and color, that flutter, but do not lift it off the ground. Nature uses beauty now not to uplift but to entice. I find her intent upon the one general business of seeing that no type of her creatures gets left out of the generations. Studied in my yard full of birds, as with a condensing glass of the world, she can be seen enacting among them the dramas of history. Yesterday, in the secret recess of a walnut, I saw the beginning



**Lubricates
Prevents Rust
Cleans and
Polishes**



of the Trojan war. Last week I witnessed the battle of Actium, fought out in mid-air. And down among my hedges—indeed, openly in my very barnyard—there is a perfectly scandalous Salt Lake City.”—James Lane Allen.

The first (Pilgrim) marriage took place in the lovely month of May (12th), 1621, when Edward Winslow, whose wife had died but seven weeks before, married Susanna White, a widow with children, whose husband had died twelve weeks before. Mrs. White was the mother of Peregrine, the first child born of white parents in New England, and who married Sarah Bassett. Another son, born after her second marriage, became governor of an American colony, so that this Pilgrim mother had a triple honor. . . . As the first marriage was between Edward Winslow and Mrs. White, it is probable that John Alden with Priscilla Mullens made the second, Francis Eaton with Mrs. Carver's servant-maid the third, Bradford with Mrs. Alice Southworth the fourth, and Standish with a lady named Barbara, whose family name is not known, the fifth.

School janitors do not take much learning in at the pores. One of this class resigned his position the other day after having held the job for only a little over a week. “I guess I'm too sensitive,” he explained to a friend, who asked why he had quit. “You see, whenever I found anything that had been lost I always hung it up on the blackboard, where the owner could see it and claim it. The other morning I went into one of the rooms early to clean up, and there on the blackboard was written: ‘Find the multiplicand.’ I looked all over, but I couldn't find anything. The next morning I went into the same room and on the blackboard was written: ‘Find the least common multiple.’ Then I says to myself: ‘If them things is lost and didn't turn up, the first thing I know they'll accuse me of swipin' them.’ So I threw up the job. I guess I'm too sensitive.”

Those who forecast the future say that the man born in May will be handsome and amiable. The lady will be handsome, witty and wise. Horace Mann and Queen Victoria were born in May.

Yankees generally have been pluming themselves for years on their guesses of a population of eighty millions of souls. The latest Census Bureau bulletin puts the num-

ber of inhabitants, outside of Alaska and the insular possessions, at 79,900,389. That is almost 80,000,000, it is true, but even that narrow margin blunts the edge of our boasting. The bureau estimates the population of New York at 3,716,139 in 1903. Chicago is set down at a total of 1,873,880. Philadelphia is reckoned at 1,367,716.

Prof. John T. Simpson, of St. Louis, adds to the general information of the world by asserting that eating apples is a cure for the asperities of connubial life; for all wayward feelings in the matter of what is right and proper, and for a sour and grouchy disposition. Possibly he is right, but in the case of the first dwellers in Paradise, it seemed to have a contrary effect, but “the world do move”—if the sun does not—and doubtless a twentieth century man and woman could give Adam and Eve many valuable suggestions in the proper use of fruit.

It is wise to let your son go into girls' company at an early age. If he at all resembles other people's sons, he will fall in love with the first young person of the opposite sex into whose society he is thrown, and it is well to have this occur before he reaches an age when he will be amenable to a breach of promise complaint. A young fellow's first love is usually of an evanescent nature.

A new cognomen has been added to the already wearisome list of nicknames applied to American cities. Detroit is now the “Pill City.” It is said that seventy per cent. of the pill product of the United States is manufactured in that city. It has several large drug manufacturing houses, and in fact does a larger business in that line than any other place in the United States. The word “pill” embraces not only the old-fashioned article, resembling a shot, but oval, square, flat and every other shape of tablet and pellet. These are not patent medicines, as a rule, but pills made up according to the formulas in the recognized pharmacopoeias, and purchased at wholesale by druggists, to be dispensed as physicians' prescriptions.

What shall we drink and escape typhoid. Physicians have told us again and again that danger lies in water. And now comes one who avers that whisky must be avoided, and he is from Chicago. Dr. Geo. W. Webster, president of the Illinois State Board of Health says: “Do not drink whisky if you

wish to avoid typhoid fever. It lowers the vitality and prevents perfect digestion. There is nothing more conducive to stomach troubles than whisky. A low vitality and imperfect digestive organs invite typhoid fever." Now let us hear from Kentucky, the land where, in the language of a favorite son, "the whisky is so good that intemperance is a virtue."

If there is a better lyric in the English language than "Bill and Joe," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, we don't know it. It touches that never-failing key-note to which the universal heart in every condition of life responds. It is one of the poems that will live for all time. If you have never read it do so now.

BILL AND JOE.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
Today, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With HON. and LL. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray—
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,

That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill;
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

What is Luck? Is there an intelligence behind that guides and directs it? We were sitting in a game of "Preference" a few nights ago. All were equally good players, but all the luck ran to one hand and the lady who was so favored held the high cards at every deal. We shuffled and cut in every way but the course of luck could not be turned. At last we proposed an exchange of hands before looking at the deal. We did so and secured one of the gilt edged hands. From that moment the luck left our lady friend and came to us. What was it? There was method in it. It was not skill for there were the cards which commanded results irrespective of skill.

Let us look up authorities and see what wiser men than we are have to say about luck. Addison says: "I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck."

There is a great deal of nonsense uttered about hard work and its unfailing result of success. It is not the hardest workers in this world that are the most successful. There are a lot of round pegs in square holes that work as hard if not harder than do the pegs which fit perfectly. So fully is the fact of misplaced talent recognized that a new word has been given to the language. Vit-osophy, according to Dr. Windsor, is the science of extracting a round peg from a square hole and inserting it in a hole of the same general conformation. The ladies of the Physiological Institute have jotted

that point down in their note books. Luck comes in to put a man in a place where he fits, and hard work does the rest. Vitosophy would seem to be a specific for bad luck. There's a lot of wasted energy that boils no pot.

Emerson says: "Shallow men believe in luck." Dryden says: "Lucky men are favorites of Heaven." An Arabian proverb reads: "Pitch a lucky man into the Nile, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth." Now let us turn to the Bible. We find in Ecclesiastes, 9-11: "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

We must recognize luck as a force. Hard work and all that sort of thing produce the great results of the world, but luck comes in once in a while to turn the course of things for good or ill. Account for it? Who can do so? There's a lot of things we don't know.

Do you remember De' Quincey's passage about Wordsworth's prosperity, in which the essayist recites in detail the six successive accesses of fortune enjoyed by the poet at the very moment when he seemed most to need them—and all, apparently, by a happy foreordination in which Wordsworth himself took no part. "Whether there were any seventh," says De Quincey, "I do not know; but confident I feel that, had a seventh been required by circumstances, a seventh would have happened." And later: "So true it is that still, as Wordsworth needed a place or a fortune, the holder of that place or fortune was immediately served with a summons to surrender it—so certainly was this impressed upon my belief, as one of the blind necessities, making up the prosperity and fixed destiny of Wordsworth, that, for myself—had I happened to know of any peculiar adaptation in an estate or office of mine, to an existing need of Wordsworth's—forthwith, and with the speed of a man running for his life, I would have laid it down at his feet. 'Take it,' I would have said—'take it—or in three weeks I shall be a dead man.'"

The population of Russia is 150,000,000 and that of Japan is 50,000,000, yet Japan thrashed China which had a population of 426,000,000.

THE GAME: AN IDYLL.

Hour after hour the cards were fairly shuffled
And fairly dealt; but still I got no hand.
The morning came, and with a brow unruffled

I only said: "I do not understand."

Life is a game of cards. From unseen sources

The deck is shuffled, and the hands are dealt.

Blind are our efforts to control the forces

That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards come to me.

But yet, I like the game and want to play.

So through the long, long night will I, still cheerful,

Play what I get, until the dawn of day.

And when that dawn arrives, its light refulgent

Perchance may pierce the gloom and show each hand

So clearly that I may, with heart indulgent,

Contented sigh: "Ah, now I understand."

The war between Russia and Japan has given rise to many reminiscences on the part of those who have met socially the representatives of both nations. A society girl, who has just returned from a visit to Washington, tells an amusing story of her introduction, at a semi-official reception, to one of the attaches of the Russian Legation. "Of course I didn't catch his name," she said, in telling the story. "It seemed a mile long and twice as hard to pronounce. It sounded like 'bottle of whisky,' with a count in front of it. Well, when I was introduced to him I said, in a jocular sort of way: 'Count Bottle-of-Whisky, how do you do-sky?' He looked at me quizzically and then remarked: 'Bully-govitch.' And maybe I didn't feel cheap."

Many years ago when we sat under the eye of a lady teacher in the public school, we were told by our books that of men in the world there were civilized, half-civilized and barbarous. Most of the Asiatic people were classed as half-civilized. It is noteworthy that out of Asia came our alphabet and our Arabic numerals. The compass we owe to the Chinese, who knew the magnetic needle as early as the second century A. D. Gunpowder originally came out of Asia, and so did the art of printing and the manufacture of paper. The Chinese invented movable types in the middle of the 11th century, 350 years before Gutenberg. They also made silks long before Europe, and porcelain that has never been equaled by Europe. Truly.

Asia is the cradle of the race. On the original ideas of the Persians, the Arabians, the Hindoos and the Chinese our modern society has been built. The Japanese are far from half-civilized in their knowledge of modern warfare. We know more about men and things than we did in that far off day when we were a boy.

Judge Parker's commanding height of six feet, two inches, would relieve him of an objection that was brought against Stephen A. Douglass as a presidential candidate. His coat-tails do not come too near the ground.

It is to laugh away care. In a hospital was a patient suffering from melancholia. He never laughed—he never even smiled. The physician in charge of the case thought at last to try the influence of laughter upon his patient. To bring this about, he had a big, hearty, jovial man come each day and stand by the patient's door, and laugh a long, deep, side-shaking laugh—a laugh so joyous and healthful and infectious that everyone around, including the patient, soon found themselves convulsed with laughter. The melancholia had melted away, the gloom had vanished, and the man was in his right mind again. Laughing had done it. Laugh away your gloom and your fears and your worries. Laugh when everything goes wrong. Just stop in the midst of your perplexities and irritations and annoyances—just stop and sit down and have a good, hearty laugh. A laugh that will clear up your mind, invigorate your body, and you will be surprised to find that your worries and your cares are not so overwhelming after all. You will be ready to meet them with a buoyancy of spirit that will master them easily. Practice laughing. Do not let your mouth get so immovable that it is a serious task even to smile. Keep in practice. A good laugh will do you more good than medicine, and save you many a doctor's bill.

We do a good many things, in a minute. For instance, we are whirled on the outside of the earth just thirteen miles, and have gone around the sun 1,089 miles; a ray of light has traveled 11,100,000 miles; the lowest sound your ear can catch has made 990 vibrations, the highest tone 2,228,000 vibrations. Twenty-four barrels of beer have gone down 12,096 throats; 6,673 cigars have been made; 300 tons of coal have been mined, and \$65 worth of gold has been extracted from mother earth. Make a minute

of these statistics and note that this is a fast age.

Quincy Kilby is the latest poet of cycling and takes his place in a long line of verse makers who have drawn inspiration from the wheel. One who has never ridden a wheel can know the exhilaration promoted by the sport and it is not to be wondered at by those that have ridden the silent steed that it has inspired poetic thoughts among its devotees.

THE MEN WHO RIDE FOR FUN.

We're the healthy, happy heathen, the Men
Who Ride for Fun,
The faithful friends of bicycling, that sport
surpassed by none.
We've ridden through long seasons past;
we'll ride long seasons more;
And while we've gained both health and
strength, we have had fun galore.

We're close to Mother Nature, and she
greets us every year
With blossoming flowers, budding trees and
sunny atmosphere.
We hear her voice low-calling, just as soon
as spring's begun.
She tells her choicest secrets to the Men
Who Ride for Fun.

We start the season's wheeling when the
frost first leaves the ground.
We know the roads in every town for fifty
miles around.
Our minds are clear, our hearts are light,
digestion Number One.
We've three big appetites a day, the Men
Who Ride for Fun.

There are men who ride for exercise and men
who ride for health.
There are men who ride to business, in the
sane pursuit of wealth.
And once men rode for fashion, but they
quickly petered out,
And are giving their attention now to ne-
vousness and gont.

There are men who ride for mileage and men
who ride for speed,
And in a few short seasons they get all the
wheel they need
While we keep on year after year; our wheel-
ing's never done.
We hearty, hungry vagabonds, the Men Who
Ride for Fun.

We bear each other's burdens and enjoy each
other's jokes;
Respect each other's feelings and the rights
of other folks.
Bring out your wheels and join us. You'll
be welcome, every one.
To the Brother's of the Bicycle, the Men
Who Ride for Fun.

—Quincy Kilby.

A history of one of the giant sequoia trees of California, as shown when it was cut for lumber, is given by a U. S. senator. It was but 15 feet in diameter. In 245 A. D., when it was 516 years of age, a forest fire burned on its trunk a scar 3 feet in width. After 1,196 years of placid life, in another fire, in 1441 A. D., the tree, aged 1,712, received another injury. Another scar followed in 1580, and was not covered with new tissue for 56 years. The worst attack of all was in 1787, when the tree, then 2,068 years of age, was attacked by a fire which left a scar 18 feet wide, reduced by 1890, in 103 years, to 14 feet. Only 10 isolated groves of these trees remain, and only one grove is protected by government ownership.

How fast can a man wink? One who is interested in this fascinating subject has made experiments in connection with it, and successfully measured the time occupied by the several phases of the movement. He says: "The mean duration of the descent of the lid is seventy-five to ninety-one thousandths of a second. The interval while the eye is shut was in one case only fifteen hundredths of a second. The rising of the lid occupied seventeen hundredths of a second. A specially-arranged photographic apparatus was used for the experiment."

If it be true that "a contented mind is a continual feast," why is not the converse, "a continual feast is a contented mind," also true? If it is, it is possible to understand why certain persons find the dinner table the most attractive place on the footstool.

Sir Edward Clare, the noted English barrister, tells with glee how a young lawyer once scored off him. Late one afternoon a case in which Sir Edward was introduced was called, whereupon he asked that it be put off until the following morning, as he had been arguing a case in another court all day and was much exhausted. The request was granted and the next case called. The young lawyer then asked for postponement of this case also, saying he, too, was exhausted. The court asked what he had been doing. "If it pleases the court," was the reply, "I have been listening to Sir Edward Clare."

"He who learns to control his wheel as he controls a horse acquires affection for it beyond that he can have for any other vehicle. It seems a thing of life, part of himself; fits

itself into his tempers as no other inanimate thing; has a quick and lively movement for his hours of gayety; and steals into his sombre hours, like Bryant's 'Nature,' 'with a mild and gentle sympathy which steals away their sharpness ere he is aware.'"—Prof. E. J. James.

The delights of secret spreads in girls' colleges are sometimes exaggerated, if the story told by a student at one of those institutions of learning is true. Said she:

"You know, this winter we've all been making batter cakes and mixing them in our wash basins. Well, the other day I heard the girl next door to me talking to the chambermaid. 'I wish you'd get me a new wash basin,' she said. 'I caught a mouse last night and had to drown it—and I simply can't use that wash basin for batter cakes again.'"

"I suppose they are expecting to see your son at the college from which you graduated?"

"I suppose so."

"There is always the feeling that a man owes his alma mater something."

"No doubt," replied the old gentleman, thoughtfully, "but I'm not sure that it wouldn't be cheaper for me and better for the boy to give the college a new building and put the boy to work in the office."

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.—Abraham Lincoln.

How often do we say things with no meaning to them. It is the mission of the Scrap-Book to pull people away from error and put them in contact with truth. Have you ever unpacked an old garment or piece of woolen cloth and found it moth-eaten? You certainly never have. There are very few people who do not think they have seen the signs of "moth-eating," but they are all wrong. No clothes-moth that ever flew could eat cloth, or damage it in any way, mainly because it hasn't a mouth, or anything corresponding to one. It never eats anything at all during its life, though its mission is to lay eggs among woolen stuffs, and leave them to hatch. Long after the moth is dead and swept away a regiment of small caterpillars hatch out, and they eat the cloth like vultures on a carcass; but the moth her-

self is innocent of eating anything whatever. So "moth-eaten" should give place to "caterpillar-gnawed."

Professor Gallaudet, who has done so much toward educating deaf mutes, tells this story: One of the professor's favorite pupils, an unusually precocious child, was asked by his teacher if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. With his fingers the youngster repeated the tale without a break, until he came to the point where the elder Washington questions his son. "When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry tree," continued the child, moving his signaling fingers almost as rapidly as some persons move their tongues, "George put his hatchet in his left hand—" "Wait a moment," said the professor; "how do you know that he took the hatchet in his left hand?" "Because," answered the boy, "he needed his right to tell his father that he had chopped the tree."

It is not uncommon to find a person who can talk on any subject, but much rarer to find one who can converse on a single subject.

Horace Mann used to tell a story of a conversation he once had with an inmate of the lunatic asylum at Worcester, Mass., whose peculiar mania resulted from an inordinate development of the bump of self-esteem. "What's the news, sir? Has anything unusual happened of late, sir?" inquired he with a consequential air.

Mr. Mann happened to recollect that a furious storm had occurred a few days previous, gave him some account of it, mentioning that on the sea-coast it was very severe, several vessels having been driven ashore, with the loss of many lives.

"Can you remember, sir, what night in the week all that happened?" eagerly inquired the listener.

Mr. Mann said he believed it was the night of Tuesday.

"Ah!" said the lunatic, with an air of solemnity mingled with triumph, and lowering his voice to a whisper, "I can account for it, sir! That was the night when I whistled so!"

A state paper tells of a citizen who brought his pastor along when he came to be operated upon for appendicitis. It was his desire to be opened with prayer.

ONCE IN A WHILE.

Once in a while the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while mid clouds of doubt
Hope's brightest stars come peeping
through.
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and
smile,
And we lay aside our cross of care
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in a while we hear a tone
Of love with the heart's own voice to
blend;
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden mile;
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
We find a spot of the fairest green;
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of Paradise are seen;
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
A joy that the world cannot defile;
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold
Once in a while.
—Nixon Waterman.

Queen Elizabeth, of England, meeting in her garden one day a gentleman who had not received the fruit of some promises she had made as quickly as he expected, said to him, "What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?" "Of a woman's promises," replied the gentleman. The queen bent her head, and murmured as she turned away, "You are right, Sir Edward; but if anger makes a man witty, it also keeps him poor all his life."

Do you know the origin of that very common word "stalwart?" The original form of the word was steal worth, which literally means worth stealing. The word goes back in its history to the old kidnapping days when sturdy, strong and robust men and women were stolen to be sold into slavery. Only stalwarts were worth stealing.

The lies told during courtship are the stars which stud the matrimonial sky; but the lies that are told after marriage—if any are told—are the clouds which shut out those stars.

According to the rules followed in taking the United States census, a family includes all persons who are fed from the same larder or kitchen. Thus the inmates of a boarding house, a hotel, a prison, an asylum, or a boarding school constitute a family. In a

small town with such an institution this makes the average size of families larger than the normal; but in the long run it even up, for the population of any such institution is subtracted from other families and thus reduces their size.

General Miles is what may be called a "rough soldier," but there is nothing rough about his way of putting things. Hear him on the Philippine question: "The contrast between war and peace is illustrated by the fact that what treasure has been expended on the Philippine islands would have put water on every quarter section of arable land in our country where it is required; it would have built for the farmers of this country a splendid system of good roads, or for commerce two ship canals across the isthmus. And yet, with it all, that is no country for an American man, woman or family. Within the territory of the Philippine islands, an area not as large as your neighboring territory of New Mexico, there are crowded over 8,000,000 Malays, as many people as are now living in the entire western half of the United States. There is abundance of room here in this glorious western country, and there is no more honorable life than that of the man who walks between two rows of corn. You can be just as honest, just as well informed, just as patriotic as Abraham Lincoln. And you may be assured there can be no better, loftier or purer ambition than to lead the honorable life of an American sovereign citizen."

About the discovery of the lair of the microbe of the famous Roquefort cheese the following legend is told: A shepherd lad, having more luncheon than he could eat, laid a large portion of his bread and cheese upon a natural shelf in one of the caverns near by. He forgot all about it until several months later, when he found that the cheese, instead of being dried up or rotten, was rich, moist, creamy and streaked with greenish-blue veins. He shared his piece of cheese with others and the villagers were quick to recognize the improved texture and quality. Henceforth all their cheeses were taken to these caves to ripen. The caves are now owned by a company, which employs six hundred women to tend the cheese. America makes a very good imitation. Wonder where the cave is?

A cow or an ox rises in a leisurely, digni-

fied manner, first on its hind legs, then gracefully up on the fore legs. A horse comes up jerkingly with spasmodic effort on its fore legs, then lurchingly, often with a snort or groan, as of great effort, rises up fully standing. Lying down is an everyday affair with the cow or ox, but seemingly an unnatural attitude and one lacking in grace on the part of the horse.

By the way, how does a cat or dog rise from the lying-down posture?

It can be understood to what a nicety the mechanism of a gasoline engine is adjusted when it is stated that to make one thousand revolutions a minute means that in a four-cycle engine there are five hundred sprays of gasoline forced into the cylinder, five hundred times the electric battery makes a spark and five hundred times the escape valve is opened to let the gas out.

Through the centre of Alaska flows the Yukon River, the largest in North America, larger and longer than the Mississippi. On this great river one may ride for more than two thousand miles with as much comfort as upon the Hudson.

All sorts of things are going to be done at St. Louis and, all sorts of crazy schemes are being devised to get there. The craziest of all projects is that of a La Crosse man who by occupation is a diver. He announces that he will walk from La Crosse to the St. Louis exposition on the bed of the Mississippi river, a distance of 572 miles. He will be accompanied by a launch upon which there will be air pumps and apparatus. He will come to the surface only to eat and sleep and expects to accomplish the feat in four months. He says he will start his odd journey as soon as the water is warm enough. Next!

"How are your poor feet?" was a saying which became very popular in 1862 during the great London exposition of that year. That was one of the earliest world's fairs and people had not become reconciled to killing themselves in order to see the greatest possible number of sights in the least possible time. But the London exposition was a country fair beside the St. Louis exposition with its how many? miles of sights and diversions. "How are your poor feet?" should become the slang of the year at St. Louis.

ANSWERS.

Q—Why do the people of Scotland object to calling the King of England, Edward VII.? A—Because he is King of Scotland as well as of England and Scotland has not had six Edwards before this one. It would seem to be a title fitted to England alone. At the time of the King's accession a number of Scotsmen protested against the assumption of his Majesty of the VII., after his name, he being, as they say, merely the first Edward of Scotland. The protest was first made by the Scottish Patriotic Association, but since then thousands of Scotch people throughout the world have signed it. The number of signatures obtained is so great that it has taken five bulky volumes to contain them. The books are now placed in the Art Gallery of Glasgow, and the corporation has undertaken their custody. The protest was first made on the field of Bannockburn in June, 1901, a few months after the King's accession.

Q—Is glass a non-conductor when it is wet? If so why use glass insulators on lighting rods which are exposed to the rain? A—Glass is always a non-conductor, and water a conductor. When glass is wet the particles of water on it possessing conductivity will permit the passage of electricity over the glass. Insulators of glass used on lighting rods are not, therefore, perfect non-conductors in wet weather.

Q—Kindly name the two leading political parties from Washington's time down to the present. A—At the time the government under the constitution was founded, there developed two parties. One was composed of those who had been heartily in favor of a closer union, and to giving the national government the powers it lacked under the old, makeshift articles of confederation. They were called Federalists. Those who had been opposed to this were called anti-Federalists. Washington was a Federalist, of course. The anti-Federalists formed a party called the Democratic-Republican, which was afterward called the Republican and later the Democratic party, which is in existence now. Jefferson was the first Democratic-Republican President. The Whig party came into prominence in 1822 and the old Federalist party died a natural death. The Whigs strongly favored internal improvements by the general government and an United States bank; the Democrats opposed both. The growing slavery

question caused the death of the Whig party after the presidential contest of 1852, and in 1854 the present Republican party was organized, to oppose the extension of slavery into the territories of the United States. Since the civil war settled the slavery question the most important issues dividing the two parties have been the tariff and the money questions.

Q—What is the meaning of the Status quo of a nation? What is the Hague tribunal? A—1. Status quo means "The condition in which the thing or things were at first or are now." 2. The Hague tribunal is the International Tribunal of Arbitration established at The Hague in 1899. This tribunal is to settle controversies between nations. The president of the Permanent Administrative Council is the Minister of Foreign affairs of the Netherlands, and the members are the diplomatic representatives of the various Powers that have signed the peace agreement.

Q—What is the story of the nut-brown maid? A—Lord Thomas and the Fair Annet or Elinor, had a lovers' quarrel, when lord Thomas resolved to forsake Annet for a nut-brown maid who had houses and lands. On the wedding-day Annet, in bridal array, went to the church, when lord Thomas repented of his folly, and gave Annet a rose. Whereupon the nut-brown maid killed her with a "long bodkin from out her gay head-gear." Lord Thomas, seeing Annet fall dead plunged his dagger into the heart of the murderess, and then stabbed himself. Over the graves of lord Thomas and fair Annet grew a "bonny briar, and by this ye may ken right well that they were lovers dear." In some ballads the fair Annet is called the fair Elinor.

Q—How is one to know when to use "farther" and when "further"? A—There is no hard and fast rule governing the choice between "farther" and "further"; but it may be said in general that "farther" is to be preferred when the meaning is "more distant," "more remote in time or in space," and that "further" is to be preferred when the meaning is "additional." Thus, we say "I could wish him farther," "One further instance will make this clear." In a large class of intermediate cases the choice between "farther" and "further" is wholly arbitrary; but a nice ear will often find reason for one rather than for the other.

Q—Is it "cold slaw," or is it "Cole slaw?" I have seen it both ways. A—"Cole slaw" is our adaptation of the Dutch "kool sla," which means "cabbage salad"—quite an appropriate name for the dish, you will admit. The Dutch "kool" is a first cousin to our English "cole" or "cale" and the Scotch "kale"; and the family resemblance between "slaa" and "salad" is none the less recognizable for being distorted.

Q—I am told by one party that in the triple hitch of horses, the three horses can pull more than four can because they are nearer the load. Another party says that a horse can pull best when hitched far away—say 100 feet, and he instances a tow line which is always a long one. Which is correct? A—The advantage in a long line is to the load, not to the pulling force. In a rope 100 or 200 feet long there is some stretch or give, so that the pull is not so abrupt. Tug-boats always use a long tow-line on this account. The triple hitch has proved itself of value, since the horses can do better work than can four hitched in spans. There is a story told that one man bet another that he could not move an ordinary brick tied to the end of a cord two or three miles long. A straight and level road was selected for the trial. The brick was not moved, and the man lose his bet. It was stated by some one present that the brick, although weighing only seven pounds, would from a distance of two or three miles represent a dead weight of nearly a ton, since the weight of the rope and its friction on the ground were factors.

Q—Is it "Welsh Rarebit" or "Welsh Rabbit?" A—The very popular dish referred to is in no way like the rare-bit which the Welshman has for centuries concocted. "Welsh rabbit" is the proper term. As for its origin, Prof. E. B. Tylor of Oxford University says that it "is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large group which describe in the same humorous way the special dish or product or peculiarity of a particular district" (Macmillan's Magazine, April, 1874). Among the examples which Professor Tylor gives of such jocular terms are "Irish apricots" for potatoes, "Gravesend sweetmeats" for shrimps, "Jerusalem pony" for donkey. More familiar to New Englanders is "Cape Cod turkey" for salt cod fish.

Q—You gave the speed of many things in

a former issue, but I failed to note the speed of the iceboat. A—We know of no record for a mile. Best records in competition; 20 miles, 46 min. 19 sec. for 12 miles, 36 min. 59 sec.

Q—How high is the source of the Mississippi river above sea level? A—The Mississippi is 2,616 miles long and Lake Itasca, its source is 1,575 feet above sea level. The average fall would therefore be about two-thirds of a foot per mile.

Q—What were the so-called "Rebecca riots?" A—The Rebecca riots were outbreaks against the toll charges on the road in Wales, occurring early in the reign of Queen Victoria. They took their name from a verse in Genesis, where it was said to Rebecca, "Let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them." The gate, of course, meaning the tollgate, and mobs of men dressed as women gathered at night and destroyed the bars and tore up the roads. There was some blood shed before the rioters were quiet. An inquiry showed that there was reason in the complaints; the large toll pressed heavily on the poor in the country districts, and measures were taken by which the wrongs were redressed.

Q—How much work did the French do on the Panama canal? and will it be continued from where they left it? A—It is estimated that the French company did two-fifths of the necessary work, and it will be continued on the same plan and from the same point.

Q—Why was President Harrison called "Old Tippecanoe?" or, assuming that it was after the battle of Tippecanoe, why was that name given to the battle? A—General Harrison was called Old Tippecanoe because he won a decisive victory over the Indians under Tecumseh's brother, the Prophet, at the battle of Tippecanoe, Nov. 7, 1811. Harrison's orders were to establish a military post near the Prophet's town of Tippecanoe, on Tippecanoe river. He was attacked by the Indians, when within a mile and a half of the town, at 4 o'clock in the morning, but routed the Indians by a cavalry charge at daylight. The battle was called Tippecanoe because it was fought near the Indian town of Tippecanoe and near the river Tippecanoe. Tippecanoe was near what is now Lafayette, Ind.

Q—Tell us what you can about the Car-

negie Institution at Washington. A—The Carnegie Institution of Washington, founded by Andrew Carnegie, was incorporated on January 4, 1902, and endowed by its founder with \$10,000,000. This endowment and the conduct of the institution are entrusted to a board of twenty-seven trustees chosen by the founder. The office of the institution is in the Bond Building, Founteenth st. and New York ave., Washington, D. C. The purpose of the institution is thus declared by its founder: "It is proposed to found in the city of Washington an institution, which, with the co-operation of institutions now or hereafter established, there or elsewhere, shall in the broadest and most liberal manner, encourage investigation, research and discovery, show the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind, provide such buildings, laboratories, books and apparatus as may be needed, and afford instruction of an advanced character to students properly qualified to profit thereby."

Q—If George Washington was born on the 11th of February, why do we celebrate his birthday on the 22d? A—He was born on February 11, 1732, according to the old-style or Julian calendar. The Gregorian or present calendar was introduced in England in 1752, at which time the equinox had retrograded 11 days since the Council of Nice in A. D. 325, when the festival of Easter was established, and the equinox occurred on March 21. Hence September 1, 1752, was changed to September 14, and at the same time the commencement of the legal year was changed from March 25 to January 1, so that the year 1751 lost the months of January and February and the first 24 days of March. The difference between the Julian and Gregorian calendars is now 13 days. The first recorded celebration of Washington's Birthday occurred at Richmond, Va., February 11, 1782. It was celebrated there and in other places on February 11 each year after that until 1793, when February 22 was adopted, according to the new calendar.

Q—What is the signification of the name "Commoner," the title of Mr. Bryan's paper? A—In English history, from which we get the word "commoner" it originally meant one of the people at large, that is, of the middle classes. In this sense Shakespeare uses it. Later, it came to be used as referring to members of the House of Commons, in distinction from those of the House of

Lords. The first William Pitt, when he attained his pre-eminence in debate and influence as one of the House of Commons, was called "the Great Commoner," and this title was accorded to Gladstone. Mr. Bryan took the name for his paper, no doubt, to produce the impression that it intended to stand especially for the rights of the people.

H. S. D. writes: "Answers" pages 10-11 Vol. II, No. 1. Why not include in the programme some questions for your readers to tax their research ingenuity on. You have assumed that some have questions to which they desire answers, turn the tables, by including also the assumption that some of the readers would like to seek serious answers to your questions. I do not mean trick questions nor conundrums but along exactly the line you have so well begun. I give a few sample questions which might be thus propounded to your readers in the next issue.

1. What is the first authentic event in the history of Alchemy?
2. What is the origin of the word: Hocus-pocus?
3. Why do the Popes on election, always take an assumed name?
4. Why does thunder seem to be a rolling noise? or a clap? or etc.?
5. Why can sounds be heard more distinctly by night than by day?
6. What great country is known as the "Land of the Holy Cross?"
7. By whom and when was the ancient canal from the Nile to the Red Sea cut?
8. What is the origin of the guinea coin?
9. What is the meaning of "The Ladies Elwand?"
10. What celebrated poet and critic is said to have died from the excessive assiduity with which he sought the answer to this question: "If a man says he is telling a lie, does he speak truly or falsely?"

We shall be very glad to receive answers to any one or to all of the above questions and will give due credit to the one who answers.

W. D. K. writes: "Your scraps are very entertaining and instructive. I learned that I ought to say 'stair' instead of 'step' although I had to consult the dictionary before I was convinced." A—The Century Dictionary defines stair: "one of a series of steps to mount by, as a flight of stairs." Shakespeare says in "Love's Labor Lost": "The stairs as he treads on them, kiss his feet."

Q—Is a Cossack a Russian? or is he of a different race? A—Racially the Cossacks differ somewhat from the Slavs, but for a hundred years they have been identified with all distinctively Russian movements, and have played a conspicuous part in Russian history. They inherit from their ancestors qualities that make them the best light cavalry in the world, and they particularly distinguished themselves in the last Russo-Turkish war.

Q—In one of Mary Johnston's novels the hero risks his luck on a throw of dice. He throws "Ambs Ace," What is it? and why so called? A—Ambes-ace is the more common form. It means two aces which is the lowest throw in dice. Bad luck follows, of course. Latin ambo-asses, both, or two aces, "I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life."—All's Well, etc.

Q—Have those who were in the Confederate army the right to erect monuments in the national cemeteries on the battlefields? as for instance at Gettysburg? A—Certainly. These battlefields were bought by the United States and converted into national military parks. The soldiers who then fought were all Americans, whether from north or south, and the surviving Confederate officers who participated in them were invited to assist in marking positions and all the states, north or south, which had soldiers there, were asked to erect monuments, which is being done. The commissions in control of each are made up of ex-Confederate and ex-Union officers. They are not intended merely to commemorate the northern soldiers, but the southern quite as much.

Q—What were, or what are, the "Borrowing Days?" A—The last three days of March are so called in Scotland and some parts of England. The popular notion is, that these days are borrowed or taken from April, and may be expected to consist of cold or stormy weather. Although this notion dates from a period before the change of the style, a few days of broken and unpleasant weather about the end of March still afford a sanction for old notions concerning the borrowing days. The origin of the term is lost in the mists of antiquity. The superstition, if we may so call it, though now little else than a jocular fancy, was so strong in Scotland that when the Covenanting army, under Montrose, marched into Aberdeen on the 30th March 1639, and was favored by good weather, a minister pointed

it out in his sermon as a miraculous dispensation of Providence in behalf of the good cause.

Q—Who owned the Philippine Islands before Spain? A—The Philippines were discovered by Magellan in 1521 and were taken possession of in 1565, by a fleet from Mexico. In 1570 a settlement was effected at the mouth of the Manila river and Manila was made the capital of the Spanish possessions on the islands. They were inhabited by Malays when discovered. Magellan was a Portuguese in the service of Spain.

Q—What is the story of Casper Hauser? A—All that is known about Casper Hauser is that on May 26, 1828, he was found in the streets of Nuremberg with a letter directed to a cavalry officer in the city, and dated "From the Bavarian border, place unknown, 1828." The letter contained a meagre and doubtful account of his life, giving the date of his birth as April 30, 1812, but not disclosing his birthplace. His helplessness excited sympathy, the more so as he was a fine looking youth, and the mystery which surrounded him made him and his history the subject of intense curiosity. He himself could tell little about his past life, except that he had been kept in a dark place underground, and attended by a man who did not show his face. Shortly before he was released this mysterious attendant had taught him to walk and to write a few words. He was well cared for at Nuremberg, and his education began but attempts to assassinate him were made in a most mysterious manner, and at last he was stabbed in the royal garden at Anspach and died December 17, 1833. His identity could not be established with certainty. In the opinion of some he was a son of the Grand Duke Charles of Baden, while others considered him an impostor.

Q—Why is natural ice colder than artificial ice? A—Because natural ice melts faster than the artificial. The latter is frozen harder and there is not so much snow ice mixed with it. In the melting process we get the cooling effects of ice and the faster it melts the lower temperature we get. Put a given quantity of each kind in two refrigerators and the one with the natural ice will register a temperature many degrees lower than the other.

Q—What is the difference between an

American mile and the mile in other countries? How many feet in a knot as the sailor's call it? A—The English mile, used also in this country, measures 1,760 yards, or 5,280 feet. But the mile of foreign countries varies as much as the language, so that traveling a mile is one thing in France, and quite another thing, either shorter or longer, in other countries. The French system of the "kilometer," or 1,000 meters, is also used in Belgium and Holland. To cyclists and others traveling in those countries the kilometer—equal to 1,094 yards—is used as a mile measure. The Spanish mile is 1,522 yards, and the Russian only 1,167 yards. But the Chinese have the easiest time of all in making a mile record, their mile being only 609 yards. In Norway and Sweden the mile is 11,690 yards, and in Germany it equals three English miles. Other differences are: Italian, 2,023 yards; Portuguese, 2,250; Austria, 8,297, and Denmark 8,238. 2. A knot is a nautical mile. To ascertain the length of a knot the circumference of the earth is divided into 360 degrees, each degree containing 60 knots; consequently the circumference of the earth (viz., 131,385,456 feet) divided by 360 by 60 gives the length as 6082.66 feet, which is generally the standard.

Q—Give some information about the Moors of Spain? A—The name was given to the Mohammedan race which invaded the southern part of Spain in the early part of the eighth century, A. D. All the leaders of this famous invasion were Arabs, but as their forces were largely recruited from the African population of the neighborhood, the old "Mauri of Mauritania," the whole of the invaders were called by the popular name of Moors. In 711 A. D. Musa, the Arab Viceroy of Western Africa, sent his freedman, Tarik, to survey the southern portion of Spain, and in less than one year the whole of Andalusia, then the richest part of the peninsula, had submitted to his arms, while he had himself left behind him for all time a sure record of his prowess, the ancient Calpe, which he had captured, being named from him Gebel-al-Tarik (the Hill of Tarik), now shortened into Gibraltar. In the following year Musa himself came over, jealous of the fame of his lieutenant, and in the next 45 years all Spain, except the Asturias, submitted to the rule of successive warriors with the title of Emirs, the deputies of the Viceroys of Africa. The Moors formed dynasties, which maintained for more than seven centuries a sway over the whole or

parts of Spain. The invasion of the Christians became more and more persistent, ending in the final capture of Granada by Ferdinand in 1492.

"OLE EZ. PERKINS."

Ez. Perkins was the greatest cuss
 Fer tellin' lies 'at ever wuz.
 There wan't a thing beneath the sun
 That Ez. would say he hadn't done,
 And done a durn sight better than
 Just 'ary other livin' man.
 An' if a feller 'd go ter tell
 A yarn, 't would start up Ez. an'—well!
 That other feller'd simply quit
 When Ezry got agoin' it.

So when he struck the town one day
 A staggerin' in the queerest way,
 An' sez, "Well, boys, I guess I'm done;
 A rattler's bit me,"—everyone
 Just grinned and winked the other eye
 An' sez, "Here comes another lie."
 But Ez. just fooled us, for at that
 He reeled and tumbled over flat.
 An' then Doc. Simmons cum an' sez,
 "Boys, here's the last of pore ole Ez."

We all felt bad, I tell you now,
 An' some one sez, "Well, I'll allow
 It was a rattler, coz I see
 One ten foot long—" Well, hully gee!
 No wonder that he looked surprised,—
 Ole Ez. was openin' up his eyes,
 An' in a voice we just could hear,
 Sez he, "This one was forty, clear,"
 An' then a smile passed o'er his lips,
 An' calmly he passed in his chips.

'Twas quite a spell 'fore we'd agree
 What Ez.'s epitaph should be.
 We wanted somethin' plain and neat
 That told his virtues all complete.
 An' that, you see, just made it bad:
 We couldn't think er none he had.
 But finally we put "A mere
 Plain speaker of the truth, lies here."
 And, when we got it done, we sez,
 "There! That's a lie 'ud tickle Ez."
 —Joe Lincoln.

A writer who spent much of his early life in Turkey observed that Turkish books and booksellers were among the curious features of the country. "The Turkish bookseller," he said, "has a soul above trade. He rarely or never attempts to push his wares, and treasures some of his more valuable books so greatly that he can hardly be induced to sell them, although they form part of his stock in trade. Many of the books displayed by the bookseller are in manuscript, which the old-fashioned Turks esteem more highly than print." The Koran he may not sell. He gives it away in return for a present of its value in money.



OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

The objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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No officer of the League (except the Secretary-Treasurer), nor any member of a committee is required to answer any communication, unless return postage accompanies it.

DUES:—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership, \$10. Life members must pay additional for official organ if they desire it. All dues payable in New York, Philadelphia or Boston funds. Money orders preferred. Personal checks outside the foregoing cities are subject to a collection fee of 10 cents, which must be added to amount in all cases.

APPLICATION BLANK:—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send same with one dollar to Abbot Bassett, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

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LEAGUE CLUBS:—A League Club becomes such when its entire membership belongs to the L. A. W. We issue a ticket of membership to such club. There is no fee. A League Club, by becoming such, attests its loyalty to the cause which the L. A. W. stands for.

Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

VETERAN:—A member becomes a Veteran when he has been a member ten consecutive years. When he enters upon his tenth year his ticket will be marked "Veteran" and he will be entitled to wear the Veteran Bar. He must hold a ticket bearing number less than 2210.

PIONEER:—A Pioneer is one who belongs to the "Pioneers." To be eligible to membership he must have joined the L. A. W. during the decade of 1880-89. He pays dues of 50 cents each two years. A Pioneer must hold a number less than 951.

SUPPLIES:—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar: Price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents. Road Maps, State and City Maps, etc. Send for list.

SIDE PATH TAGS:—The right to ride on the side paths of New York State is acquired by the purchase of a tag. This will allow the holder to ride on any path in the State. Tags may be purchased of Secretary-Treasurer Bassett, 50 cents for tag, 5 cents extra for postage and packing (coin or stamps). To League members only. League members who intend touring in New York State should procure one of these tags.

SECOND MESSAGE.

Brethren, some of you, I see, are at it. Probably a great many of you are, and your good works will shine later. Former members have considered wisely and well and are with us again. This is really encouraging. Even more so is the remarkable accession in March. Personally I thank you who have returned to the fold, you who have newly joined, you to whom these things are due; also you who still renew your membership, even if you have not as yet obtained the one member in addition to yourself—doubtless you will presently succeed.

And now for

LEAGUE DAY.

The Executive Committee have appointed June 29th as the date. It is right in the middle of the week; almost the last day of the nicest month of the year; just before the

summering period. The roads are never better; wheeling is at its height. The shore places and out-of-door resorts in general have opened. Clams, lobsters and other seafood, chickens, fresh-water fish, and whatsoever other delicacies the inland taverners and victuallers provide, then taste the best. So we reasoned, and so we decided. We have done our part; you must now do yours. Resolve yourselves into committees in the different localities. Do not wait for formal organization. Make the affair quite informal. Some arrangement in advance is needed; but the main thing is to get together, have your run or meet where it will draw the largest attendance in that particular place, and let every one go that possibly can. Have a good, but not expensive "feed," and be thoroughly social. If there are other wheelmen round about you, not members of the League, get them to join you and the League as well.

GEO. L. COOKE,
President.

LEAGUE DAY.

Wednesday, June 29, is appointed League Day for 1904, by the Executive Committee,
GEO. L. COOKE, President.

ESSTEE'S COLUMN.

"Three dogs surround me as I write;
At times they snarl, at times they bite.
Each striving with a jealous care
To keep the nearest to my chair.
Ah me! I sigh, when shall I see
Three mortals quarreling over me,
Like those three dogs of different breed,
Who wait to follow where I lead?
And when I quit my Brownie lay,
And take my wheel to have a spin,
Along the broad and level way
The races of our lives begin."

—Palmer Cox.

May renewals should be half in when this is read. Those who renew early help the cause.

The L. A. W. was born May 31, 1880. We celebrate its 24th anniversary this year. Next year the silver anniversary will be in order and then we should have a celebration indeed. Remember it.

"We sedentary Americans must take to the road or go to the wall. For exercise, in prose, talk a walk; in poetry, a wheel."—John G. Wooley.

We have made an arrangement with our good friend, I. B. Potter, to represent us in New York City and receive dues from all those in Greater New York who desire a place to go to and pay dues. Mr. Potter is Secretary of the American Motor Association and he has the offices recently occupied by the New York Division at 132 Nassau St., Vanderbilt Bldg. Call in and see the ex-President and pay dues.

In addition to the above we have arranged with Mr. Chas. M. Richards at 12 Warren St., New York City, to receive and receipt for dues. Our members in Greater New York should avail themselves of these opportunities to transact League business.

League day is assigned for June 29. It is to be hoped it will be observed in every city and town in the land. Don't write and ask us what to do. There is no hard and fast rule. Make your own program. Celebrate. If you have a new idea, push it. Novelty desired. A banquet in the evening is popular. A run before the banquet is a good thing. New let's see who will give us the best and most unique celebration.

Renewals of the New York Club are in. The club is number one on the list of League clubs and the renewals are among the first to be received each year.

The Massachusetts Division held a banquet at the Revere House, Boston, on the evening of April 30. It was a grand reunion of old-time cyclers and a very jolly occasion was made of it. Chief Consul Geo. A. Perkins presided. Speeches were made by Colonel Albert A. Pope, Capt. A. D. Peck, Abbot Bassett, H. Winslow Warren, ex-Chief Consul Mahlon D. Currier and many others. All pledged allegiance to the League and promised their best efforts to keep it actively alive. Colonel Pope suggested plans of work which promise to give us several thousand members and workers.

It was a universal request among Boston wheelmen that they be called early on May Day. And they were called early. It was the gladdest, merriest day of all the glad new year and Lon Peck was King of the May. Four thousand wheelmen gathered at Chestnut Hill Reservoir. They went there on velocipedes, on ordinaries, on Kangaroos, on Stars and on the modern Chainless. Alfred D. Chandler, who first rode a bicycle in America, was there followed by five sons, all on cycles. One old rider, 82 years of age; another man of 78 rode over accompanied by his wife. The Boston Club, the Massachusetts, the Rovers, the Newton, the Waltham, the Shoe City Wheelmen of Brockton and a score of other clubs rode in line. Riders were present from New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Maine and Vermont. It was a fine day and a great occasion. Col. Pope made a telling speech to the boys and he was followed by Lieut. Gen. Miles. A lunch was served in the carriage house of the Hinckley estate. It was a scene such as has not been witnessed for many years. Every one was enthusiastic and full of hearty greeting. Esstee was on hand and found a very large number who were anxious to join the League. A very large number of old-timers who had gone out came back into the fold. Many volunteer workers came forward and asked to be appointed Consuls. It was an inspiration to every lover of the wheel. It means much for cycling. It has kindled the fires of energy

and enthusiasm. Reservoir Day will be a thing to happen every year.

The Office of Public Road Inquiries of the U. S. Department of Agriculture unites with the National Good Roads Association, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company, the State and County Officials of Missouri, and the Officials of the City of St. Louis, together with many commercial bodies and railway organizations, is holding a National and International Good Roads Convention in the city of St. Louis the week of May 16 to 21, 1904. All good roads men should attend.

C. C. Murphy and C. M. Darling, both L. A. W. members, of Jackson, Mich., started on a wheel trip on May 2d during which they will visit at least one city in every state of the Union and their itinerary includes a stop at 2,787 towns. A wager of \$5,000, it is stated, has been made that the trip will not be successful, and both Mr. Murphy and Mr. Darling are determined to win, as they will realize a percentage of the bet. The boys will visit the Exposition at St. Louis for a short time. It will take eighteen months to make the journey, and 12,000 miles will be covered. This will necessitate twenty-five miles of travel per day. They will take photographs along the route and these will be used to illustrate a book which will be written at the conclusion of the trip.

It is many years since Esstee has been able to speak of broken records. In the past four years every month has given us business less in volume than the complementary month of the year preceding. This year March and April have gone ahead of the March and April of 1903. Now let's see if we can't do better in May than we did last year. If some of the laggards of April will do their duty, and if the May fellows will come promptly to time we shall surely score a best on record for the present month.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

I used to know a man who knew
Another who knew me—
The man I knew knew him who knew
The man I knew, you see.
The man I knew who knew the man
I knew possessed a gnu—
It was a new-imported gnu—
I knew the new gnu, too.
The new gnu knew the man who knew
The man I knew, you see—
We knew each other, so the gnu
Was no new gnu to me.

Toil on, whate'er your mission be,
Nor quail at what the cynics say;
Posterity oft marks "o. k."
For what the present calls "n. g."

It is easy to sit in the sunshine
And talk to the man in the shade,
It is easy to float in a well-trimmed boat
And point out the places to wade.

It is easy to sit in your carriage
And counsel the men on foot;
But get down and walk and you'll change
your talk
As you feel the peg in your foot.

The up-curved mouth of pleasure
Can preach of sorrow's worth;
But give it a slip, and a wryer lip
Was never made on earth.

The following little table gives the names of the most important mythological deities. Many of them are constantly being referred to in modern literature, but everybody is not acquainted with the significance of each name:

| Gods and Goddesses. | Greek. | Roman. |
|--------------------------|-------------|-------------|
| King of Gods | Zeus. | Jupiter. |
| God of Water | Poseidon. | Neptune. |
| God of the Lower Regions | Pluto. | Pluto. |
| Messenger of the Gods | Hermes. | Mercury. |
| God of War | Ares. | Mars. |
| The God's Smith | Hephaestus. | Vulcan. |
| God of Light | Apollon. | Apollo. |
| Goddess of Hunting | Artemis. | Diana. |
| Goddess of Wisdom | Athene. | Minerva. |
| Wife of Jupiter | Hera. | Juno. |
| Goddess of Tillage | Demeter. | Ceres. |
| Goddess of the Hearth | Hestia. | Vesta. |
| Goddess of Beauty | Aphrodite. | Venus. |
| God of Wine | Dionysos. | Bacchus. |
| God of Love | Eros. | Cupid. |
| God of Time | Chronos. | Saturn. |
| Wife of Chronos | Rhea. | Cybele. |
| Queen of Hades | Persephone. | Proserpina. |
| Goddess of the Rainbows | Iris. | Iris. |
| Cup-Bearer to the Gods | Hebe. | Hebe. |

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JUNE, 1904.

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Entered as Second-Class Matter March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And thus myself said unto me:
"Look to thyself and take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee."

So I turned to myself and I answered myself
In the selfsame reverie:
"Look to thyself or not to thyself
The selfsame thing it will be."

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Polishes

JUNE.

June and the skies brimming over
With seas of the tenderest blue;
June and the bloom of the clover,
Heavy with honey and dew;
June and the reeds and the rushes,
Slender and lithe some and long;
June and the larks and the thrushes
Singing their happiest song.

June and the rose in her beauty
Making an Eden again;
June and desire is duty
Crowning the wishes of men;
June in her leaves and her laces
Gladding the earth with a smile;
June and the gods and the Graces
Dwelling with mortals awhile.
—Nixon Waterman.

SCRAPS OF ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

This is the month of marriages! The statisticians tell us that there are more marriages in June than in any other month. Some one asks why? An old Roman proverb says that June marriages are "good for the man and happy for the maid." The goddess Juno, wife of Jupiter and queen of heaven, was the special guardian of the female sex from the cradle to the grave. Her festival was held in June. June was her month. Then naturally brides would date their weddings in June.

June is the month of the sweet girl graduate. What a lot of loveliness bunched in one month.

You can't always judge from appearances. The gaudiest watch-chain may have nothing but a door-key at the end of it, and the finest-looking house may have water in the cellar.

If you can't express yourself clearly there is no reason why you shouldn't make a bluff at it. The dog with the stump tail does as

much wagging as the dog with the unabreviated caudal appendage.

Variety is the spice of life. We sigh for it. We demand it. One of these days we shall read a notice like this: The bride looked very well in a traveling dress, but all eyes were centered on the groom. He wore a dark suit that fitted perfectly his manly form, a large bouquet decorated his coat lapel, and in his daintily gloved hands he carried a bouquet of American beauties. His hair was cut close, and a delicate odor of barber's oil floated down the aisle as he passed. The young people will miss him now that he is married. He is loved by all for his many accomplishments, his tender graces, and his winning ways. The bride commands a good salary as a bookkeeper, and the groom will miss none of the luxuries to which he has been accustomed. A crowd of pretty young men saw him off at the depot.

"Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!" so Alonso of Aragon was wont to say. To which, according to learned Selden, King James was wont to add, "Old shoes to wear, for they are easiest to the feet!" After all, there is a warm, cozy feel to expressions like these, and it must be a shallow and unresponsive heart that does not enjoy drawing up his chair close before them, as before a glowing fire on the hearth, and basking in their genial rays.

Another specimen of the Meanest Man has been unearthed. A local paper relates that he put a porcelain egg in the nest of an ambitious hen, and found that the eggs she laid were of increased size. Then he put a goose egg in the nest; the aforesaid hen laid an egg just as large. He was so pleased with the scheme that he put a whitewashed football in the nest.

When he went the next time to search for eggs he found one as big as a football, but no hen in sight. Securing the egg, he saw engraved on it these words: "I'm no ostrich, but I've done my best."

Later he found the hen inside of the egg.

An editor was conducting a none too successful paper out West. A funeral passed the office window, and the editor eyed it gloomily.

"I wonder if that's our subscriber?" he muttered to his assistant.

Comparatively few land animals are carnivorous, while nearly all fishes live on animal prey. For the weakling, life in the ocean must be full of anxiety, for there is no security night or day. Fish like the mackerel, which hunts by sight, can catch their food only in the daytime. But ground fish have sensitive touch organs and acute smell, and they can work day or night. The sole feeds only at night. In fact, it lies buried in the mud all day, and seldom makes its appearance until after dark. But nearly all the animals which serve as prey have some way of protecting themselves, although it appears to avail them little. Some of them hide in holes and among the seaweed; others build tubular structures; others bury themselves in the ground.

The origin of the familiar expression, "Not fit to hold a candle to him," is thus explained: The custom of holding the candle for a reader dates back to the old times when illuminants were scarce and inadequate. One can fancy that in the lady's bower the favorite page, or the privileged maid would be the one to stand near the mistress and "hold the candle." The phrase, perhaps, has acquired additional weight from ecclesiastical usage; for the reading of the gospel, two servers held the candles; and the appropriateness of the externals to the act of proclaiming the Light of the World led to the erecting of the necessary device into a liturgical symbol familiar to us today.

The Athenaeum is the appellation of a society in a near-by village which devotes an evening each month to the consideration of topics of current interest. At a recent meeting was taken up the subject of compulsory education. There was a vigorous exposition of views pro and con, into which not a little feeling entered.

Finally one member, who had been listening attentively, after considerable difficulty obtained the floor and remarked that the field had been gone over so thoroughly that there remained little to be said.

"But," he added, "I want to say this: Some people have no children and don't care whether they go to school or not."

A Russian young girl named Navajokszakaczsojivitch,

Who lived in the village of Goloskjezseoksljivitch,

Got tired of her name

And to better the same

She married a man named Zhskzylchz—and-a-whole-lot-more-of-the-alphahetovitch.

He was an old farmer, and by hard work and parsimonious habits he had got together a little fortune. The time had arrived for him when walking was no longer a pleasure, and so he decided that he was at last justified in ordering a family carriage.

Off he went one morning to a carriage-builder's, and described in detail the kind of vehicle he wished to buy.

"Of course, you'll want rubber tires?" said Mr. Ceesprings, the carriage-builder.

"No, sir," replied the old farmer, in tones of resentment. "My folks ain't that kind. When they're riding they want to know it."

Professor E. G. Dexter, of the University of Illinois, who has devoted much time to proving that football is a harmless game, is very popular among the students. He was entertaining a group of them at his residence one night, and during a space of silence he took down and brandished a magnificent sword that hung over his fireplace.

"Never will I forget," he exclaimed, "the day I drew this blade for the first time."

"Where did you draw it, sir?" a Freshman asked, respectfully.

"At a raffle," said Professor Dexter.

G. C. writes: "You have given us several instances of trivial causes which have, in the past, led to war. You might add the following:

"The war of the Spanish succession, in which the great Duke of Marlborough played so conspicuous and brilliant a part, was, it is said, the outcome of a spilt glass of water at a Tuileries ball. One of the Court ladies had expressed a wish for a glass of water in the hearing of the British and Spanish Ambassadors, who forthwith hastened to get it.

"On returning, each holding a tumbler, they found that the fair bird had flown and was dancing with a French statesman; and to crown their discomfiture the English diplomat bumped against the Spaniard and upset the water he was carrying—an accident which led to an apology and an exchange of courtesies. A trivial, ridiculous incident enough, but it served to inflame jealousies and cement sympathies and thus to turn the balance in the direction of war.

"More absurd still was the cause which may be said to have led to centuries of war between England and France. In order to please the Archbishop of Rouen, Louis VII. of France had consented to remove his beard, in common with his subjects, and present a

clean-shaven face to the world. It was a disastrous shave, for it led to so much friction with his wife, who resented her husband's changed appearance, that at last the King divorced her, to become a few months later the wife of Henry II. of England. From this marriage of Henry to the angry, discarded wife of Louis centuries of bloodshed may be said to have followed.

"A war in China two centuries and a half ago, which involved the loss of half a million lives, sprang directly from a broken teapot. The teapot was the treasured possession of a dignitary high in the favor and councils of the Emperor, and when he was travelling through the lawless provinces in the north-west of China some of his retinue, who had fallen behind the main body, were intercepted by a band of robbers, and among the spoils the teapot was found and contemptuously flung on the ground and broken. The matter was reported to the Emperor by the indignant Mandarin, a punitive force was sent out, and a long and terrible war ensued."

THE MAN WITH THE LAUGH.

Dey's a heap a men dat's witty an'

Kin tell a bully joke,

Dat nebber disremembers

Any funny word dat's spoke;

But dey's none dat teches Eph'm—

Eph'm Diggs, f'm down ouah way—

Kase his laugh is so contiguous—

Contidgious, I sh'd say.

What's funny about Eph'm is

Dat when he cracks a joke

It makes no diff'nce ef it's weak,

Dey's somp'n 'bout dat moke,

So ef he springs a no-'count yarn

You haw-haw anyway—

Kase his laugh is so contiguous—

Contidgious, I sh'd say.

It don't seem lak it matters

Dess what de story be—

What tickles you is Eph'm's laugh

Hit rings so full and free.

It ain't de story ketches you,

It may be ol' an' gray;

But his laugh is so contiguous—

Contidgious, I sh'd say.

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make on the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Robert Louis Stephenson.

A German journalist has recently been devoting himself to a special form of study which one may style "the psychology of advertisement." He finds, as the result of his labors, that an advertisement should appear at least ten times in about the same place in a paper. At the first insertion the reader doesn't see it; at the second he sees it, but does not read it; at the third he reads it; at the fourth he finds out the price of the article advertised; at the fifth he notes the address; at the sixth he speaks of it to his wife; at the seventh he determines to buy it; at the eighth he buys it; at the ninth he speaks of it to his friends; at the tenth his friends tell their wives about it. Then comes multiplication, and the result may be left to the imagination.

Louis James once wrote to Edwin Booth asking his opinion as to the real or feigned madness of Hamlet. The great actor responded: "The subject is, as you know, one of endless controversy among the learned heads. I have been questioned so often about it that I usually find it safest to side with both parties in disputes over the matter. Yet I confess I do not consider Hamlet mad—except in craft. My opinion may be of little value, but it's the result of many weary walks and talks with him for hours together in the wings."

A policeman told a magistrate that the prisoner "came up to him and asked him to hold a lamp post till he went past, as it kept moving."

It was the Emperor Nicholas II. who called together the representatives of the Powers to form the great Peace Tribunal at The Hague. The world had not ceased to wonder why the present war was instituted. Is it the beginning of a general disarmament? was asked. The German Kaiser was the only European monarch who smiled. And the first Power to fire a shot in anger was the Power whose ruler suggested the conference. But, it is not Nicholas who precipitated the present conflict, but his Ministry, who had buried him in a mass of routine in order that he might not have time nor inclination to learn the greater trend. A man whose heritage is spilled blood, physically, if not mentally, incapable, the buffer of his own Ministry division, without a male heir, living under momentary dread of assassination, loving peace and the quiet of his home, he has been ridden over rough

shod by the Ministry until now he presents the spectacle of an Emperor incapable of employing the power of his office, and is, unquestionably, the saddest picture of a ruler in the world. The word Czar, which we often employ to denote the Emperor, has had a meaning which it can no longer hold.

At a recent meeting of young voters held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, the audience took the oath of the "freemen of Boston" current in the 17th century: "I do solemnly bind myself that I will give my vote and suffrage as I shall judge in mine own conscience may best conduce to the public weal; so help me God." So thinks and acts the mugwump, "Not as my party thinks, but as I think." Government by the people, not by party.

It was the devil that originally put it into the head of woman that she had nothing to wear, and she has kept it there ever since by her own exertions.

A student long ago asked the president of Oberlin College if he could not be permitted to take a shorter course of study. "Oh, yes," replied the president, "but that depends upon what you want to make of yourself. When God wants to make an oak, he takes a hundred years; but when he wants to make a squash, he takes six months." Now suppose the boy had replied: "The squashes made in a hundred years would do more good to mankind than would the oak?"

If there is one aim more than another that the Scrapper has in view it is the promotion of cheerfulness. Be of good cheer always. Keep to the broad highways of hope and cheerfulness. Expect to succeed. Think success, and you will succeed. Keep out of the back alleys of gloom and pessimism. Join the procession of the cheerful, the willing, and the hopeful. Be sanguine. Know the pleasures of living. Enjoy the sunshine of hope. Keep away from the scavengers and ragpickers who infest the back alleys of life. Your pessimist is your scavenger, your ragpicker. He may be a necessary evil, but too much of him is fatal. He never gave the world a smile. He never contributed to the good cheer of any human being. He never lifted the gloom from any distressed soul. He is the worm which, in the evolution of life, is continually dragging backward towards the past, resisting the progress of development which must go on with or without him. Have a smile with the Scrapper.

A collector of "old saws" was in the habit of jotting down any new thing he heard, on the back of cards, letters, etc., and thrusting them into his pocket. On one occasion he had an altercation with a stranger at a friend's house, which ended in the collector excitedly handing the other (as he thought) his card. On the next morning the gentleman's thoughts turned on the necessity of vindicating his honor, and it occurred to him to learn the name of his antagonist. On looking at the card he found no name, but, in place of it, traced in good legible characters, "Nothing should be done in a hurry but catching fleas." The effect of this was irresistible, and the result an immediate reconciliation.

If a shoe looks small, one can put up with a little pinching; but when a shoe, as the saying is, looks as big as all outdoors, and at the same time pinches like a vise, there is no pleasure even in a tight shoe.

The only two animals whose brains are heavier than that of a man are the whale and the elephant.

"He's a despicable hypocrite!"

"So?"

"Yes, sir. Why, I wouldn't pump the same air he breathes into my bicycle tires!"

Can you take twenty matches or tooth-picks and make an English word of ten letters, each letter to be perfectly formed? Ask your friend to do it. If he fails, just show him how easy it is to make the word **INITIATIVE**.

Happy is the man who has a short name. How unhappy must have been the daughter of an English father who tried to do something out of the common course by using the whole alphabet. He named his daughter: Anna Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypathia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Pearl Quince Rebecca Sarah Topsy Unice Venus Winifred Xenophon Yolande Zeus Hepper.

This is said to be true, but, mean as we are, we doubt it: Two women came home from church together last Sunday morning, and stopped on a corner to talk. In what seemed to be but a few moments to them, the church bells began to ring again. "Why, that is for evening service," exclaimed one, horrified; "we have been standing here talking all day."

Here is Robert Louis Stevenson's prayer at morning. Is it not worth memorizing for frequent use? "The day returns and brings us the petty sound of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—Amen."

Sincere is a word which unfolds a meaning not conveyed by such words as true, honest, etc. We are told that in the olden times, when the pyramids were built and the foundations of the Parthenon were laid, it was the custom for poor mechanics to use wax to cover up bad workmanship—just as the same kind of workmen use putty now. There were, however, workmen of such skill and honesty that they used no wax. Such work and such workmen were said to be *sine* (without) *cera* (wax). From "*sine cera*" we get our word *sincere*.

An elderly woman who for years has lived in a Philadelphia suburb, tells a characteristic anecdote of the late Lucretia Mott, who was formerly a neighbor, and whom she knew very well. "Lucretia had a fine apple orchard," she said. "Her apples were the best grown anywhere around. The orchard was separated from the road by a stone wall and people in passing would often climb over the wall, and take some of the fruit. This was a source of great distress to Lucretia, who was one of the best women that ever lived. That she should place temptation in the way of others troubled her greatly. Finally she decided upon a plan to ease her conscience. At intervals along the top of the wall she had baskets placed, filled with choice apples. On each basket was a sign which read: 'Thou shalt not steal. Then, underneath was another sign reading 'Help thyself.' This was characteristic of the old abolitionist."

"Kith and kin" has become a phrase vaguely applied to express relationship, but "kith" has nothing to do with kinship. "Kith" means "kent folk." It comes from "ken" which is the same as our word "can"—to know. When one can do a thing, one knows how to do it. Evidently our ancestors believed that knowledge is power. The old word for known was "kyth," as the old word for unknown was "unkyth," or "uncouth." "Un-

couth"—strange, unfamiliar, unusual, unknown—has preserved much of its early meaning in Scotland. Burns uses "uncos" in the sense of news. The "unco guid" are the strangely, marvellously good. "Kith," then, meant "kent folk," people with whom one was familiar. The "kent folk" are the folk we love, and love and familiarity developed out of the word "kith," the curious vocable "kyththle," which in course of time underwent considerable phonetic and orthographic changes, but which is still recognizable in the word "cuddle."

Zeal sometimes outruns the limits of morality when people adopt the principle that a good end justifies bad means. A Chicago minister in order to raise money for charity, has been buying railroad tickets at the half-fare rates usually made to the clergy and selling them at an advance to scalpers. He was arrested and let off with light penalty. Isn't it strange that he thought he was doing right? Fool or villain, which?

The late Congressman Russell, of Connecticut, was a lover of a good story, and about one of the last he told in the smoking room of the House was about a man who had a friend suffering from blood poisoning. The physician who was called in found the patient sleeping, and left a powder, with instructions that when the patient awoke so much of the powder as a ten-cent piece would hold was to be given the man, cautioning the Celt that as it took poison to counteract poison, the powder was a powerful drug, and must be administered absolutely according to instructions. The physician returned the following morning thinking that the patient would be all right, but was horrified to learn from the friend whom he had left in charge, and who was to give the powder, that the patient was dead.

"Did you give the powder as I directed?" asked the physician.

The man hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "Well, 'pon me honor, I didn't have a ten-cent piece, so I gave him two nickels full."

It seems still to be the fashion among very immature people to call those "traitors" whose conceptions of patriotism happen not to be their own, and to suggest hanging as proper treatment for them. A few hundred years ago the immature were always strong enough to accomplish such threats.

A curious international work is now beginning which is to last twelve years. It is the work of watching the earthquakes of the world. The object is to learn something about earthquakes that may lead to a discovery of their causes. The hope is that something may develop which will enable scientists to warn persons in threatened districts in time so that they may escape, just as is done now in the case of storms. This international hunt for the earthquake was organized in Strasburg, Germany, during the last session of the International Seismic Congress. All the nations that joined in the work then have agreed to use all available Government departments to gather statistics about earthquakes, and forward them to the central bureau in Strasburg. Rules and regulations have been laid down for observation, and the members know just what facts should be gathered. Whatever money can be raised will be used for the establishment of observatories and experiment stations in lands that are sufferers from these disturbances. The reports which are sent in to the central station will be edited and published periodically. If you see or hear of a stray earthquake send word to headquarters.

It is good news for believers in the vernacular to hear that such cheap foreign words as "chauffeur," "tonneau," "garage" and a few more like them will soon disappear from the language. There is no reason why their English equivalents should not be found ere the sporting season has its first innings, and one wishes, too, that "automobile" might vanish with them. The English language is rich enough in words to give us all we want in clothing our thoughts about the puff carts.

There is great virtue in laziness if you will but look at it in the right way. All the means of locomotion have come to us because man is too lazy to walk. Man is a hundred times more lazy than woman and that is why he is such a genius for inventing things to save work. Table-knives, as most people know, are a fearful nuisance when they require cleaning. Women generally clean them, and are so patient and hard-working that they would have been wasting time and energy by cleaning them in the old laborious fashion even yet, had not a lazy man one day been asked to do the work instead. He would not be bothered with the knife-cleaning on a beard, so he invented a machine to do the work, and all the world

has benefited since from that man's laziness.

Cases of this kind could be multiplied. Many years ago women wrung the water from clothes by twisting them as tightly as they were able. It was another mere man who, objecting to this waste of energy when asked to help with the washing, invented the wringer; and the woman of today is distinctly grateful. Women used to beat up eggs with a fork. A lazy man invented the egg beater. Talk about women stepping into the places of men in business life. Why man is taking away the work she used to do by inventing machines to do it. The sewing machine and the typewriter were given to the world by men too lazy to do the work by hand.

Rudyard Kipling, it seems, is addicted to wooing the muse while cycling. It was thus, according to his friend, Dr. W. H. Gowers, that he composed "Our Lady of the Snows." The phrase had been haunting Kipling for some time before the thing happened that furnished him with the needed inspiration. This was the news that Canada had been extended a preferential tariff to British imports, which would strike the ordinary mind as about the most prosaic piece of intelligence that could be gleaned from a newspaper. But it fired the imagination of the poet of imperialism. He heard it on a Saturday. On Sunday he mounted his wheel—he was then staying at Torquay—and when he returned recited the verses to Dr. Gowers. He said that he did not intend to publish them for a week or two, but his friend urged that they should be printed at once, and they were dispatched red hot to the Times. It will be remembered that in Canada some exception was taken to the title, and this Dr. Gowers considers "an instance alike of ingratitude and perverted over-sensitiveness."

"Oh, my friends!" exclaimed the orator, "it makes me sad when I think of the days that are gone, when I look around and miss the old familiar faces I used to shake hands with."

Tramp No. 1—Do you know, Mick, that the old duffer who has just gone up the street had the impudence to tell me that if I hadn't spent my money for beer I might be ownin' a brick house?"

Tramp No. 2—What did you say?

Tramp No. 1—I reminded him with great sarcasm that yer can't drink brick houses."

SHALL HE; WILL YOU?

"No business man wants to marry a school-teacher," said he. He was sitting in the best chair at the club, feet on the table, and a pipe in his mouth. He was the oracle of the club, and we knew something was coming. "That's a good rule and it generally works, but there are exceptions. Now, there's our friend MacBride. Just married. Did you ever hear about his courtship? No! Well, I'll tell you." And then he told us the story.

It was only a few months ago that the trouble began. He met her at a church fair. Saw her home, and then the trouble began. It was a Sunday night. He was calling on his lady-love who was a school-marm. She had just been giving him advice about the difference between "would" and "should." It was against Mac's all previous principles as a hard-headed business man to admit the importance of her suggestions. Still, circumstances altered cases.

"Halliday thinks that is all nonsense," he protested at last, rather weakly. "He says there's no real reason for distinguishing between 'would' and 'should.' It's all arbitrary."

"I'm afraid your Mr. Halliday must speak very slovenly English," pronounced the schoolma'am.

"But, really, you know, unless it does change the sense so much that the person you're talking to would miss your meaning, there's not much use bothering, is there? Halliday says it never is worth while."

"Ask Mr. Halliday to apply his theory to the line: 'I would not live away,'" was the prompt reply.

Just then Mac happened to lift his eyes to the schoolma'am and he straightway forgot that she was anything whatever but just a sweetheart.

"I'll do it," he laughed. "It'll floor him, too!"

"Yes," pursued the schoolma'am, "and then tell him about the young assistant editor in one of Barrie's stories who was asked by his chief whether he understood the proper use of 'will' and 'shall.' Remember? He answered despairingly, 'No, and I never will.' And, after that, remind him of the woman who wrote to a literary celebrity, saying, 'I would like your autograph,' and received in reply from the celebrity simply the question, 'Why don't you?'"

"But I don't get that last one myself," confessed Mac.

"You don't? 'I would' implies desire. He

might as well have said, 'I wish to like.' It's very simple—"

And the rest of the evening was a grammar lesson.

Mac was in for it now.

Up to that night, as you should understand, elegance of 'diction had seemed a useless bauble to his money-making mind. But it loomed up suddenly, and grew larger week by week. The trouble was, though, that the more "shall" and "will" rules the pretty schoolma'am gave him the less he knew about them. The more shaky he grew on the subject the more arrogant she became in her corrections whenever he missed a word.

To all outward appearances the docile-pupil act was not winning the schoolma'am's affections, and Mac greatly feared that he was playing a losing game.

The hour came at last, however, when he proved that he had known what he was doing, after all.

Here is the way it came about:

"Halliday tried to get me off to the theatre with him tonight," he remarked one evening. "I told him I would be glad to go in the abstract, but that I had a special call in another direction."

"Should be glad," corrected the schoolma'am, quickly; but, to the surprise Mac's usual meekness was lacking, as he proved to her immediately.

"Very likely you're right," he answered, quietly. "I'd say it to please you, anyway. I'll say 'I will' instead of 'I shall' in our marriage ceremony, if you ask me to."

It was sudden, but it didn't feaze the schoolma'am.

"I'll say"—contraction of 'I will say,' she remarked, calmly. "Wrong use of 'will.'"

"Shall, then," agreed Mac from force of habit.

"Wrong again. You should have said 'would.' It's conditional."

"Will I have to accept that correction, Nora?" pleaded Mac.

"'Shall I have,'" murmured a faint voice, but the blue eyes were cast down, and Mac felt with sudden elation that it was the sweet-heart and not the school-ma'am who sat there with pink cheeks.

"No, I won't accept it, and Nora, tell me I needn't, and I will be for the rest of my life the happiest—"

"'Shall be,' you mean," the schoolma'am tried to whisper, but her words were smothered by something—and nobody cared at all if they were:

"And now," said the story-teller, "I wonder

whether we shall see that she will see that he should come to the club once in a while. She could if she would."

HOME.

There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night.
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth,
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting
shores,

Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance trembles to that
pole;

For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride.
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son the husband, brother,
friend.

Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter,
wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of
life;

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet;
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet;
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be
found?

Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!
Oh! thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps
roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy
home.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven over all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

—James Montgomery.

The Panama Canal Commissioners are now asking pertinent questions concerning the most important project before the civilized world. Here is a poser for all Americans who have not heard it before: "How far east of the city of Panama, on the Pacific, is the city of Colon, on the Caribbean?" The usual answer is, "About 40 miles," or the length of the canal, which is just 42 miles long. Colon is but two miles west of Panama instead of 40 east. Question No. 2: "What is the general direction of the canal?" The answer will be, "East and west," which is wrong, as it is north and south.

ANSWERS.

Q—What is the significance of the term "Sabbatical Year" as used among college professors? A—The term comes from the Bible. Among the ancient Jews it was one year in seven when the land was to lie fallow for twelve months. In many colleges the professors are allowed one year in seven which they are expected to use in self-improvement.

Q—What are trade winds and why are they so called? A—Trade winds are winds that trade or tread in one uniform track. In the Northern Hemisphere they blow from the northeast, about 30 degrees north of the equator. In some places they blow six months in one direction and six in the opposite. It is a mistake to derive the word from "trade" (commerce), under the notion that they are "good for trade." The trade wind is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "tredde wind," a treading wind—i. e., wind of specific "beat" or tread; tredan, to tread.

Q—Is it correct to use "or" after a negative? Should it not be "nor," as for instance: "Do not talk nor laugh during the performance." A—The question whether to use "nor" or "or" after a negative other than "neither" is one that has long been a subject of dispute among grammarians, and usage in abundance can be quoted in favor of either word. The present tendency among the best writers is, however, to use "or" when, as in the sentence quoted, the conjunction in question connects words, and also when it connects phrases; and to use "nor" when it connects clauses, as in "I do not walk on the track, nor do I cross it in front of a moving engine." The reason for this distinction is that in such a sentence as that just given the "not" does not affect the second clause, whereas in "Do not walk or trespass" it does affect the second verb.

Q—What is the difference between sea levels on either side the Isthmus of Panama? A—There is a difference in tidal range of 19 feet, the mean tidal range at Panama on the south side of the isthmus being 20 feet, and at Colon, on the north, 1 foot. This does not mean that there is 19 feet difference in the sea level, but in the range between low tide and high tide. In other words, there is little difference between low tide and high tide at Colon, and a difference of 20 feet at Panama. The actual sea level is the same.

Q—Please give the origin of the term "blue stocking." A—The term "blue stockings" was quite a common one in England a century ago. It is said by Dr. John Doran, who, in his most popular work, "A Lady of Last Century," gave an account of Mrs. Montagu and the "blue stockings" of her time, that in 1757 it was quite the thing for ladies to form evening assemblies when they might participate in talk with literary men. One of the best known and most popular of the members of one of these societies was a Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings; and when at any time he happened to be absent from these gatherings, it was the proper remark to make that "we can do nothing without the blue stockings." Then, as now, the changes were rung in on the phrase, until by degrees the term was applied to all clubs of the kind described, and afterward to the ladies who attended their meetings. The expression is also traced back to Venice, 1400, and to a society of ladies all of whom wore blue stockings; but we have no right to know about such things.

Q—What constitutes a Daughter of the Revolution? A—The general society was organized in the city of New York on August 20, 1891. Eligibility to membership is restricted to women who are lineal descendants of an ancestor who was a military or naval or marine officer, soldier, sailor or marine in actual service under the authority of any of the thirteen colonies, or States, or of the Continental Congress, and remained always loyal to such authority, or descendants of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or of one who as a member of the Continental Congress or of the Congress of any of the colonies or States, or as an official appointed by or under the authority of any such representative bodies, actually assisted in the establishment of American independence by service rendered during the War of the Revolution, becoming thereby liable to conviction of treason against the government of Great Britain, but remaining always loyal to the authority of the colonies or States. State societies exist in a large number of States.

Q—What is the origin of the word "tip"? A—The origin of the word is explained in this way: At the door of the old English coffee house was a box, made usually of brass, with lock and key. It had engraved upon it the letters "T. I. P." ("To insure promptness"). Customers, as they passed out,

dropped a coin in for the waiters. Hence the word "tip."

Q—How does it happen that Pennsylvania pushes up a small portion of her territory to Lake Erie, thus getting a lake front? A—The original boundary between New York and Pennsylvania extended from the north-west corner of New Jersey along the centre of the Delaware river to the 42d parallel of north latitude, thence west to Lake Erie. On November 8, 1774, a commission was appointed to make the survey. The work was begun but never completed until after the Revolution. In 1781 New York ceded to the general government the lands to which it had claim lying west of a meridian extending through the western extremity of Lake Ontario. These lands constitute the tract since known as the Triangle. In 1792 the United States sold this to Pennsylvania, which gave to that state 202,180 acres of land, 30 miles of coast, and an excellent harbor at Erie.

Q—Is not the belief in a "line" storm one of the traditions that have been exploded? If true, what causes the "line" or as we put it, the equinoctial storms? A—The so-called "equinoctial storms" do not exist as a separate kind of storm. Storms travel across land and sea around a centre of low barometer, and are from 100 to 500 miles in diameter. Then may a fierce storm area pass from the West Indies, strike the United States about North Carolina, and then travel over the land to New England, Nova Scotia, and then out to sea; while for 200 miles west of the Atlantic, and from that across the continent, there may be very fine weather. Or a storm may cross the United States from California to Lake Superior, and the remainder of the country be without storms. The old idea that there is a storm everywhere, all over the world, or at least in the tropics or the temperate zones, at the time of the equinoxes, is a survival of the "dark ages." There is stormy weather somewhere on the globe all the time; there is fine weather somewhere all the time.

Q—A question suggested by your figures showing best time on record in various speed tests. What is the speed of flying birds? What is the longest distance ever made by a bird without food or rest? A—The only accurate record of flying birds is that kept by fanciers of homing pigeons. The best general average speed for 100, 200, 300, 400 and

500 miles is 1,394.63 yards per minute, and was made by birds from the loft of Harry Robertson, Brooklyn, in 1900. The best record was made for 200 miles in 1894 by a bird from the loft of P. C. Clark, Philadelphia, the average being 1,875.45 yards per minute or about $1 \frac{3}{50}$ of a mile every minute or $64 \frac{1}{5}$ miles per hour. Efforts have been made with indifferent success to estimate the flight of birds, and undoubtedly there are many possessing greater speed than the homers. As to the distance a bird can fly without food or rest, that is largely a matter of conjecture, although the homer never eats while on a flight and rarely rests. The flight record is 8 days, 3 hours and 5 minutes.

Q—Why did the shilling of our "daddies" have one value in Massachusetts (16 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents) and another in New York (12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents)? A—After the revolutionary war the shilling in New England currency was worth 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents, or six shillings to one dollar. In New York currency (used in North Carolina, Ohio, and Michigan) the shilling was worth 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents, or eight shillings to one dollar. In Pennsylvania currency (in use also in New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland) the shilling was worth 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents. These different values were based on the different degrees of depreciation of the paper money in the several states. In New England the pound in paper money was rated at \$3.33; in New York at \$2.50; in Pennsylvania at \$2.70. The English shilling is worth 24 $\frac{1}{3}$ cents in United States money.

Q—How many birthday anniversaries would Christ have had if He were on earth today? A—There has been a difference of opinion as to the birthday of Christ. Dionysius Exiguus, who invented the Christian era some 500 years after Christ, chose March 25 in the year of Rome 752 B. C. as the initial point or day on which Christ was born. After a time this date was changed to the following January 1. The 25th of December (Christmas) has also been taken as the beginning of the Christian era. Some writers believe that Christ was born Friday, April 5, of the year 4 B. C., as at present reckoned. However, January 1 of the year 1 of the Christian era is now generally accepted as the day of Christ's birth in reckoning time, and, taking that as the basis of calculation, if Christ were still on earth He would have celebrated his 1899th birthday anniversary on

January 1, 1900, and on January 1, 1904, He would be 1903 years old.

Q—When and where did Buddha live and die? In what way did his birth and life resemble that of Christ? A—Born in India between 562 and 552 B. C.; died there at the age of eighty, between 482 and 472 B. C. (2) Many resemblances have been pointed out between their lives, such as Buddha's miraculous birth, the star over the house where he was born, the old Asita waiting for his advent, and dying after having prophesied the greatness of Buddha as the ruler of an earthly or of a heavenly kingdom, Buddha's temptation by Mara (the devil), the number of his disciples, his special love for one of them, Ananda; the many miracles ascribed to him, and his outspoken disapproval of miracle working, etc.

Q—Whence arose the custom of wearing the wedding ring on the third finger? A—The custom of wearing the wedding ring on the fourth (third) finger of the left hand dates from the days of the ancient Egyptians, from whom it was adopted by the Greeks, who held the fourth finger sacred to Apollo, the sun god, whose metal symbol was gold. The Romans, who, in their turn, borrowed the custom from the Greeks, believed that this finger was connected by a nerve directly with the heart. Among the German races the ring was a symbol of the rainbow, connecting heaven and earth, time and eternity, and a token of everlasting remembrance.

Q—What are the red desert lands of Wyoming? A—In southwestern Wyoming lies the greatest red desert of all, and its area is counted to be at least 12,000 square miles. There are other deserts of like nature, some of them far to the northwest and others in the Big Horn country, near the Montana line. Iron-stained gypsum and salts give the red color to the earth, and soluble clays and crumbling sandstone ledges take on fantastic shapes in their decay.

Q—Why does a thunder storm follow the course of a river? A—Because running water is a good conductor and also because the air just above the river is more fully saturated with vapor than elsewhere and this makes a good conductor.

Q—I have heard that every day is a Sabbath in some part of the world? Is this so? A—Each day of the week is or has been a

day of rest for some sect or race. The Christians worship Sunday; the Greeks worshiped Monday; the Persians, Tuesday; Assyrians, Wednesday; Egyptians, Thursday; Turks, Friday and Jews, Saturday.

F. W. D. writes: "Replying to the queries of H. S. D. let me say that *hocus pocus* are the words uttered by a conjurer when he performs a trick, to cheat or take surreptitiously. Tillotson affirms it to be a perversion of the words *Ho c'est Corpus* said by the priest when he consecrates the elements in the Eucharist. The Welsh *hoced pwca* (a goblin's trick, our hoax) seems a more probable etymology (Danish, *pokker*, a hobgoblin). Nares says it is *Ochus Bochus*, an Italian magician invoked by jugglers. (8) The origin of the Guinea coin is thus explained: Sir H. Holmes, in 1666, captured in Schelling Bay 160 Dutch sail, containing bulion and gold-dust from Cape Coast Castle in Guinea. This rich prize was coined into gold pieces, stamped with an elephant, and called Guineas to memorialize the valuable capture. (5) We hear sounds more distinctly by night than day because the night is more still from the suspension of business and hum of men. The air at night is of more uniform density, since the breezes created by the sun's rays cease during the night. (4) Thunder seems to be a rolling noise because the lightning-cloud is a long way off, and as some of the vibrations of the air have much farther to travel than others, they reach the ear at different times. Echoes contribute somewhat to the rolling effect."

H. S. D. Writes: The answers to my queries of March 29, 1904, will be found in the following places. Numbers referring to questions of like number:

1. Alchemy: The first authentic event in the history of — is the order of Diocletian that all books on that subject in Alexandria should be burned. Gibbons' *Rome*, vol. 1, chapter XIII.

2. Hocus-Pocus: Green's *Shorter History of the English People of Harper Bros.* edition of 1878. Page 361.

3. Assumed Names of Popes: First done by "Sergius," whose more unseemly name was "Osporco." Draper's *Intellectual Development of Europe*, vol. II., page 144.

4. The Noise of Thunder: See Mrs. Somerville's *Connection of the Physical Sciences*: page 132 of Harper Bros.' edition of 1846, (Section XVI. in any edition).

5. Sounds More Distinct by Night Than by Day: Page 130 of same book as No. 4.

6. "Land of the Holy Cross"—Brazil. Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Vol. II., page 70 of Harper Bros.' edition.

7. Ancient Canal.—Nile to Red Sea. D'ing by Amrou in 641 A. D. Ockley's *History of the Saracens*: page 265.

8. Origin of "Guinea Coin." See the magazine "Every Saturday," vol. IX., page 299.

9. "The Ladies' Elwand." This is the name given in Scotland to the three stars elsewhere known as the "Belt of Orion," the "Ell" or the "Yard" or the "Three Kings," etc. Allen's *Star Names and Their Meanings*, New York, 1899.

10. Philetas is the celebrated poet and critic who is said to have died from the excessive assiduity with which he sought the answer to the question: If a man says he is telling a lie, does he speak truly or falsely? *Encyclopedia Britannica* XVIII.: 742. He is also said to have been so thin that he had to carry lead in his shoes to keep himself from being blown away. Poets now-a-days wear long hair instead of lead to effect the same purpose—it's cheaper! This excludes Nixon Waterman—for there's nothing whatever heavy about him or his verse except their common sense ring!

Q—Who was the first and who was the last King of Jerusalem? A—Godfrey of Bouillon, the leader and hero of the first Crusade, captured Jerusalem and was elected king in 1099. However, he refused the insignia of kingship, saying he could not wear a crown of gold where his Savior had worn one of thorns. His tomb is near the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and is always visited by travelers. From Godfrey sprung a race of nine kings, who ruled in Jerusalem for nearly a century. The last one was Guy de Lusignan, who occupied the throne when Jerusalem was retaken by Saladin, the great leader of the Saracens, in 1187.

Q—What is a "lich gate?" A—A lich gate was a shed, generally of oak, over the entrance of a churchyard, beneath which the bearers passed when bringing a body for interment. Here the clergyman met the body and read the introductory part of the burial service as he preceded the funeral train into the church. Examples of old lich gates are still to be seen in many country churchyards. In Wales they are more modern and

are usually built of stone. Some of the old lich gates are formed with one wide door turning on a central pivot and self closing by means of a rude pulley wheel in the roof and a stone weight inclosed in an iron frame, a primitive but effective piece of machinery. In Herefordshire, England, they are also called "scallage," or "scallenge gates." "Lich gate" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon lich, a corpse.

Q—What was the population of the colonies and of the principal cities at the time of the Revolution? A—The population of the colonies in 1770 was 2,312,000; of New York City in 1771, 21,865; of Boston in 1780, 23,000; of Philadelphia in 1777, 22,000. These are the nearest records we can find.

Q—What is the origin of the term "left hand?" A—In Trench's "Study of Words," the following passage occurs: "The left hand, as distinguished from the right, is the hand we 'leave,' inasmuch as for twenty times we use the right hand, we do not once employ it, and it obtains its name from being 'left' unused so often." I would ask whether it is quite impossible that "left" should be a corruption of *loevus*. We have at all events adopted *dexter*, the "right" hand and the rest of its family.

YOUR EDITOR'S OFF-DAY.

There are days when every single thing you try to do goes wrong;

You cannot even tie your necktie right;
You cannot get your hair to part exactly as it should;

Your breakfast will not coax an appetite.
Every finger that you have seems to be made into a thumb;

Your brain cannot be brought around to think.

And everything you try to do goes just the other way—

And then you stick your paste-brush in the ink!

Now that's the fiercest climax to all these unlucky things;

It coaxes all our bad words to the front.
To jab the blue-black inkwell with the idiotic brush,

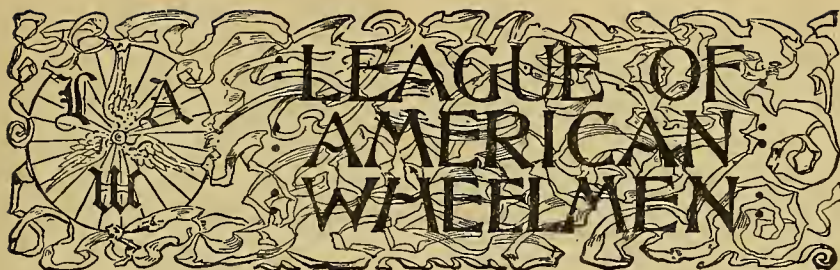
It makes us wild and think hard things and grunt.

And then it is the rhymes will fail to jingle as they should,

And pointless jokes are all that one can think.

Of all unlucky days on earth, the worst of all's the one

That sees us stick the paste-brush in the ink!



OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

The objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

OFFICERS OF THE LEAGUE.

President, Geo. L. Cooke, 15 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.
 First vice-president, Walter M. Meserole, 44 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Second vice-president, Geo. M. Schell, Box 1145, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Secretary-treasurer, Abbot Bassett, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.
 Foreign consul, Joseph Pennell, 14 Buckingham St., Strand, W. C., London, England.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Rights and Privileges—William M. P. Bowen, chairman, Banigan Building, Providence, R. I.; Charles F. Cossum, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
 Highway Improvement—Hibberd E. Worrell, chairman, 555 West Sixteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Robert A. Kendall, Pawtucket, R. I.; Horatio S. Earle, Detroit, Mich.; Arthur P. Benson, Dedham, Mass.; Harry C. G. Ellard, Cincinnati, O.
 Local Organization—Clarence W. Small, chairman, 74 Winslow St., Portland, Me.; Robert T. Kingsbury, Keene, N. H.; James M. Pickens, Washington, D. C.
 Touring—Abbot Bassett, chairman, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.; George M. Schell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Nelson H. Gibbs, Providence, R. I.
 Committee on Legislation—W. M. Thomas, chairman, Atty. General's office, Albany, N. Y.; George A. Perkins, Boston, Mass.; William A. Howell, Rockville, Conn.

No officer of the League (except the Secretary-Treasurer), nor any member of a committee is required to answer any communication, unless return postage accompanies it.

DUES:—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership, \$10. Life members must pay additional for official organ if they desire it. All dues payable in New York, Philadelphia or Boston funds. Money orders preferred. Personal checks outside the foregoing cities are subject to a collection fee of 10 cents, which must be added to amount in all cases.

APPLICATION BLANK:—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send same with one dollar to Abbot Bassett, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

RENEWAL BLANK:—To renew membership, in case member has no renewal blank, write number, date of expiration, name and full address, and send with enclosure of one dollar to Abbot Bassett, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

LEAGUE CLUBS:—A League Club becomes such when its entire membership belongs to the L. A. W. We issue a ticket of membership to such club. There is no fee. A League Club, by becoming such, attests its loyalty to the cause which the L. A. W. stands for.

Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

VETERAN:—A member becomes a Veteran when he has been a member ten consecutive years. When he enters upon his tenth year his ticket will be marked "Veteran" and he will be entitled to wear the Veteran Bar. He must hold a ticket bearing number less than 2210.

PIONEER:—A Pioneer is one who belongs to the "Pioneers." To be eligible to membership he must have joined the L. A. W. during the decade of 1880-89. He pays dues of 50 cents each two years. A Pioneer must hold a number less than 951.

SUPPLIES:—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar: Price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents. Road Maps, State and City Maps, etc. Send for list.

SIDE PATH TAGS:—The right to ride on the side paths of New York State is acquired by the purchase of a tag. This will allow the holder to ride on any path in the State. Tags may be purchased of Secretary-Treasurer Bassett, 50 cents for tag, 5 cents extra for postage and packing (coin or stamps). To League members only. League members who intend touring in New York State should procure one of these tags.

PASTORAL AND ELSE.

Sunday and Decoration Day were the second of this year's favorite combination of double holidays; but the first for riding time. Sunday's weather here in New England was magnificent; and although the wind blew fiercely at intervals and the sky threatened rain at times on Monday, still the showers held off until dusk drew nigh, and so really the day "made good."

On Sunday morning, I mounted my wheel and pedalled away over the main roads to a city some thirty odd miles distant in eastern Massachusetts, with never a dismount until the end. "Bubbles" galore, "whiffing and burbling," choking the air with dust, ever striving onwards, I met, and now and then a solitary wheelman like myself; and we of the cycle slackened speed, smiled and saluted. On Monday I made a day of it in returning, seeking the back-roads, the crossways, the

byways—wherever side-paths promised the possibility of riding my wheel. I sauntered; loitered; dismounted here and there. The trees, apart, in orchard, grove and wood, the meadows, pastures and fields, were lushly green. And I saw it all. The air was resonant with the song of birds; the rollicking bobolink, the pert catbird, the sprightly che-wink, the tiny yellow warbler, the gracious song-sparrow, the rich-voiced oriole, and that king of songsters, the brown thrasher of the wayside, were the chief performers. And I heard it all. And whenever I rested—yes, even while awheel—I thought and I thought; and this is the sum and substance of my thinking:—

There never was anything like unto the bicycle—the wheel, as we all called it, and as I yet call it. There is nothing like unto the wheel even now, whatever the future may bring forth. Ye who have deserted it for whatsoever cause—whether for the fierce stimulus of the automobile, with its nerve-wracking propensities and insatiate desires, or for the tiresome tediousness of trolley trips, or for pure laziness' sake—ye have erred and strayed from the way.

I, who for eighteen years have never forsaken the wheel, know whereof I speak. Try it once more, my good friend, man or woman, and see for yourself. If you do not become its slave, as was done in the past by so many—far too many: if you use it with moderation—not to roll up idle miles; for pastime, for pleasure—and avoid the high-speed gear; in connection with other recreations and not as the only thing—in short, make it a pleasant companion or willing servant to your wishes—you will then understand and appreciate the comfort and worth of it and its useful and proper place in the sphere of earthly life.

I submit this matter to my fellow members for thoughtful discussion on the coming League Day.

GEO. L. COOKE,
President.

Providence, R. I., May 31, 1904.

ON THE WHEEL.

Still on with noiseless wheels we go,
Till in the west the sun dips low—
Till whip-poor-wills begin to call,
And o'er the fields slim shadows fall.
Along our way the midges spin;
Hushed is the day's melodious din,
While piping voices, far and near,
With sweet lamenting vex the ear.
The forest aisles are still and dark,
Save where the firefly lights his spark;
And o'er the marsh by the way
A mist is rising, ghostly gray.
Now softly glows the evening star
Above us; we have ridden far,
And night is come; a sound of bells,
Like sudden music, sinks and swells
In yonder vale, and through the night
A lamp shines like a beacon-light.
Ah, happy inn, ah, happy guest!
How sweet is night! how sweet is rest!

—James B. Kenyon.

ESSTEE LOOKING FOR THE RARE DAYS OF JUNE.

June 29 is our rare day this year. It is League Day and we want it to be a fair day and a rare occasion.

Boston will recognize League Day by a getting together of cyclists. Wheelmen west of Boston are requested to assemble at Norumbega Park where Capt. A. D. Peck and Colonel Abbot Bassett will receive them in the big pagoda overlooking the river. Wheelmen north of Boston will run to Revere Beach. Here Chief Consul Perkins and Capt. Hebron A. Libbey will receive. These affairs are to be strictly informal. The committees will be on hand both afternoon and evening. Run out there and shake hands with the old-timers. Plenty of opportunities to get supper or a light lunch. No special programme. Only get together. Those who cannot go out in the afternoon will find the new theatre on top in the evening.

Bridgeport is to celebrate with a picnic run. As we go to press we have heard nothing from New York or Philadelphia, but a meeting of some kind is promised in each place.

We have now made arrangements for a headquarters in Philadelphia. Robert D. Garden at 909 Arch street will receive and forward renewals and applications that may be left at his place of business.

Cleveland (Ohio) held a wheel revival meeting on May 22d. Five hundred wheelmen, led by the veteran W. A. Skinkle and his daughter rode to Gordon Park and enjoyed a lunch. Those old-timers, George Collister and W. F. Sayle, planned and carried out the run. Many ordinary bicycles were in line and about twenty-five ladies were of the party. There was a goodly sprinkling of the old enthusiasts and considerable representation from most of the old clubs whose names were so familiar ten and fifteen years ago. All who had badges or mementos of those days, when it was good form for even grandpa and grandma to ride a wheel, wore them. The century riders of the old days collected together to recall their achievements awheel.

During the past ten years Thomas W. Davis, of Peoria, Ill., has ridden 100,000 miles on a bicycle. He is seventy-five years of age, and started his bicycle riding when he was sixty-five. He rounded up his even 100,000 miles with a century run. Although an Englishman by birth, this remarkable cyclist has been a resident of Illinois for fifty years. Three years ago he covered 3,000 miles through his native country.

Mr. Davis has a bound volume in which he keeps his mileage certificates, and also proudly exhibits a long string of century bars. He has used the same saddle for 76,000 miles.

So infatuated is the old man with his wheel

that the granite monument which now marks the resting place of his wife, and which will also mark the grave of Mr. Davis, has carved upon it the outline of a bicycle. He has left instructions in his will that in addition to the date of his death, his mileage record be also shown. Mr. Davis is a life member of the L. A. W.

With the view of providing something new in racing, and so enlisting the flagging interest of the public, the Irish Cyclists' Association has arranged to hold a surprise scratch race at its annual tournament in June. The idea is to have it an uncertain event; there is no distance mentioned; a pistol shot is to be fired at a time at the pleasure of the starter when the men are circling the track. The race then becomes a run to the finish tape. The pistol may be fired in the first lap or it may be held back until several miles have been covered. The idea is a good one, for the event will prove a novelty, as one would imagine that the men would always be on the alert, and ready to jump into top speed at once. It will be necessary for them to occupy a good position, and, as the person who holds the pistol will probably be blindfolded, he will not be in a position to favor any individuals, nor to insure a long sprint.

Is cycling dead? Ask those who went to Chestnut Hill Reservoir on May 1. They saw one of the largest congregations of wheelmen ever assembled.

New York State has set a valuable and far-reaching precedent by exempting motorcycles from the laws applying to automobiles. The exemption is contained in the Hill-Cocks automobile act passed by the last legislature and signed by Governor Odell on the 3d inst., and is the result of the efforts of the Federation of American Motorcyclists, which successfully and logically maintained that the motor cycle is not analogous to the big, heavy four-wheeled automobiles which stand alone, but is merely a bicycle to which a motor is affixed. Motorcyclists everywhere are hailing the law as their "Liberty Bill," and believe that New York's ruling will be generally accepted throughout the country.

The good roads movement has been steadily gaining in force for a dozen years, and during the last two years it has gained at a greatly accelerated rate. It is now becoming a sort of popular crusade. The aim of its friends and promoters is to make an end of the unscientific, piecemeal methods of road work now in vogue in nearly all parts of the country, and to substitute therefor scientific methods, intelligent supervision and co-operation of nation, state and local community in a united effort for the improvement of the roads throughout the whole country. This is a high aim, and the undertaking is a stupendous one. But who will say that it is too great for the American people to accomplish?

Enforcing the law regarding the taxation of bicycles in France has led to a curious state of affairs. When an owner registers a bicycle he is given a plate proving that the p l i c e tax was paid. Until this plate is returned to the tax collector he is supposed to be still the owner of the wheel. When selling the bicycle, and leaving the plate affixed, he is liable to go on paying for the machine that he has not got for the rest of his natural life. A recent case was that of a former owner of two bicycles who had been paying a tax for the last five years, and will go on paying it for 50 years to come as he sold the machines forgetting to keep the plates, and is now unable to show them.

THE DUEL.

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and what do you think?
Neither of them had slept a wink!
And the old Dutch clock and Chinese plate
Seemed to know as sure as fate,
There was going to be an awful spat.
(I wasn't there—I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "me-ow!"
And the air was streaked for an hour or so
With fragments of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now, mind, I'm simply telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

The Chinese plate looked very blue
And wailed: "Oh, dear! what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that
And utilized every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't think that I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat!
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away;
But the truth about that cat and pup
Is that they ate each other up—
Now, what do you really think of that?
(The old Dutch clock, it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)
—Eugene Field.

A writer of much merit say that with a wife a husband's faults should be sacred. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she condescends to that refuge of weakness, a female confidant. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable, in her estimation, than his life. And vice versa.

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Golf has at last struck Texas, and the "society editresses" of the local newspapers are having a hard time of it getting used to the vernacular. The following from a North Texas society weekly is a sample: "Mrs. Blank may be seen every morning on the way to the links with her caddy under her arm."

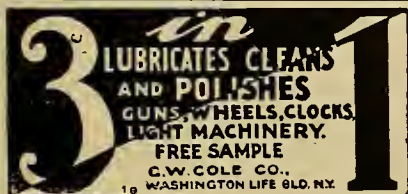
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JULY IN THE COUNTRY.

Let's in July to the country flee,
Where the sighing wind in the sweetcorn tree
Mingles its music, drowsy and low,
With the song of the milkmaid, as, to and fro,
Through the sunny pastures she skips about,
Milking the milk weeds with many a shout.

How sweet are the wee white leghorn lambs,
That scamper about with the halfgrown hams,
Barking in glee at the farmer's lad
As he wades in the brooklet fishing for shad,
While out through the barnyard come strident notes,
For the farmer is busy a-shearing the shoats.

Oh, a country life is the life for me,
Where the neighing calves go frisking free;
The swallows cackle at sunset hour,
As they sip the dew from the whole wheat flower,
And early to roost the ravens go,
For at morn they must flap their wings and crow.

SCRAPS LEFT AFTER THE FOURTH OF JULY HAS BURNED UP THE REST OF THINGS.

July is generally believed to have been so named in honor of Julius Caesar by his particular friend, Marc Antony. There is good reason, however, for believing that it bore a similar name (Jule) before Julius Caesar was born, and that the name was derived from "hiul," a wheel, the symbol of the summer solstice. There is no doubt that the name Jule, being already in use in some parts of the empire, induced the courtiers at Rome to suggest that the name Julius, which so closely resembled it, should supersede the old name, and the Roman senate adopted the idea.

Those who pretend to read the future tell us that the man born in July will be fat, and will suffer death for the woman he loves.

The female will be very handsome, with a sharp nose and a fine bust. She will be of a rather sulky temper. Likewise the man or woman born in July will exhibit a distaste for superfluous clothing.

"My fellow-citizens," says the homeliest man in Congress, who is a candidate for a renomination, "it has been charged against me that I am double-faced. I leave it to you to decide, if that were so, whether or not I would appear before you wearing the one I have on."

Eddecashun is a good thing, my son—a very good thing—but don't get the idea that because you can trot around the spellin' book and gallop over the geography that us old ones don't know the tracks of a muskrat from those of a pig. We licked the British and gained our independence when half of us couldn't spell cat unless she was a black one, and we carried things along for the next hundred years without hevin' any particular grammar to swear by when we got up in the mornin'.—Uncle Eli.

Hamilton W. Mabie puts it rather neatly when he says that if our civilization had done nothing but produce Abraham Lincoln and Ralph Waldo Emerson it would have justified its right to be, for these men at the opposite ends of society, the one without formal opportunity, the other commanding all the resources of the richest culture of his time, are alike in this—that they both proclaimed and illustrated the supreme dignity and value of the human spirit, the right of a man to be himself without regard to the conditions in which he happened to be placed.

In Washington the other day Bryan told a story at his own expense. Bryan, it seems, paid a barber a silver dollar for shaving him in a western town. A friend whom he met afterward said to him: "Do you know that you got that barber into trouble?" "How is that?" asked Bryan. "Why," said his friend, "he has been up before the union on a serious charge." "Impossible," said Bryan; "I paid him all right." "Yes," explained the other, "but the charge for shaving a dead man is \$5, and you gave the barber a silver dollar." Bryan thought it was a funny story.

Pretty soon the Presidential election will have become a thing of the past. Then many persons will wish they hadn't been so

impulsive in their discussions with friends and neighbors, and that they had been guided more by the light of reason and less by the flickering lamp of the torch-light procession. As a matter of fact it is all right, I think, to take politics seriously, but it need not be done in the mad, pyrotechnic, whirlwindish manner in which so many go about it. It is better to reason than it is to ride a horse; better to meditate than to march miles and miles; it should be made a matter of logic rather than one of legs and lungs. But if, as some say, most men must have their thinking done for them, maybe it can be accomplished by the use of a bass drum and a torchlight parade easier than in any other way.

The hollow vessel is most affected by noise and the shriek of the demagogue is more convincing, to many, than the calm logic of a hundred dignified statesmen. But let us be cheerful. It will be four years before we have another election like the present one.—Nixon Waterman.

ST. PETER'S POLITENESS.

As Peter sat at heaven's gate
A maiden sought permission,
And begged of him, if not too late,
To give her free admission.

"What claim hast thou to enter here?"
He cried with earnest mien;
"Please, sir," said she, 'twixt hope and fear,
"I'm only just sixteen."

"Enough!" the hoary guardian said,
And the gate wide open threw;
"That is the age when every maid
Is girl and angel, too!"

A clergyman out in the western country preached a sermon, which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was repeated to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words; but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong, for on returning home and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."

Have you ever noticed what a lot of dust seems to get into the track of a sunbeam shining through the window of a room? Some people may think that there is as much dust floating elsewhere in the air of the room as in the sunbeam. This, however, is not the

case. There are actually far more motes in a sunbeam than in the darker air around it. This is because the sun's rays cause the air to contract and expand irregularly, thus creating currents in the atmosphere, which rouse up the dust, and collect it all together. These currents are the cause of the constant swirling and spinning about of the dust-specks which everyone has noticed who has watched them in a beam of light.

"Yes," said Alexander J. Linn, in answer to a New York interviewer's question, "I acknowledge I am the man responsible for the 'redheaded woman and white horse craze,' but I supposed that the time for running me down had gone by long ago. You see it was this way. I was sitting with a couple of friends at a window of the New York Union League Club, a good many years ago, when one of them said: 'See that coal wagon? By Jove, but there are three fine white horses hitched to it, in a row. You don't often see that.' 'No,' I answered. 'Nor do you often see three handsome red-headed girls like those on the sidewalk.' Then as a joke of the moment I added, 'But then you never see a redheaded woman without seeing a white horse near her.' The statement was unchallenged. We watched. Along came an open carriage. One of the horses was white, and in the carriage was a woman with auburn tresses. The next white horse was attached to a Fifth avenue stage. A redhaired girl was among the passengers. One of the editors of a New York newspaper came in just then, and we told him of the joke. He wrote a funny article about it, and in less than a week people all over the United States were engaged in picking out white horses and redheaded girls. There you have the true story, told by me for the first time." "Does it always hold out true?" "My friend," said Mr. Linn, solemnly, "go read the history of America for the last twenty-five years."

It has been decided in Philadelphia that a man does not have to tell his wife how much money he is making or even to allow her to superintend the spending of it. At the same time, for the sake of peace in the family, most men will continue to do as they always have done,

In "The New Zealand Medical Journal" appears this story: On walking to the scaffold in solemn procession a criminal once called to the governor of the prison: "Just

oblige me, guv'nor, by telling me the day o' the week." "Monday," answered the surprised governor. "Monday!" exclaimed the prisoner in disgusted tones; "well, this 'ere's a fine way of beginning a week, ain't it?" And he marched on with dissatisfaction imprinted on every line of his face.

ECHOES.

"Eenie, meenie, miney mo,
Crack a feeney, finey fo,
Omanuga, popatagna,
Rick, stick, dan do."

No sense for savants wisdom laden
Lies within that childish strain;
But there's bliss that comes from Aidenn
Down life's golden shore again,
When the lay that used to throb us
Comes from out the long ago.
Time, old graybeard, cannot rob us
Of our "eenie, meenie mo."

"Entry, mentry, cutery corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn,
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Six geese in a flock."
Ah! old graybeard, you can never
Still the song that used to thrill,
Hide away the forms that ever
Troop along the meadow hill.
Song of cheer and merry laughter!
Lad and lassie, they will flock
Through the years of the hereafter
With the sunny "limber lock."

"One zaw, two zaw, zig zaw zan,
Bobtail, vinegar, ticklum tan,
Marum, scarum, visgum marum,
Stringlumi, stranglum, buck and John."
Ah! we recall each joyous fellow,
And each lassie sweet and fair,
With the silver moon beams mellow
Spreading halos o'er them there,
And again their faces meet us
As no other faces can;
And their voices come to greet us
With our dear old "zig zaw zan."

"Eenie, meenie, monie my,
Bassoiooney, boney, stry,
Hare, ware, crown, nack,
Alko, balko, we wo wack."
No classic stanzas laid before us
E'en by master hand can thrall,
Cannot thrill us and implore us
Like that far-off echoing call.
There is throb of joy and frolic,
Sweetness of the days gone by,
Trembling in each ringing rollic
Of our "eenie, moinie my."

—New York Sun.

"Did you see Mrs. Jinkles's new vase, Maud?" said Mamie.

"Yes. Isn't it perfectly horrid?"

"I don't know yet. I have not found out whether it is modern and perfectly horrid, or antique and perfectly lovely."

It was, indeed, a sad mistake, an error, cold and grim. I waited for the railway train; the light was low and dim. It came at last, and from a car there stepped a dainty dame, and, looking up and down the place, she straight towards me came.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried. "Oh, dear old Jack!" and kissed me as she spake. Then, frightened, looked again and cried: "Oh, what a bad mistake!"

Said I, "Forgive me, maiden fair, if I am not your Jack, but as regards the kiss you gave, perhaps you'll take it back."

And since that night I've often stood upon the platform dim, but only once in a man's whole life do such things come to him.

There is a ridiculous notion in the minds of many people and some newspapers that war is a source of prosperity. This is the same kind of logic which declares that a spendthrift is a good thing for a community "because he puts money in circulation." Waste is waste, and extravagance in one spot means a terrible drain in another. A Chinese proverb says that for every man who lives in idleness and luxury another man starves to death; and this is a terse way of putting a great economic truth. War is wasteful and cannot be a source of prosperity.

If you wish to drive yourself mad—others have done it in earnest in the same way, and landed in lunatic asylums—try to think about time. You will soon come to the conclusion that there isn't such a thing; but a little more thinking will convince you that there is. And yet what is it? There was time before the Creation, and there will be time after the end of it; but when did it begin, and if it didn't begin, what did it do? A man has a beginning and ending, together with everything he sees around him, and consequently his brain will not let him understand anything that has not a beginning or an ending.

There is one more thing—nobody can possibly understand what light really is. Darkness is nothing at all; but light is something, and yet it is just as much like nothing as darkness is. To a man it is merely something he cannot live without; but what it is for the life of him he doesn't know, and never will.

The tale of the traveler in savage countries resembles the tail of the cat, in the fact that

the more scared he is the bigger his tale becomes.

Strictly speaking, "atlas" is a misnomer for a map-book, since it was not the world but the heavens that the "Atlas" of mythology upheld. Mercator, the famous Dutch geographer, who made globes for Emperor Charles V. of Germany, was the first to use the name in this connection, choosing it as a convenient and in some way an appropriate title, because Atlas, the demigod, figures with a world upon his shoulders as a frontispiece of some early works on geography.

Atlas, it was said, made war with other Titans upon Zeus, and, being conquered, was condemned to bear heaven upon his head and hands. Later tradition represented him as a man changed by means of Medusa's head into a mountain, upon which rested heaven and all its stars.

In any case, Atlas was always associated with a heavy burden strongly borne. Thus Shakespeare makes Warwick say to Gloucester:

"Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight."

It is not difficult to see how, by an association of ideas, this came to be chosen as the name for a book of maps, which upholds and exhibits to us the whole world.

Newton, ever a lazy chap, was lying asleep under a tree. His mother sauntered into the orchard and discovered him there. Awakening him forcibly, she said: "Ike, why don't you get a job or discover gravity or something like that?"

"Mother," said the soon-to-be great man, "if gravity wants me, it knows where I am."

Ten minutes later an apple struck him on the head.

This shows that all things come to him who waits.

The origin of a "red letter day" has been traced back to the third century. Gregory, bishop of Caesarea, zealous for the conversion of pagans, found them unwilling to give up their customary recreations at the festivals of their gods, so, taking a leaf out of their book, he instituted festivals in honor of saints and martyrs. This example soon led to the institution of holy days, now corrupted into holidays. In old almanacs all such holy days were set forth in red ink, the rest being in black; hence the term "red letter day" for any notable occasion.

"Before we were married," cogitated the round-shouldered but otherwise upright man, as he proceeded with his task of washing the dishes which his wife had left in an untidy state when she departed for the convocation of the sewing circle, "I concocted—in my mind—quite a long series of by-laws and regulations which should govern and shape our married life. There were rules and formulas calculated, so I believed, to fit almost any emergency that might arise, and from time to time I added codicils as they occurred to me till, in the end, it was a veritable constitution, duly authorizing two to live cheaper than one and happier than anybody else.

"But shortly after the ceremony which made us two souls with but a single thought, as they say in stories, I began, little at a time, to amend the document—it was a mental one, as I said before—and, strange as it may appear, the more amendments I added, the shorter it became, till now, after the lapse of fourteen years of wedded bliss, my constitution is so reduced that it is composed of only one section, which is as follows:—

"'Section I. What my wife says is law!'"

In Wales there are about 508,000 people who cannot speak English, Welsh being their only language; in Scotland there are 43,000 persons who can speak nothing but Gaelic; and in Ireland there are 32,000 who can express themselves only in the Irish tongue.

Voltaire said: "The more married men you have the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude, any more than a boat with one oar or a bird with one wing can keep a straight course."

A man in a country village made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. He was asked: "What are the facilities in your village for extinguishing fires?" "Well, it rains sometimes," he replied.

There are some curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every 20 years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December, February, March and November

begin on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other, and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year.

A SONG OF PRUNES.

Throughout the drift of centuries, since first
the world was young,
The bards have tuned their lyres up and
cleared their throats and sung
Glad songs of fruits and flowers, of the orchard
and the field,
And puffed up nearly everything the soil has
deigned to yield.
And so I crave attention while your humble
servant tunes
His lyre to the topmost pitch and sings a
Song of Prunes.

O, Prunes! Though thou art fit to grace the
banquet of a king,
Yet dost thou to the lowly board of humble
peasants bring
Thy pulpy fatness full of joy and flavors rich
and deep,—
O, is there aught on earth so rare and yet so
good and—cheap!
And could I twang a thousand harps through
centuries of Junes
My one and all-triumphant theme would be
a Song of Prunes.

But O! the hide-bound, sorry Prune, with
visage pinched and lean,
We meet in boarding-house resorts, is not
the sort I mean.
Give me, instead, the puffy Prune, inflated
with its juice,
That makes strawberries and the like to me
of little use.
For did I own a thousand mouths and twice
as many spoons
I'd still employ them, every one, to get my
fill of Prunes.

—Nixon Waterman.

Passerby—I thought you were blind?

Mendicant—Well, boss, times is so hard
and competition is so great that even a blind
man has to keep his eyes open nowadays if
he wants to do any business at all.

Did it ever occur to you that water, which
nature gives to us as free as air, is the highest
priced commodity which we buy for food
purposes? Milk sells for seven cents a quart
and we complain when the winter price is
fixed at eight cents. Kerosene oil, which
must be pumped out of the earth and refined
is thought to be expensive at four cents a
quart. Water is taken from the earth without
much effort and put in a bottle and we
are expected to pay 25 cents a quart for it.
Think of the extravagance of the spring

owners who actually use the water which they sell for a dollar a gallon for washing the old bottles which come back to be filled. There are now some 450 kinds of water on the market and the more fanciful the name given to the spring the better sale for the water. We are allowed to say these things because we do not carry any water advertisements. The press always speaks its mind till the advertising end calls a halt. Water has found a level beyond the pocket book of a man who never has rheumatism.

A small miss who had but recently mastered her Catechism confessed her disappointment with it thus:—

"Now, I obey the fifth commandment and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, for I'm put to bed every night at seven o'clock just the same."

A writer says that it is strange the English language, that provides a score of words for the various vehicles we ride, has no word that can be confidently used to describe the young lady to whom we are engaged to be married. Most of the terms that might be suggested are the basest coin—"best girl," "intended," and so forth. We are obliged to fall back on *fiancee*, another French word that, like "automobile," will eventually become Anglicized. It is a pity, with "sweet-heart" in the good old language, such must be the case. The present age, however, despises sentiment; it prefers "best girl," as the "best girl" prefers her "steady" to that explanatory phrase, "my young man," or, still worse, "my gentleman," the most intolerable of all designations. As far as the vernacular is concerned, "fiance" and "fiancee" might as well be taken into the fold. They are short and decent, and belong in good society.

To judge by the size of the crowd, there was something of great import going on in the City street. But on closer inspection it appeared that the centre of attraction was a poor old worn-out horse, who had suddenly decided that there was a good deal in passive resistance, and had lain him down and died. The one and only policeman on the scene did his best to move on the crowd, but unsuccessfully. When, however, a brother bobby appeared on the scene, policeman No. 1 hailed him:

"Got such a thing as a pair of scissors on you, Jack?" he cried. "They"—indicating the crowd—"all want a lock of his hair!"

A literary journal has decided that a woman is counted old only when "she cannot hopefully welcome the new year and regretfully bid farewell to the one one. It is in her heart that a woman is young or old, and if her heart is youthful a new year always opens full of the brightest possibilities, and an old one never closes without leaving behind it sincere regrets for happy days and happy events ever to be associated with it."

The late Dean Everett of the Harvard Divinity School missed a train at a country station and had to spend a long, dreary day in the town "hotel." Finally, in desperation, he asked the proprietor to bring him a checkerboard. To the aged dean's consternation the man returned with a bottle of whiskey and two glasses. "Why, what's this? I asked for a checkerboard," said the dean. "Oh, I knew what you wanted all right," was reply. "We call it by lots of different names down here."

A London tradesman advertises thus: "Elopement by motor is now fashionable. Loving couples who would dodge stern parents by running away to be married can be supplied here at any hour of any day with smart motor and reliable driver, on the weekly payment system."

Two candidates for office in Missouri were stumping the northern part of the State, and in one town their appearance was almost simultaneous. The candidate last arriving happened to stop at a house for the purpose of getting a drink of water. To the little girl who answered his knock at the door he said, when she had given him the desired draught and he had offered her in recompense some candy: "Did the man ahead of me give you anything?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the bright girl, "he gave me candy."

"Ah!" exclaimed the candidate, "here's five cents for you. I don't suppose that he gave you any money?"

The youngster laughed merrily. "Yes, he did, too! He gave me ten cents!"

Not to be outdone, the candidate gave the little one another nickel, and, picking her up in his arms, kissed her.

"Did he kiss you, too?" he asked, genially.

"Indeed, he did, sir!" responded the little girl, "and he kissed ma, too!"

A distinct click is heard every time the car wheel passes over a rail joint. With watch

in hand, count the number of clicks in twenty seconds, and that will be the number of miles the train is going in an hour.

There is a deal of sound sense in the proverbs of a nation. Earl Russell defined a proverb as being the wit of one man and the wisdom of many, and the aptness of this is well shown in the following from the Spanish, "Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we get." The thought is as old as the race of mankind, but ages passed before one man hit upon the happy expression of it. This saying from the Chinese is a whole homily on pride in one sentence, "When a tree is blown down, it shows that the branches are longer than the roots."

For a concise expression of the lofty aspirations of youth and the sober achievements of riper years take this sentence from Henry D. Thoreau: "The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth, and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them."

In a recently published book on the "Kaffirs of South Africa," the author tells of the practice of the native chiefs of keeping a Court praiser—which might be translated poet laureate—whose business is to go before the chief and sing his praises.

Sometimes it happens that this functionary is apt to be embarrassed for lack of matter, as in the case of the Swazi King Bunu. One day he went out hunting with a hundred warriors, and after a whole day's effort he managed to kill only one miserable little hare. Yet the Court praiser ran in front of the king, calling out:

"Bunu, the King of the Swazies, the chief of chiefs, has killed a hare. Let all the people listen. It was as big as an ox, as fierce as a lion, and as swift as a buck! The brave King Bunu killed the hare all alone! He killed it with his assegai. Listen, ye people! Bunu has killed a hare! Without any help the king has killed the hare! It was as terrible as a tiger, as large as an elephant; its eyes were flames of fire; and yet Bunu, the great king, has killed the hare!"

This long rigmarole was repeated over and over, while the king followed behind with great gravity.

"Your husband seems to have an exalted opinion of you," remarked the bride's aunt. "He says you are his right hand."

"Yes," rejoined the young wife, with a sigh "but he's one of those men who never

let their right hand know what their left hand does!"

MY MA, SHE KNOWS.

My pa, he scolds me, jes becuz
He says I'm gettin' "tough";
He says my face is never clean,
My hands are always rough;
I'm not behavin' like I should,
An' goin' wrong, I s'pose,
But ma, she takes an' pats my hand
An' smiles, becuz she knows.

My pa hain't got no use for boys,
He wants 'em always men;
I wonder if he's clean forgot
The boy he must a' been;
Fer ma, she says they're all alike,
'Bout face, an' hands an' clothes,
An' says I'll learn to be a man;
An' ma, I guess she knows!

My pa, he says I ain't no good
At doin' anything;
I'd rather fool away the time
An' whistle, play, an' sing;
But ma, she smiles an' says I'm young
An' then she up an' goes
An' kisses me an' shows me how!
For ma, you bet, she knows!

My pa, he says I'll never be
A business man like him,
Becuz I hain't got any "drive,"
An' "get-up," "pluck" an' "vim";
But ma, she says, so solemn like,
A man's a boy that grows,
An' boys must have their playin' spell;
And ma's a trump, and knows!

My pa, he shakes his head an' sighs
An' says he doesn't see
Where I got all my careless ways,
That seem jes' born in me;
An' ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an' laughs,
Till pa's face crimson grows,
An' then she says, "'Tis very queer,"
But somehow, ma, she knows!

My ma, she knows 'most everything
'Bout boys, and what they like.
She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss
I make with kites and bike;
She says she wants me to be good
An' conquer all my foes,
An' you jes bet I'm goin' to be,
'Cuz my sweet ma, she knows!

—Detroit Journal.

Here are the eight longest words in the English language at the present writing. Can you pronounce them?

Incomprehensibility.
Subconstitutionalist.
Philoprogenitiveness.
Disproportionableness.
Velocipedestrianistical.
Anthropophagmian.
Transubstantiationist.
Antitransubstantiationist.

Budd Doble, the veteran reinsman, used to attend frequently a queer little church on the outskirts of Philadelphia. His friends would hear from him a great many facts about this church, its people and its parson. Almost every Sunday he had some interesting news to tell. One Monday he said:

"At last the meaning of eternity has been made clear to me. The parson at the little church explained eternity yesterday in such a way that everybody could understand.

"'Eternity,' said the parson, 'is forever and forever, and five or six everlastings on top of that. Why, brothers and sisters, after millions and billions of centuries had rolled away in eternity it would still be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time.'"

"It's funny, but a dry book is the one we have to wade through."

Mr. J. D. Rockefeller is the only golfer who regularly uses girl caddies. He is subjected to much annoyance by the chagrined youths, who view the departure with alarm. "Petticoats, petticoats! Cheap labor!" they yell whenever they get near his links. Mr. Rockefeller employs girl caddies because he finds them more willing in going over the course.

In a speech at the Greenroom Club, Wilton Lackaye once said: "No, I don't believe in the contention of the realistic school that a man must experience a condition in order to be able to describe it. If a man goes too much into the slums, he becomes base; if he goes too much into society, he becomes soprano."

There is much interest among all advocates of international peace in Europe in the congress to be held in Boston next October. As an instance of the feeling of individuals, Miss Caroline Bjorklund of Osmo has given to the Swedish Peace and Arbitration Association about \$750 as a contribution toward the cost of representation of the society at the Boston congress. The editor of the London Concord, in noticing this gift, calls for a contribution of an equal amount to send three representatives of labor to the Boston congress. In England the labor unionists are showing strong interest in the peace cause. The eastern war, instead of arousing the war fever in England, is regarded as a calamity, and in a way it is strengthening the sentiment against all war. The British people are now experiencing the

after pangs of the war in South Africa, and are realizing what war means even more keenly than they did while the conflict was actually raging, and jingoism passed for an expression of patriotism. Indeed, it is not without significance that the latest war is synchronous with a sudden eagerness for the negotiation of arbitration treaties. Holland has recently opened negotiations for arbitration treaties with ten different states.

THE HINDU SCEPTIC.

I think till I weary with thinking,
Said the sad-eyed Hindu king,
And I see but shadows around me—
Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God,
Of his favor or his wrath?
Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks,
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the infinite search,
Did the blind discover the stars?
Is the thought that I think a thought,
Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For aught that my eye can discern,
Your God is what you think good,
Yourself flashed back from the glass,
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just,
And this is his realm, you say;
And the good are dying of hunger,
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that he loveth mercy,
And the famine is not yet gone;
That he hateth the shedder of blood,
And he slayeth us everyone.

You say that my soul shall live,
That the spirit can never die—
If he was content when I was not,
Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning,
So must dung, and its meaning is flowers;
What if our souls are but nurture
For lives that are greater than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water,
When the bird soars out of the blue,
Man's thought may transcend man's knowledge,
And your God be no reflex of you.

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person, "set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther."

"So I do," said the toper, "but I set it so far off that I always get drunk before I get to it."

ANSWERS.

Q—What was the "prayer of Ajax," referred to in one of Longfellow's poems: "The prayer of Ajax was for light"? A—The allusion is to the fight by Ajax Telamon in defense of the dead body of Patroclus, one of the Græcian chieftains, during the Trojan war, as told in the seventeenth book of Homer's Iliad. Jupiter covered Mount Ida and the Trojans with darkness so as to make them invisible to Ajax and the Greeks. During the struggle the one prayer of Ajax to the gods was for light that he might see his foes.

Q—Is it not true that the Bank of England never reissues its bank notes? A—It is said that the average life of a Bank of England note is three months. These notes are dated and numbered, and entered in a book by numbers and dates. As each note is returned to the bank it is destroyed, and its number canceled. No such practice is followed by the banks in this country, the notes being paid out by the banks until worn out by usage. Microbes are not encouraged in the financial circles of England as they are in America.

Q—What was the land of Scobellum, and what its history? A—A very fruitful land, but the inhabitants "exceeded the cannibals for cruelty, the Persians for pride, the Egyptians for luxury, the Cretans for lying, the Germans for drunkenness, and all nations together for a generality of vices." In vengeance the gods changed all the people into beasts; drunkards into swine, the lecherous into goats, the proud into peacocks, scolds into magpies, gamblers into asses, musicians into song-birds, the envious into dogs, idle women into milch-cows, jesters into monkeys, dancers into squirrels, and misers into moles. Four of the Champions of Christendom restored them to their normal forms by quenching the fire of the Golden Cave.—"The Seven Champions of Christendom," iii. 10.

Q—How came it about that a pocket flask is called a pocket pistol? A—A pocket pistol is for self-defence. We take the flask in self-defence because we cannot get a dram on the road. The saying is relegated to the past with the increase of modern "conveniences."

Q—What is a cow's cud? How can a cud be lost? and if lost will the cow die? A—There is a large group of animals which are grouped scientifically as the ruminantia, a Latin word meaning cud-chewing. This group includes domestic cattle, the sheep, goat, all species of deer, the camel, antelope, giraffe and gnu. All have a fourfold stomach; the rumen or paunch, the reticulum or "honeycomb bag," the psalterium or manyplies, and the abomasum, which is the true stomach. All these animals chew the cud, like the cow. The animal, in grazing, crops the grass with the lower front teeth, which strike upon a cushion above, there being no upper front teeth; as it is cropped it is worked by the tongue back into the mouth, until a ball is formed, which is swallowed when it becomes of the proper size. This goes into the rumen, or paunch. The animal grazes until the rumen is full of these balls of grass and leaves. Then it either lies down or stands in the shade to ruminate. By an action of the rumen analogous to vomiting in man, one ball comes up into the mouth. This is the "cud." It is ground by the back teeth, mixed with the saliva, and again swallowed. This time it goes into the second stomach. As soon as it reaches that a second ball, or cud, is sent up into the mouth, and this process goes on until the entire contents of the rumen have been chewed, when the animal is ready to go to grazing again. The idea that a cow "loses her cud" is incorrect. Therefore there is no need of "replacing" it, and the idea that a cow will die if it be not "replaced" is simply absurd. Did you ever hear of a sheep losing its cud? A cow becomes ill, and the foolish theory is advanced that she has "lost her cud." There may be one of several different things the matter with her, but she has not "lost her cud."

Q—What does the Easter egg symbolize? A—Easter eggs are symbolical of creation, or the re-creation of spring. The practice of presenting eggs to our friends at Easter is Magian or Persian, and bears allusion to the mundane egg, for which Ormuzd and Ahriman were to contend till the consummation of all things. It prevailed not only with the Persians, but also among the Jews, Egyptians, and Hindus. Christians adopted the custom to symbolize the resurrection, and they color the eggs red in allusion to the blood of their redemption. There is a tradition, also, that the world was "hatched" or created at Easter-tide.

Q—What is the meaning of the expression, "pay through the nose," meaning by experience? A—Grimm says that Odin had a poll-tax which was called in Sweden a nose tax; it was a penny per nose or poll. They counted noses, as the saying goes. Brewer says: "In the ninth century the Danes imposed on Irish houses a poll tax, historically called 'The Nose Tax,' because those who neglected to pay the ounce of gold were punished by having the nose slit. We get nothing to give the meaning of teaching by experience to the expression though the authorities give one or both of these as the origin of 'paying through the nose.'"

Q—What was the method of instruction introduced by Pestalozzi? Is he not father of the Kindergarten, rather than Froebel? A—Briefly stated, the foundation idea of the method of teaching introduced by Pestalozzi was, that all instruction should begin with concrete objects, and proceed thence to abstract ideas. Objects themselves became, in his hands, the subject of lessons designed to develop the observing and reasoning powers—not simply lessons about objects. In arithmetic he began with the illustration of the fundamental principles by the means of objects, and taught children to count, add, subtract, multiply, and divide with balls, sticks, and the like before he had them perform their operations with abstract numbers only. In the teaching of writing, too, he first introduced the plan of dividing letters into their elements and proceeding from the simpler to the more difficult. But, perhaps, no part of the Pestalozzian plan was more important than his cherished idea that education should not consist in mere instruction, but also in the discipline of mind and character needed to develop the child nature into a happy and useful maturity. Froebel was a pupil of Pestalozzi and carried the idea of object teaching much further than did the master.

Q—What is the Iron Crown? What is its history, and who founded the order by that name? A—During the middle ages the Iron Crown was the subject of much interest and superstition. It was a crown of gold, having inside of it a ring of iron, which was said to have been forged from the nails of Christ's cross, and it was made by order of Princess Theudelinde for her husband, Agilulf, King of the Lombards, in the year 591. The crown was afterward given by the Queen to the church at Monza. Charlemagne used this

iron crown at the ceremony of his coronation, and after him all the emperors who were also kings of Lombardy made similar use of it. Napoleon I, it is said, when at Milan in 1805, put this crown on his head, saying: "God has given it to me; woe to him who shall touch it." The "great woodman of Europe," as Victor Hugo called Napoleon, founded the Order of the Iron Crown, which still exists in Austria. It fell into disuse after Napoleon's fall, but was revived by Francis I in 1816, and is now regarded as a high honor in Austria. The Iron Crown was taken by the Austrians to Vienna in 1859, but was presented to the King of Italy in 1866, and is now among the royal treasures in Naples.

Q—Whence is the word "Panic" derived?

A—On one occasion Bacchus, in his Indian expeditions, was encompassed by an army far superior to his own; one of his chief captains, named Pan, advised him to command all his men at the dead of night to raise a simultaneous shout. The shout was rolled from mountain to mountain by innumerable echoes, and the Indians, thinking they were surrounded on all sides, took to sudden flight. From this incident all sudden fits of great terror have been termed panics. (See Judges, vii, 18-21.) Theon gives another derivation, and says that the god Pan struck terror into the hearts of the giants, when they warred against heaven, by blowing into a seashell. The term occurs in many Greek and Latin writings, poets as well as historians.

Q—Is the Desert of Sahara lower than the Mediterranean Sea, and, if so, how much lower? A—The Sahara is a very large country, some parts of which are much depressed, while other parts are very high. In the central and southern parts are mountains and table-lands ranging from 500 to 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. The lowest part of the country is in its northern part, and there there is a large tract, filled with salt lagoons, which is from from fifty to one hundred feet below sea level. This tract was no doubt in remote times a part of the Mediterranean Sea, to which it was joined by the Gulf of Gabes. The deposits on the coast in the lapse of time made the arm of the sea an inland lake, which, being fed by no inlets, in the natural course of things was dried up by evaporation. Another tract, also below sea-level, is in the eastern half of the Sahara, south of the table-land of Barca.

This last low country was also probably once a part of the Mediterranean, joining it west of the modern delta of the Nile, at the head of the Gulf of Syrtis Major.

Q—What and where is the "Domine Quo Vadis?" A—It is a church upon the Via Appia, Rome, so named from the tradition that at the time of the first persecution of the Christians, after the burning of Rome, St. Peter, fleeing from the city, was there met by a vision of Jesus on his way to Rome. St. Peter in astonishment cried out, "Lord, whither goest thou?" (Domine, quo vadis?), to which Christ replied: "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time" (Venio Roman iterum crucifigo). Peter immediately arrested his flight, and turned back to the city. The church contains a marble slab upon which is a copy of the supposed footprint of Jesus as left upon the pavement where He stood, the original stone being preserved in the Basilica S. Sebastian.

Q—Why are Italians called "Dagoes?" and what is the origin of the name? A—The word is said to be a corruption by American and English sailors of the Spanish name Diego. Originally the word was applied to one born of Spanish parents, especially in Louisiana, and used as a proper name, but later it was extended to Spaniards, Portuguese and Italians in general. We call an Irishman "Pat" and a Chinaman "John" for nearly the same reason.

Q—Has it ever been found out why the Dead Sea is salt? A—What makes the Dead Sea salt is a question that has been discussed for centuries, and the most recent explanation is that advanced by William Ackroyd, who assigns as the most important cause the atmospheric transportation of salt from the Mediterranean Sea. Previously it has been assumed that the saltiness of this historic body of water was due to the soil and rocks, which, it is now thought, would not be able to furnish the amount required, and that the Dead Sea was once a part of the Red Sea, which had been cut off by the rising of Palestine and concentrated by evaporation, a hypothesis which is not supported by facts. According to Ackroyd's theory the winds blowing from the Mediterranean would bring rain charged with salt. In proof of this it is stated that the proportion of chlorin to bromin is the same in the Dead Sea that it is in the Mediterranean.

Q—What is the meaning of the term, "Lamourette's Kiss?" A—On July 7th, 1792, the Abbe Lamourette induced the different factions of the Legislative Assembly of France to lay aside their differences; so the deputies of the Royalists, Constitutionalists, Girondists, Jacobins, and Orleanists rushed into each other's arms, and the king was sent for to see "how these Christians loved one another;" but the reconciliation was hollow and unsound. The term is now used for a reconciliation of policy without abatement of rancor.

Q—What is an icon? I notice that icons are given to the Russian soldiers upon departure for the front. A—Members of the Greek Church of Russia, where images are forbidden, have resorted to what an unfriendly critic has described as an ingenious evasion of an ecclesiastical prohibition. They do not carve a figure out of marble or shape it in bronze, but they paint the face, hands and perhaps the feet of a saint on wood and form the robes by means of metal work in relief. The nimbus of the saint is not infrequently enameled and in some cases the drapery is studded with precious stones, but bejeweled icons are not, as a rule, to be found in churches, though sometimes images are covered with glass to protect them from the kisses of those who come to pray before them. In the seventeenth century there was a great demand in Russia for portable icons, especially from members of a sect known as the old believers, who, as they were under the ban of a persecuting Government, wished for icons that they could carry about and conceal with ease. Only Russian patience, perhaps, could have proved equal to the task of producing the delicately worked and almost microscopic objects that speedily became popular—a last judgment, for instance, represented on a background of a few square inches—but according to some critics it is in these things that Russian art is seen at its best. Small icons are sometimes found on soldiers killed in war. Icons may represent anything from the figure of a saint to a historical scene, such as a martyrdom. Often they take the form of a diptych, or a triptych, or a polyptych crowded with angular or diminutive figures of saints or miniature scenes from the life of the Virgin or some other Biblical personage. From the number of scenes contained in these objects the peasants came to call them "churches," for there were not more pictorial representations within the church itself; such icons may be

of brass or of carved boxwood, being sometimes ornamented with enamels.

Q—What was the Toledo war? A—It was a controversy in 1835 between the State of Ohio and Michigan Territory as to a tract of land which included the city of Toledo. This tract was claimed by both the state and territory, and the militia were called out on both sides, but a serious conflict was prevented by the interference of the National Government. President Jackson removed Governor Mason, of Michigan Territory, for his officiousness, and Congress in 1836 settled the dispute by admitting Michigan as a state in the following January on condition of her yielding the tract in controversy, and the Upper Peninsula was given her in compensation.

Q—Who was author of the song Dixie? When was it first published, and when sung? A—"Dixie" is a simple refrain that originated among negro immigrants about a hundred years ago. A man named Dixie was one of the largest slaveholders in New York, until the rapid growth of the anti-slavery movement compelled him to sell his slaves South, where they were forced to work harder and fare worse, so that they were always sighing for their old home, to which they referred as "Dixie Land." The exiles sang a simple refrain about the joys at Dixie's. Additions to it elevated it into the dignity of a song, until it was chanted all over the South. The song as we have it now was composed to the original air for Bryant's negro minstrel show in 1859. Daniel G. Emmett, its author, was a famous minstrel fifty years ago, when Bryant's Theatre was one of the most popular resorts in New York City. The song made a hit at once. Then the South took it up and claimed it for its own. The original manuscript is now in the possession of the Editor of "The Confederate Veteran," of Nashville, Tenn. The first copies of "I Wish I Were in Dixie's Land" were published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York, in 1859. Mr. Emmett was born in 1815 at Mount Vernon, Ohio.

Q—Where were the pillars of Hercules? A—The Pillars of Hercules was the name given in ancient times to the mountains of Calpe and Abyla, standing opposite to each other, the one on the European, the other on the African shore of the straits which connect the Mediterranean with the Atlantic.

The present names of these mountains are the Rock of Gibraltar and Jebel Zatout.

Q—What is the origin of the term "whig," as applied to an old-time political party? A—The origin of the word Whig is not clearly determined, but it seems to have come from "whigamore," which is used in some of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and was a term of contempt, used by their opponents, for the fanatical covenanters in Scotland. About 1679 it came into use in England as a political designation. There was a plot contrived in that year by one Dangerfield against the Duke of York, afterwards James II. A number of incriminating papers were found, after Dangerfield's arrest, concealed in a tub of meal (flour), and hence it was called the "meal-tub plot." When the matter came up in parliament, those who believed in the plot were called Whigs by their opponents; those who did not believe in it were called Tories by the Whigs. The two names thus became identified with the two great political parties in England. The Whig party in England defended the revolution in 1688, favored parliamentary control, and the Hanoverian succession, and was in control of the government for many years from the beginning of the reign of George I. The name Whig was given, in the years before and in the American Revolution, to those who favored the separation of the colonies from the mother country. It was a term of opprobrium directed by royalists against the patriots. As a term in American politics, Whig was the name of a political party formed under the leadership of Henry Clay, about 1834. It favored a protective tariff; internal improvements; the Clay compromise of 1850; opposed the Mexican war, state rights, and the Democratic slavery policy. It elected two presidents: Harrison, in 1840, and Taylor in 1848. It divided on the slavery question, lost the election of 1852, and disappeared with the organization of the Republican party in 1854.

C. S. D. writes:—"Our maid of all work is descended from Irish Kings. In going up to her room she carries a candle. Spots on stairs. Mrs. — called attention to them, and later found that several large, very clean spots had appeared in place of the grease.

"Maggie, how did you clean up those grease spots?"

"Sure, I took a knife and scrope 'em."

"My nephew had several little lads playing with him and the mother noticed one lad with

an axe. 'Walter, how came that axe here?' 'I brang it.' In the hands of certain persons the language is capable of great distention."

C. B. Writes:—"At the foot of page 57 'Scrap-Book' I notice you say that the two oceans are level at the Isthmus. Let me quote from Government report 'Problem of Interoceanic Communication by Way of the American Isthmus' by Lieut. John T. Sullivan, U. S. N., Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, page 72, 'In regard to the relative levels of the two oceans Lloyd reported:

"I. The mean height of the Pacific at Panama, 3.52 feet above that of the Atlantic at the mouth of the Chagres.

"II. At high water the Pacific is raised above its mean level 10.61 feet, and the Atlantic above its mean level .58 feet.

"III. At low water both seas are the same quantities below their respective mean levels."

Q—What were the "Miracle Plays?" Can they be performed at this day? A—The Mysteries or Miracle Plays were dramas founded on the historical parts of the Old and New Testaments and the lives of the saints. They were performed, in the middle ages, first in the churches and afterwards in the streets on movable stages. Mysteries were taken from biblical and miracle plays from legendary subjects. The original performers were the clergy and choristers, but in time the entertainments degenerated to buffoonery and any layman who chose might participate. Out of the mysteries and miracle plays came a third-class of religious plays called moralities, in which allegorical personifications of the Virtues and Vices were introduced as dramatic personae. The best known example of the mystery at present extant is the Passion Play of the Oberammergau peasantry, but there are many others still existing. In England a relic of the miracle play still exists in some of the remote districts, where the story of St. George and the dragon and Beelezebub is rudely represented by the country folk. In France the mystery of the Wise and Foolish Virgins is still enacted among the Basques, and it is well known that the first sketch of Milton's *Paradise Lost* was a sacred drama. To perform a mystery or miracle play all that is necessary is to choose some well-known story from the Bible or some familiar legend. Reproduce all the characters as closely as possible and produce a number of tableaux illustrating the story, while one performer, acting the part of the chorus in

the ancient Greek plays, reads or recites the tale which the actors depict.

Q—Is it true that when a man falls from a great height he will be dead before he reaches the ground. A—We doubt if this is correct. Not many men who fall from a great height live to tell the tale. Probabilities are against it, however. The speed gained in a fall of 170 feet is not equal to the pace at which a fast express travels through the air, and yet one never hears of an engineer or fireman being suffocated. If another proof is wanted, look at the heights from which bridge jumpers have dived, such as the Brooklyn bridge, or at the two children thrown from the Clifton suspension bridge in England, who both survived the fall of 250 feet. In the Island of Oaha a native is certified by the missionaries to have fallen from a verified height of 900 feet. His fall was broken by palms, ferns and other tropical vegetation, and he escaped with only a few wounds. When asked what his sensations were he said he only felt dazed.

Q—To settle a dispute will you tell us what a "laborer" is? A—The strict and original meaning of the word "laborer" is "one who works," no matter how or at what. In the course of time it came to be applied specifically to one engaged in physical work, and gradually it became still further narrowed down to one performing work which requires but little skill or training, if any at all; but there is nothing in the word itself to justify those distinctions or limitations. The brain worker is as much a "laborer" as the man who handles a pickax or a shovel.

NOVEL EXPERIENCES.

Just once, in far-off Labrador, the sun gave warming rays,
And this excited Eskimo exclaimed in great amaze:

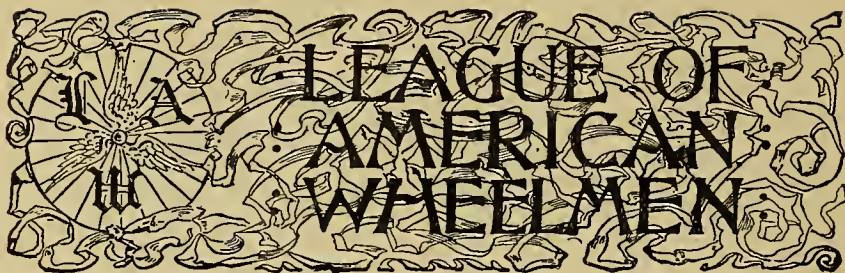
"Though all my life I've known the cold,
and ice, and freezing storm,
I never knew the sun could shine enough to
make one warm!"

Another day, on desert sands, the rain came pouring down,
And this affrighted African cried, with a fearful frown:

"Though all my life I've known the heat and
burning sun, but yet
I never knew the rain could fall enough to
make one wet!"

—Carolyn Wells.

When a young man asks a girl to share his lot, she ought to ask him whether he has plenty of money to build a house on it.



OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

The objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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DUES:—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership, \$10. Life members must pay additional for official organ if they desire it. All dues payable in New York, Philadelphia or Boston funds. Money orders preferred. Personal checks outside the foregoing cities are subject to a collection fee of 10 cents, which must be added to amount in all cases.

APPLICATION BLANK:—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send same with one dollar to Abbot Bassett, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

RENEWAL BLANK:—To renew membership, in case member has no renewal blank, write number, date of expiration, name and full address, and send with enclosure of one dollar to Abbot Bassett, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

LEAGUE CLUBS:—A League Club becomes such when its entire membership belongs to the L. A. W. We issue a ticket of membership to such club. There is no fee. A League Club, by becoming such, attests its loyalty to the cause which the L. A. W. stands for.

Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

VETERAN:—A member becomes a Veteran when he has been a member ten consecutive years. When he enters upon his tenth year his ticket will be marked "Veteran" and he will be entitled to wear the Veteran Bar. He must hold a ticket bearing number less than 2210.

PIONEER:—A Pioneer is one who belongs to the "Pioneers." To be eligible to membership he must have joined the L. A. W. during the decade of 1880-89. He pays dues of 50 cents each two years. A Pioneer must hold a number less than 951.

SUPPLIES:—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar: Price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents. Road Maps, State and City Maps, etc. Send for list.

SIDE PATH TAGS:—The right to ride on the side paths of New York State is acquired by the purchase of a tag. This will allow the holder to ride on any path in the State. Tags may be purchased of Secretary-Treasurer Bassett, 50 cents for tag, 5 cents extra for postage and packing (coin or stamps). To League members only. League members who intend touring in New York State should procure one of these tags.

LEAGUE DAY.

League Day in the good year 1904 has arrived and gone. What were its occasions and functions? and what the manner of it, here and there? Of that we shall surely learn, and soon. But the fruits thereof and the full results,—these be matters that the months to follow must reveal in their own completed time.

Here, in the birth state of the League, we celebrated in our accustomed way. We had the usual shore dinner at the usual place where such a dinner is served; and in the latest part of the afternoon, so that the duties of the day might not interfere with the attendance. Of course it was rainy. No Rhode Island wheelmen's outing is complete without some distillation of heavenly vapors. And by the same token, I conceive that there was rain elsewhere as well. Yet, considering this and a few other interfering matters—

there will ever be interfering matters, no matter what day be selected—the day was quite a success. Almost twice as many came as on last year's League Day, and a fourth of the number were ladies. There was sociability, there was geniality, there was an undercurrent of enthusiasm; but over and above all else was manifest that sentiment of affection for the L. A. W., which means so much to it. Always—no matter what may happen or what the future of wheeling may be—until the scythe of the silent reaper shall have mown the last of us down, there shall be members of the grand old organization!

However, the returns are not yet in. We will wait for them with hope; yes, with faith. The needful impetus may have been given. Bassett, the reliable one, will learn in due course. Personally, I am noticing some gain in the wheeling contingent. Has the tide then really turned?

GEO. L. COOKE,
President.

Providence, R. I., June 30, 1904.

ESSTEE PERSPIRES IN JULY.

It is never too warm to cycle. We make our own breeze.

Jupiter Pluvius is so fond of us that he comes to us every League Day. It rained in 1903, and it rained in 1904. Elaborate preparations had been made at Revere Beach and at Norumbega Park by the Boston committee, but it was not to be. It has been decided by the committee to have our celebration in connection with the old-timers' meeting at Atlantic on Saturday afternoon, July 23d. The gathering will be on the shores of Quincy Bay, six miles from Boston. There will be athletic events of many kinds, baseball, potato race, swimming match, tub races, etc. Prizes will be given. Arrangements have been made for sailing excursions on the bay in gasoline launches and sailboats. Electric cars to one-half mile of the grounds. Capt. A. D. Peck will have charge of the athletic events and will receive entries. Chief Consul Perkins and Secretary Bassett will be on the committee to receive wheelmen. Now come forward and have a good time.

RHODE ISLAND DIVISION.

At the meeting of the Rhode Island Division on League Day, June 29, after calling on several of the officials for addresses, Chairman Sanborn requested Mr. James Ward of Pascoag, who still rides a "bike" at the age of seventy years, and who had made a special effort to attend this meeting of his "brother wheelmen," to speak. He asserted that the League of American Wheelmen has always been active in the agitation of "good roads," that being the one plank in the platform of the organization, and declared that no thought was given to the building of State boulevards until the matter was proposed and strenuously pushed before the members of the General Assembly in the various States by the L. A. W., the result being that

numerous State roads have been and are being constructed by nearly all the States in the Union.

Mr. Ward urged all present to renew their membership in the L. A. W., or else to join the Order, that more work may be accomplished in the way of good roads during the ensuing year. The assemblage loudly applauded Mr. Ward at the conclusion of his pleasing address. Handsome souvenir buttons were presented to the gentlemen, while hatpins adorned with an emblem of a similar design were given to the large delegation of wives and lady friends of the members in attendance.

Following the speechmaking, the members convened in executive session and elected the following corps of officers for Rhode Island Division, to serve during the ensuing year: James G. Peck of East Providence, chief consul; Alonzo H. Sanborn of Pawtucket, vice-consul; N. H. Gibbs of Providence, secretary-treasurer, and E. C. Parkhurst of Providence, F. C. Healy of Providence, J. J. Butler of Providence, R. A. Kendall of Pawtucket, C. B. Fisher of Providence, James Ward of Pascoag and F. T. Sibley of Pawtucket, as representatives.

THE PLAIDIE.

Upon ane stormy Sunday,
Coming adoon the lane,
Were a score of bonny lassies—
And the sweetest, I maintain,
Was Caddie,
That I took unneath my plaidie,
To shield her from the rain.

She said the daisies blushed
For the kiss that I had ta'en;
I wadna hae thought the lassie
Wad sae of a kiss complain;
"Now, laddie!
I winna stay under your pladie,
If I gang hame in the rain!"

But, on ane after Sunday,
When cloud there wasn't ane,
This self-same winsome lassie
(We chanced to meet in the lane)
Said, "Laddie,
Why dinna ye wear your pladdie?
Wha kens but it may rain?"

—Charles Sibley.

The rules and regulations for solving the servant problem which a woman's club of the Western metropolis has promulgated may from their general impracticability be set down as "just Chicago." No. 7 in the code may be taken as a fair sample: "Omit the talk about social superiority, and recognize them as human beings belonging to the same sisterhood." Now that's an utter impossibility for either party to the contract. To the end of time each class—the mistresses on the one side and the maids on the other—will regard itself superior to the other, and will manifest that sense of superiority.

"I am only a fool," said Sancho, "because I cannot be two fools; but if I could be as many times a fool as I have committed follies, I should be innumerable fools rolled into one."

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Charles M. Schwab is still telling his friends his amusing experiences while abroad. One of these relates to an inscription he saw on the placard fastened to the breast of a beggar in Paris. Here is the literal translation:

"Gentlemen and Ladies: Kindly assist a poor man who has lost both his arms, and is compelled to hold out his hands for alms."

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IN AUGUST.

In August days I rarely roam
By inland lake or ocean bay.
A not unwilling stay-at-home,
You'll find me at my desk each day;
And though I seek no sylvan glade,
A sweeter boon is mine than all—
For, ah! I find a welcome shade
'Neath Dolly's silken parasol.

When Dolly deigns to take a walk
I'm near to join her; so you see
We oft enjoy a pleasant talk
Beneath the lace-fringed canopy.
And though the sun, with torrid spite,
Beams down on this terrestrial ball
We're screened against his vengeance quite
'Neath Dolly's silken parasol.

The out-of-townners and their ilk
We envy not. 'Tis pleasant here,
When just a circling span of silk
Doth bring two heads so very near;
And when love's vows we whisper low
We're interrupted not at all—
A fact we found out long ago
'Neath Dolly's silken parasol.

SCRAPS THROWN AT THE DOG DAYS.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with open heart; to study hard; to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is my symphony.—William Henry Channing.

A physician says he thinks bigotry in religion is a feeble affair compared to the bigotry which exists in tastes and foods. He has no patience with the "miserable, narrow, finicky habits and feelings which, if people realized it, hint at degeneration." Again, he says, "In a large number of American families it is positively painful to witness the

expressions of extreme fondness or extreme dislike for this or that article of food. Ridiculous as it may seem, men and women go through life totally unable to enjoy and derive benefit from a variety of wholesome foods. The dislike has been formed in youth and they have never taken pains to enlarge their sense-generosity and learned to eat the given article.

"For instance, it is very common to see persons carefully trim off the fat from meat. They say when questioned, they dislike it and never could eat it. The chances are, especially if neurotic, as they are apt to be, that this is one of the elements of food which they most need."

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Neither can you build a meeting-house out of huckleberries or buy a brownstone front with a nickel. [You will notice how easy it is to write adages; the only difficulty is in getting the world to adopt them.]

There would seem, at first thought, to be nothing romantic about a burial, and yet history records three instances where there is a touch of romance in the interment of famous persons. One of the most romantic burials in history was that of Alaric, the king of the West Goths, who invaded Italy, captured and sacked Rome, August 24, 410. After this success he was preparing to carry his arms into Sicily, when he died suddenly at Cosentia, Italy. His soldiers buried him in the bed of the river Busento, after turning the water into another channel. With him was interred great treasure; and the digging was done by prisoners, who were afterward put to death, that the exact spot might remain unknown. Another Roman conqueror, Attila the Hun, was buried in 453 A. D., in the midst of a plain. His body was inclosed in three coffins—the first of gold, the second of silver, the third and outer of iron. He like Alaric was surrounded by great treasure and buried by prisoners who were afterwards killed. A third secret and romantic burial was that of the Spanish explorer Fernando de Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi River. Shortly after finding the river he died of malarial fever, and to keep his body from falling into the hands of the savages it was placed in a coffin, which at midnight was taken to the middle of the great stream and sunk.

"There are few persons," says a soldier who, long since returned to civic ranks, "who know how the name of buck-board came to be applied to a vehicle. It was way back in the '20s, when the transportation of goods, wares and merchandise was principally all by wagons. Dr. Buck, who for long years after was military storekeeper, was then in charge of stores en route to army posts in the Southwest. In east Tennessee difficulty was experienced by reason of the rough roads, and there were frequent mishaps, mostly from the wagons overturning. Dr. Buck overhauled the outfit, and abandoning the wagon bodies, long boards were set directly on the axles or hung below, and the stores were reloaded in such a manner that there were no further delays from breakdowns, and the stores safely heached their destination. The idea doubtless was not new, but Dr. Buck's example was followed, especially when roads were rough, and soon much hauling was done by the use of the wheel, axle and boards only. Now the fashionable buck-board recalls the old gentleman to some of us."

"There are two verbs that are always confusing," said the man who minds his p's and q's. "They are rent and marry. 'I want to rent a house,' says your friend, the broker, and no one can tell whether he desires to be a landlord or a tenant. The verb applies to either the act of letting some one have property for hire or the act of paying some one hire for property. Marry is no better. 'I just married a charming woman,' says your friend, the preacher, and if he has been a bachelor you do not know whether to congratulate him or inquire the amount of his fee."

The chairman's toast to the Queen at a Scottish agricultural dinner some years ago has been recalled: "Noo, gentlemen," he said, "will ye a fill your glasses, for I am about to bring forrit 'The Queen.' Our Queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderfu' woman, if I may say it; she's ane o' the guid auld sort. Nae whigmaleeries or falderals about her, but a dounce decent lady. She's respectable beyond a doot. She has brocht up a grand family o' well faured lads and lasses, her ouldest son being a credit to ony mither, and they're a' weel married. Ane daughter is nae less than married to the Duke o' Argyll's son and heir. Gentlemen, ye'll maybe no' believe it, but I ance saw the Queen. I did. It was when I took my auld

broon coo to Perth show. I remember her weel—such color, such hair!" (Interruption and cries of "Is it the coo or the Queen ye're proposing?") "The Queen, gentlemen. I beg your pardon, but I was talkin' about the coo. However, as to the Queen. Somebody pointed her oot to me at the Perth station, and there she was, smart and tidylike, and says I to myself, 'Gin my auld woman at hame slips awa' ye needna remain a widow another hour langer.' Noo, gentlemen, the whusky's good, the night is lang, the weather is wet, and the roads are saft and will harm naebody that comes to grief. So aff wi' yer drink to the bottom! 'The Queen!'"

I wonder why I toil away?

My heart replies: "For someone!"

Why may I never rest a day?

Because—because of "someone."

I hear the tramp of many feet,

The din of business in the street;

But over all I hear the sweet—

Sweet little laugh of "someone."

His work is never hard to do

Who thinks all day of "someone;"

He labors well whose heart is true—

And fondly true—to "someone!"

Men strive for wealth; men bravely go

Where danger is for fame; but oh!

The sweetest joy a man may know

Is just to toil for "someone!"

Edward Atkinson, of Boston, the noted economist, was talking about tricksters.

"They who descend to trickery," he said, "have small minds always. That is why they don't succeed. They dupe others now and then, but they dupe themselves just as often.

"That man was, perhaps, a typical trickster who once bought, here in Brookline, twenty-seven loads of flour from the railroad. He had a heavy plank on his wagon, and he kept the plank there during the weighing of each load. Then, when the flour was all weighed and he was setting off for home, he said in great excitement to the friend who was with him:

"Say nothin', Bill; I shayed that feller. I never deducted the plank but once. Keep steady. Say nothin'."

"And Bill indeed had a hard time to convince the foolish old fellow that he had bought from the railroad thirty pounds of plank twenty-six times."

Two children, at the convent, one Protestant, the other Catholic, were talking about Nero, whom they had studied about that day.

They were trying to decide whether he was a good or a bad man. The little Protest-

ant girl said he was good, while the Catholic child said he was bad.

Finally they decided to ask the Sister to settle the matter.

Of course, the Sister told them he was a bad, cruel man.

And then she asked the little Protestant why she thought Nero was a good man.

The little girl replied: "Because in the church at home we sang (Nero) 'Nearer My God to Thee,' and we wouldn't sing that if he wasn't a good man, would we?"

Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill) told the President this story:

"A new railroad was built through my section of the country and a young cow-puncher saw a train for the first time in his life. When the locomotive whistle was blown the cow-puncher was evidently distressed, but he did not want to show the white feather. He rose in his stirrups almost scared to death when the train went by, covering him with dust. The engineer leaned far out of his cab and shouted at the cowboy:

"Git out of the way, you blankety-blank, low-browed, long-haired ornery cow-puncher. I'm going to turn round."

"The cow-puncher struck spurs to his pony and in an instant disappeared over a hill."

A soft answer turneth away wrath. "Sir," wrote an angry subscriber to a journal, "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replied: "I wouldn't make it any longer if you did."

"Tell me the colors of the uniforms of the Russian and Japanese soldiers and I will tell you which will win in battle," said one of our American fatalists. "The most fatal color is red, and the least fatal is Austrian gray. Experiments have proved that colors are fatal in this order: Red, 12; green, 7; brown, 6, and gray or blue, 5."

The principal protective colorings which nature has given to wild animals are tan, gray and brown, except in the Arctic regions, where the polar bear and the snowy owl are white, to say nothing of the ptarmigan, ermine, fox, hare, etc. Naturally enough, most of these turn russet in summer. Animals like the skunk have warning colors. But why should a rattlesnake have a protective coloration? I have seen it so much like the moss-spotted rocks in which it lies as to be almost undiscoverable. Perhaps a sufficient warning is its rattle, for we are told that it never strikes until that danger

signal has been sounded. The armies of the world are wearing khaki in the field, the color of which is only half as fatal as red.

"May I ask," inquired the Melancholy Stranger, "what is your pursuit in life?"

"It depends," replied Subbubs, "upon whether I'm going or coming. It's the 7.08 train in the morning, and the 6.12 at night."

"Have I had a classical education?" asked Premier Balfour at a university dinner in Edinburgh the other night. "I did spend all the years between, let us say, eight and eighteen in being taught classics. . . . But in those ten years I never learned the classics." In that respect Mr. Balfour is not lonely among university graduates. After the speech the university men drank Mr. Balfour's health "with great enthusiasm."

Not content with reproducing cartoons and illustrations of the war in her magazines and newspapers, Japan has commenced to weave them into bath-towels. They are using throughout the Empire towels portraying various phases of the war, some bearing the flags they love, the stirring songs which appeal to hearts the world over; some caricaturing the Russian leaders, or placing anew before the exultant eyes of the people some Russian disaster.

One shows the Russian leaders at a theatre while the first naval engagement is going on outside, a second represents Russian war-ships sinking, a third hardly complimentary likenesses of the Czar's leaders, and so on. There is an enormous demand for these towels, which, of course, can be washed and used over and over again until worn out.

He was showing to his friend all the latest improvements which his new house contained. "I have merely to touch a button," said he, "and I light the entire house. I put my clothes at night upon a chair, touch a button and they go to another room where they get well aired. I touch a button and a bath tub comes into the room well-filled with hot water for my bath. Just see it come in." He touched a button as he spoke and the tub came into the room. Unfortunately his wife was in the tub taking a bath and there were scenes and explanations which we dare not describe.

The word "civil" in the sense of "courteous," was no doubt derived from the idea that the inhabitants of an organized state are

of more polished manners than pagans. The inquiry reminds us of the remark of "Uncle Ish" in the novel entitled "The Voice of the People," the scene of which is laid in Virginia—who, in describing the incidents of the great conflict, says: "Tom 'low hit wuz a civil war, en dat's what it 'wuz. When de Yankees came a-ridin' up, en a-runnin' in dere hosses befo' de front po'ch, en' Mis' Chris come out a-smilin' en' a-axin' howdy, en den dey stan' dar a-bowin' en a-scrapin', hit wuz as civil as ef dey'd come a-co'tin'."

Nursing by clockwork would be a discovery appropriate to Switzerland. A Swiss mechanic claims to have invented something of the kind. He describes it as an automatic baby nurse. The apparatus is attached to a cradle. If the baby cries air waves cause specially arranged wires to operate a phonograph, which sings a lullaby, while simultaneously clockwork is released and rocks the cradle. When the crying ceases the wires cease to vibrate, and the cradle stops rocking.

"He says his wife is largely responsible for his business success."

"Well, she has certainly made it absolutely necessary for him to earn more money."

Instead of complaining because you cannot get away for the summer, arrange to shorten your hours of work as much as possible. Nothing will rest you more than to loaf around home with very little on.

Joaquin Miller, the poet, has a collection of original documents that shed light on many odd phases of early Western life.

Among these documents is a letter that a New England youth wrote in 1860 from Oregon to his father. The letter treats at great length of the scarcity of women in the West, and of the general desire to marry that prevailed among the Westerners of that day. It has for post-script:

"Say, pap, it might be a good idea to get the girls some new teeth and send them out here."

It is said that in Iceland there are no prisons, and the inhabitants are so honest in their habits that such material defenses to property as locks, bolts and bars are not required. History for the last thousand years records no more than two thefts. This is a very pretty story so far as it goes, but have we all of it? Is there anything in Iceland

worth taking? And if there is wouldn't it be frozen before the thief could get it home?

PUZZLES AND PARADOXES.

All the world loves a puzzle. The fastidiousness of mere book-learning, or the overweening importance of politicians and men of business, may be employed to cast contempt, or even odium, on the labor which is spent in the solution of puzzles which produce no useful knowledge when disclosed. That which agreeably amuses both young and old should, if not entitled to regard, be at least exempt from censure. Nor have the greatest wits of this and other countries disdained to show their skill in these trifles. Homer, it is said, died of chagrin at not being able to expound a riddle propounded by a simple fisherman,—“Leaving what's taken, what we took not we bring.” Who knows the answer? We do. Aristotle was amazingly perplexed, and Philetas, the celebrated grammarian and poet of Cos, puzzled himself to death in fruitless endeavors to solve the sophism called by the ancients *The Liar*:—“If you say of yourself, ‘I lie,’ and in so saying tell the truth, you lie. If you say, ‘I lie,’ and in so saying tell a lie, you tell the truth.”

Mrs. Barbauld says, “Finding-out riddles is the same kind of exercise for the mind as running, leaping, and wrestling are for the body. They are of no use in themselves; they are not work, but play; but they prepare the body, and make it alert and active for anything it may be called upon to perform. So does the finding out good riddles give quickness of thought, and facility for turning about a problem every way, and viewing it in every possible light.”

Who has not at some period of his existence been asked the following question: “If a goose weighs 10 pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?” And who has not been tempted to reply on the instant 15 pounds? The correct answer being, of course, 20 pounds. Indeed, it is astonishing what a very simple query will sometimes catch a wise man napping. Even the following have been known to succeed:

“How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth 50 yards long, one yard being cut off every day?”

Or again:

“A snail climbing up a post 20 feet high ascends five feet every day and slips down four feet every night. How long will the snail take to reach the top of the post?”

Or again:

“A wise man having a window one yard high and one yard wide, and requiring more light, enlarged his window to twice its former size, yet the window was still only one yard high and one yard wide. How was this done?”

This is a catch question in geometry, as the preceding were catch questions in arithmetic—the window being diamond-shaped at first and afterward made square. As to the two former, perhaps it is scarcely necessary seriously to point out that the answer to the first is not 50 days but 49; and to the second not 20 days but 16—since the snail gains one foot each day for 15 days, climbs on the sixteenth day to the top of the pole and there remains.

Here is an arithmetic catch which has kept people guessing.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | 1 |
| 3 | 3 | 3 |
| 5 | 5 | 5 |
| 7 | 7 | 7 |
| 9 | 9 | 9 |

Now take any six of the above figures, add them together and make 21. Send us the answer if you can get it. No prizes.

Here is an arithmetical puzzle that we heard in our school days:

Ask somebody to give you any number in three figures between 100 and 999. Write down the number he gives you, and say, carelessly, that you are in the habit of putting down the answer to a sum before putting down the figures. Suppose the number given you to be 246; you find the answer to the sum by subtracting 2 from 246, leaving it 244, and setting down the 2 on the left-hand side, making it 2,244.

Then ask for another number of three figures, as before, and set it down under the first. Say that number is 345. Now write under it, yourself, 654, because that number, added to the 345, will make 999. Then ask for a third number, and say he gives you 732. Write down, yourself, 267 under it, because that number, added to the other, will make 999. Your paper will then show the figures thus:

246
345
654
732
267

2,244

Now remember that you always obtain the answer to the sum by subtracting 2 from the first number that is given to you, and setting down the 2 on the left of that first number. Make each figure that you write down make 9 when added to the one above it. The scheme will work just as well with numbers of five figures.

If you can guess this English one you can do more than any one has yet done and the charade is classic:

I sit stern as a rock when I'm raising the
wind,
But the storm once abated, I'm gentle and
kind.
I have Kings at my feet, who await but my
nod
To kneel down in the dust on the ground I
have trod.
Though seen by the world, I am known but
to few;
The Gentile deserts me, I am pork to the
Jew.
I have never passed but one night in the
dark,
And that was like Noah, alone in the ark.
My weight is three pounds, my length is one
mile,
And when you have guessed me, you'll say
with a smile
That my first and my last are the best of this
isle.

A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York and one daily from New York to San Francisco, the journey lasting seven days. How many trains will a traveler meet in journeying from San Francisco to New York? It appears obvious at the first glance that the traveler must meet seven trains, and this is the answer which will be given by nine people out of ten to whom the question is new. The important fact is overlooked that every day during the journey a fresh train is starting from the other end, while there are seven on the way to begin with. The traveler will, therefore, meet not seven trains, but fourteen.

Two children were discussing their pocket money. "If you were to give me a cent," said Johnny, "I should have just twice as much as you." "That would not be a fair division," said Tommy; "you had better give me a cent and then we should have just alike." The answer is so apparent that we will not print it.

Find a number which is just so much short of 50 as its quadruple is above 50.

Here is a little exercise in punctuation that

a normal school young woman recently brought home to puzzle her father:

It is not and I said but or.

Looks a little confused, doesn't it?

Simple though.

A few quotation marks and two commas will fix it all right. For instance:

"It is not 'and,'" I said, "but 'or.'"

Here is a still simpler catch that may bother you some:

"All o."

Not much in it, perhaps, but enough to make it troublesome.

Too hard?

And yet it's "Nothing after all."

The following is "The Bishop of Oxford's Riddle": 1, I have a trunk; 2, it has two lids; 3, and two caps; 4, two musical instruments; 5, two established measures; 6, a great number of articles we can't do without; 7, I always have about me two good fish; 8, a great number of small shell-fish; 9, two lofty trees; 10, some fine flowers; 11, two playful domestic animals; 12, a great number of small wild animals; 13, a fine stag; 14, a number of whips without handles; 15, some weapons of warfare; 16, a number of weathercocks; 17, an entrance to a hotel; 18, at a political meeting on the verge of a decision; 19, two students; 20, a number of Spanish grandees; 21, a big wooden box; 22, two fine buildings; 23, a product of camphor tree; 24, a piece of English money; 25, an article used by artists; 26, boat used in racing; 27, used in crossing a river; 28, a pair of blades without handles; 29, twelfth letter of the alphabet furnished with bows; 30, instruments used in church music.

Answer: 1, My body; 2, eyelids; 3, knee caps; 4, drums; 5, feet; 6, nails; 7, soles; 8, muscles; 9, palms; 10, two lips; 11, calves; 12, hairs; 13, heart; 14, lashes; 15, arms; 16, veins; 17, instep; 18, eyes and nose; 19, pupils; 20, tendons; 21, chest; 22, temples; 23, gums; 24, crown; 25, palate; 26, skull; 27, bridge (of nose); 28, shoulders; 29, elbows; 30, organs.

How would you write in figures twelve thousand twelve hundred and twelve? Not so easy at first.

That reminds us that there are some sentences that you can speak yet cannot write. Here is one of them: "Two men went to the bridge." Now sit down and write correctly a sentence which we give incorrectly because we can't do otherwise. Referring to the sentence given say: "There are two 'twos' in

that sentence." Find a word to express what you want to say in using the second "two."

Take fourteen matches and make a word of eight letters without bending or breaking a match. The word means "made from lye" and is said to be the only word containing eight letters of which three can be made perfectly with a single straight stroke and four with two straight strokes. Look it up in the dictionary and, if you can do no better, get track of it by going to your Latin to see what "lye" comes from.

"A train standing on an incline is just kept stationary by an engine which is not sufficiently powerful to draw it up the incline. A second engine of the same power as the first is then brought up to assist by pushing the train from behind, and the two engines together take the train up the incline. Suppose the carriages to be linked together by loose chains, so that when the engine in front is acting the chains are stretched and the buffers between the carriages are separated—then when the train is moving under the action of the two engines the buffers must be either together or apart. Which are they? If they are apart the engine behind the train is evidently doing no work. If they are together then the engine in front is doing none. But neither engine alone can move the train. Why then does the train move?"

Here are two riddles the answer to which is the same. Can you give the answer without looking below:

Adam, God made out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first,
So I was made before the man
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body God did make complete,
But without arms or legs or feet,
My ways and acts he did control,
But to my body gave no soul.

A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me my name;
I from his presence then withdrew,
And more of Adam never knew.

For purpose wise, which God did see,
He put a living soul in me;
A soul from me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again.

For when from me the soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made,
And, without hands or feet or soul,
I travel on from pole to pole.

There was a man of Adam's race
Who had a peculiar dwelling place.

'Twas not in Heaven or in Hell,
Or on this earth where people dwell.
It was a place well covered o'er,
Where no man lived since or before.
Now, if you know this man of fame,
Where did he live, and what's his name?

The answer is "the whale that swallowed Jonah."

Well known is the Greek paradox of Achilles and the tortoise. Achilles (the swift-footed) allows the tortoise a hundred yards start, and runs ten yards while the tortoise runs one. Now when Achilles has run a hundred yards the tortoise has run ten yards, and is therefore still that distance ahead. When Achilles has run these ten yards, the tortoise has run one yard. When Achilles has run the one yard, the tortoise has run one one-tenth of a yard. And when Achilles has run the one-tenth of a yard the tortoise has run one-hundredth. It is only necessary to continue the same process of reasoning to prove that Achilles can never overtake the tortoise.

Take nine matches and make three dozen of them. Afterwards make three and a half dozen. The first is easy: XXXVI. The next is a catch, for if you place three matches in one pile and six in another you will have three and a half dozen.

The year 1892 was one of the shortest on record. It began on Friday and ended on Saturday.

When our parents were children the following charade was given them:

I am a house, all snowy white,
Made of the queerest things:
Of wood and grass, and cast-off robes
Of peasants and of kings.
With skins of goats, and bleating lambs
My roof is covered warm,
While under it's a thatch of straw
To shelter me from harm.
No chief e'er dwelt in marble halls
More spotless white than mine,
No king nor prelate ever lived
In palace more divine.
Within my numbered rooms, nothing
Is there of earth or air
Described, or known to mortal man
That is not gathered there.
The greatest builders known to fame
Who rear me fair and high,
Themselves inhabit me in life,
And also, when they die.
A am a nursery of light
And reason to the young,
And to the old a fund of wealth
In every land and tongue.

The answer is "Book." White paper composes the body of the book, and may be made of wood and grass and rags; the binding of leather, over paste-board (straw). The numbered rooms are the pages, in which is gathered everything known to man. Great authors write the book and are written about after they die. The last four lines also seem to fit this solution.

Can you make one word of the following letters? E—D—O—R—N—O—W.

The number 45 may be divided into four parts in such manner that if you add two to the first, subtract two from the second, multiply the third by two and divide the fourth by two the result will be the same in each case. When you have tried arithmetic and algebra in vain try these figures:—8—12—5—20.

The following proposition is both curious in itself, and admits of some interesting variations in the application of the principle on which it depends: "If there are more people in the world than any one person has hairs upon his head, then there must exist at least two persons who possess identically the same number of hairs to a hair."

If the reader fails to perceive at once the necessity of this conclusion let him first consider, as a simpler case, instead of the hairs on a man's head, the number of teeth in his jaw. Let him suppose 34 persons to be assembled in one room; then, the full number of teeth in a man's jaw being 32, it is easily seen that, even supposing one member of the party so unfortunate as to have no teeth at all, there must be at least two persons present possessed of identically the same number of teeth.

The following charade, said to be by Macaulay, has long been considered the best in the English language:

Cut off my head and singular I act,
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;
Cut off my head and tail, and, wondrous fact,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there,
What is my head cut off? A sounding sea;
What is my tail cut off? A flowing river,
In whose translucent depths I fearless play,
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute forever.

Cod.

Now look at a few that have established themselves in popular favor:

My first makes company,
My second shuns company,

My third assembles company,
My whole puzzles company.

Co-nun-drum.

My first I hope you are,
My second I see you are,
My whole I know you are.

Wel-come.

My first bites you,
My second fights you,
My whole frights you.

Bug-bear.

Just a few short charades:

When you stole my first, I lost my second and you are the only person to give me my whole. Hearts-ease.

Take away one letter from me, and I murder; take away two, and I probably shall die if my whole does not save me. Skill.

I frequently stand upon one leg. If you behead me I stand upon two. If you again behead me I stand upon four. Nothing personal. Glass.

Here are some sophisms of Attic origin:

St. Paul says (Titus I, 12, 13): "One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, 'The Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true.'" Now with all due respect to holy writ the witness cannot be true; the Cretians being always liars, the prophet, as a Cretian, must be a liar, and lied when he said they were always liars. Consequently the Cretians are not always liars.

Horns.—What you have not got rid of you still have. You have not got rid of horns; therefore you have horns.

The Veiled Man.—There is a man standing before you with his face and form entirely hidden by a veil. Do you know who this man is? No. Do you know who your own father is? You say you do. But this cannot be so, for the veiled man is your father and you just said you didn't know who he was.

Rain.—One of these two propositions is true: It rains or it doesn't rain. Which do you choose to take. It doesn't rain? Well, then, the other proposition remains and it rains, though the sky is clear.

Here is an ancient charade which hits us where we walk:

What is it men and women both despise,
Yet each and all of them so dearly prize;
Which never was for sale, yet every day
The poorest beggar can the best display;
Which Kings possess not, yet full sure am I
For this great luxury they often sigh;

Which never bride did own, yet woe the day
 When bride without one dared to go away;
 Which oft we give away yet long to keep,
 And oftentimes we toast, but never eat;
 A thing most needful to the growing corn,
 Which weary husbandmen would never
 scorn;

The very thing to take to a sick room,
 And coming silent as Spring's early bloom;
 A little thing oft wet with mother's tears;
 A great, soft, yielding thing that no one
 fears;

A thing so holy that we strive to wear
 Sacredly hidden from the world's rude stare?
 An old shoe.

All the world loves a lover, but Cyril
 Snaggs would not have cared so much about
 the world if sweet Amelia had smiled upon
 him. But Cyril was bashful, and could not
 bring himself to tell his love.

In his predicament he wrote to his friend
 Tim Bobbin, asking him to put in a good
 word for him with the lady if occasion
 served.

In reply he received a postcard.

"Dear Cyril," it ran,—*"In reply to your
 letter, I can only say, in the words of the
 celebrated French poet, 'Pas d'elle yeux
 rogne que nous.'—Your sincere friend,*

"Tim."

Now, although Cyril had a fairly good
 knowledge of French, he could make neither
 head nor tail of this mysterious message, so
 he consulted a friend, who, after a brief ex-
 amination of the card, suggested what
 proved to be the correct reading: "Paddle
 your own canoe!"

THE WEEKLY CLARION.

Of course there's city papers here, but I
 don't git the time

To read a dozen pages every day,
 And them there pesky dailies air so chock-a-
 block with crime

That they jest give me the shivers, anyway.
 I'm pretty busy 'round the place, I can't be
 settin' down,

And leavin' all the chores and things to do,
 But when the "Weekly Clarion" comes,
 that's printed in our town,

I gin'rally contrive to read her through.

Them dailies give yer "furrin' news" and tell
 yer all the woes

And troubles of the folks acrost the sea,
 The "Clarion" tells what's happened to the
 folks a feller knows,

And that's the kind of news that pleases
 me.

"Victory's had a jubilee." Well, what 'of
 that? She hain't

No more to me than is the Pope of Rome;
 But "Luther Wixon gives his barn a bran
 new coat of paint,"

Why, thunderation! now you're gettin'
 home.

And as to Cuba and Japan, I'd never care a
 darn

About the rows and squabbles that they've
 had,

But I know Luther Wixon well, b'gosh! and
 know the barn,

And know it needed paintin' mighty bad.

I like to read "A'nt Polly Hedge is visitin'
 her son,"

And "Judkin's sorrel 'mare is goin' lame,"

Of course I knew it all before, but still it's
 kinder fun

To see it in the paper just the same.

And there's the "Poet's Corner." Well, my
 eldest darter, 'Liz,

Most allers heads the colyum with a verse,
 And though I hain't no judge myself, I'm
 told by them that is,

That better poets than her are pretty
 scurse.

And, p'raps, maybe, I'll set, yer know, a'
 readin' news out loud,

And down acrost the pages chance to
 squint,

And see my name, and though, b'gosh! I
 hain't by no means proud,

'Most any feller likes his name in print.

So, as I say, I seldom read them city papers
 now,

Their editors and me is out of touch,
 For scandals, yes, and murders (those of
 strangers, anyhow),

They hain't the things that interest me
 much.

Maria cuts them journals up for patterns for
 her gown,

The children they make pipe-lights of 'em
 too,

But when the "Weekly Clarion" comes,
 that's printed in our town,

I gin'rally contrive to read her through.

—Joe Lincoln.

"What strides these vulgar tradesmen do
 make. A few years ago a man lived here who
 was an ordinary butcher, and today he is my
 father-in-law!"

Twixt optimist and pessimist the difference
 is droll; the one can see the doughnut and
 the other sees the hole.

At the door of a library recently opened in
 Scotland there is to be found this intimation
 in large black type: "Readers are requested
 not to use bread and jam as a bookmark!"

A man's true wealth is the good he has
 done in the world. When he dies, men will
 ask what property he has left behind him; but
 angels will inquire, "What good deeds hast
 thou sent before thee?"—From the Arabic.

Mrs. McCall—Yon haven't got that pom-
 pous butler any more.

Mrs. Nuritch—No; we discharged him. He
 didn't—er—buttler to suit us.

The ocean's banks are high and dry, the wind is failing too, the waves, which dare to plunge, go broke, no wonder that the sea is blue.

ANSWERS.

Q—What is meant by "proof" of whiskey and what is "high proof?" A—Proof is a term used to indicate the proportions of water and alcohol in the spirits. "Proof" means that it contains 100 parts of water and 100 parts of alcohol, or equal proportions of each. High proof means 200 parts of alcohol or pure alcohol and no water. The proof is ascertained by means of instruments known as alcoholometers, which determine the specific gravity of the mixture. Alcohol being lighter than water the lower the specific gravity of the liquor the more alcohol it contains. The standard of the United States revenue is a liquor half of which, by volume, is alcohol. This is 100 proof. If a whiskey, then, is described as 90 proof it means that it contains 100 measures of water and 90 measures of alcohol. Whiskey of 100 proof contains equal measures of each. Whiskey of 120 proof contains 100 measures of water and 120 measures of alcohol.

Q—What is a free thinker? Does he believe the Bible? Is he an infidel? A—The Century dictionary says a free thinker is "one who is not guided in the formation of his beliefs by obedience to authority, but submits the claims of authority to reason as the ultimate arbiter." This does not mean with relation to religion only, but in any of the affairs of life. You seem to confine it to religious belief. In this narrow sense it means one who declines to believe, simply because he is told to believe, but demands to know the reasons why he should believe, and to accept or reject them as his judgment shall dictate.

In religion, then, a free thinker does not accept the Koran, because he does not believe it was dictated to Mohammed from Heaven; he does not accept any or only portions of the Bible, because to him the proofs of its divine origin are not convincing; and so on.

There are different names given to different phrases of this independent thinking. Thus, term "infidel" is applied by Mohammedans to all who do not believe their religion, because the word "infidel" means "without faith." Christians call those infidels who do not believe the doctrines of the

church, or who do not believe the Bible to be divinely inspired. A deist believes there is a God, but does not believe that we have ever had a revelation from him. An atheist refuses to believe in a personal God. A skeptic is a doubter.

Q—Who is the author of the poem, which our young lady friends hang up in the spare room, and which begins: "Sleep sweetly in this quiet room"? Give author and poem. A—The poem was written by Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates, formerly of Orange, N. J.

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room
Dear friend, who e'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart.
Nor let tomorrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glowing light;
The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep sweetly then, good night!

Q—How comes it that New York State has so many towns with classic names? Can you publish a list of them? A—Just why so many classic names were given to New York towns we cannot tell. There must have been a wave of Graeco-Roman lore when the christening of municipalities took place, with a by-product of Asianism as a seasoning. There are such names as Rome, Troy, Athens, Cairo, Syracuse, Ithaca, Sparta, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Tyre, Memphis, Venice, Florence, Corinth, Parma, Milan, Naples, Hector, Ovid, Delhi, Delphi, Diana, Paris, Pompey, Ilion, Palmyra, Palermo, Marathon, Mycenae, Napoli, Nineveh, Babylon, Romulus, Siloam, Smyrna, Utica, Virgil, Homer, Cicerone, Ceres, etc.

Q—What denominations of St. Louis postage stamps have been issued? A—The commemorative stamps are issued in five denominations, for sale to the public during the term of the exposition, from April 30 to December 1, 1904. The stamps will be as follows: One cent, green, with portrait of Robert R. Livingston, United States Minister to France, who conducted the Louisiana Purchase negotiations; two cent, red, portrait of Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States at the time of the purchase; three cent, purple, portrait of James Munroe, special ambassador to France, who, with Livingston, closed the negotiations for the purchase; five cent, blue, portrait of William McKinley, who as President approved the

Act of Congress officially connecting the United States Government with the exposition, and ten cent, brown, bearing a United States map, showing the territory of the purchase. There will be no commemoration issue of stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers, postal cards, special delivery or postage due stamps.

Q—Is it true that oil poured on the sea will keep down the waves and make the waters still? A—No. Oil will not make the sea calm. Danger from waves comes when they rise to a great height; but they are not dangerous unless they break at the top. On the day after a storm, when the wind has fallen, a tremendous swell will often be seen, the waves rising to a considerable height. No danger need be apprehended from waves of this kind, however unpleasant they may be to the non-seafaring passengers. It is when the winds howl and the white sea horse are seen raising their snowy crests that the sailor knows danger to be at hand. Should any one of these waves crash on to the deck of his ship the results would be terrible. Now, oil cast on the waves does not cause them to go down, and a calm spot to be created among the turmoil. It merely, in certain cases, prevents the waves breaking—in other words, it turns a raging sea into a heavy swell.

Q—By whom was the Shipka Pass defended and by whom captured in the Turko-Russian war? A—At the beginning of the Turko-Russian war in 1877, Shipka Pass was in the possession of the Turks. The Russian General Gourko in July crossed the Balkans by a secret pass, and attacked the Turks in Shipka Pass from the south, while another Russian force attacked from the north. The Turks gave up the pass July 19. After the Russian repulse at Plevna, General Gourko returned to Shipka Pass. Here, on the 20th of August, the Russians were attacked again and again by the Turks. Desperate fighting continued for a week, the Turks being repulsed in every attack, losing in the week 8,000 men. The Russians held the pass until the end of the war.

Q—What is the so-called "University Extension?" A—The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching was founded at Philadelphia in June, 1890, and was incorporated in March, 1892. The aim of university extension is: First, to extend higher education to all classes of people; second, to extend education through the

whole adult life; third, to extend thorough methods of study to subjects of everyday interest. The work of the society is carried on through lecture courses in a large number of centres in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Connecticut and other States. The subjects treated are history, literature, music and art, ethics and philosophy, economics, political economy and sociology and science. The most important work, outside of that of the general society in Philadelphia, is carried on under the auspices of the University of Chicago, the Regents of the University of the State of New York, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, the University of Wisconsin and in California. The various university extension societies all publish syllabi in connection with their courses. These contain suggestive outlines of lectures, lists of books and other matter of interest, and are of value for guiding home reading and study. Sample syllabi and circulars descriptive of university extension can be obtained by addressing Charles D. Atkins, secretary, No. 111 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.

Q—When and under what circumstances did Sydney Smith use the expression: "Who reads an American Book?" A—This was a query propounded by Smith in a notice of Seybert's "Statistical Annals of the United States," published in *The Edinburgh Review*, January, 1820, and included in his collected essays. Smith attacked our early literature, arts, and sciences, saying, in part, toward the close of his review:

"In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plate? or wears American coats or gowns, etc.?"

"Who reads an American book?" has long been a famous phrase. Its author, however, was speaking of conditions in 1820, when we had had but one poet worthy of the name, Philip Freneau, and but one novelist whose work possessed undeniable power, Charles Brockden Brown. Cooper's novels were still unpublished, "Precaution" not appearing until later in 1820.

Q—Is Port Arthur stronger than Sevastopol was at the beginning of the Crimean war? How long did Sevastopol hold out? A—Port Arthur is naturally stronger and is better for-

tified than was Sevastopol in 1854, but is weaker in that no line of retreat for the garrison is open. Sevastopol was invested by the French and English after the battle of Alma, Sept. 20, 1854. The first attack on the fortifications was made Oct. 17, 1854, and the final assault was made Sept. 8, 1855. The Russians sank or burned their fleet the night of the 8th, and abandoned the southern forts. The allies occupied the forts Sept. 9, and before restoring the town to the Russians in 1856 destroyed all the works. The Russians at once rebuilt them.

Q—What has been the popular vote for President in the last twenty years? A—

1900.

| | |
|------------------------|-----------|
| McKinley, Rep. | 7,207,923 |
| Bryan, Dem. | 6,358,133 |
| Woolley, Pro. | 208,914 |
| Barker, M. P. | 50,373 |
| Debs, Soc. D. | 87,814 |
| Malloney, Soc. L. | 39,739 |
| Leonard, U. C. | 1,059 |
| Ellis, U. R. | 5,698 |

1896.

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| McKinley, Rep. | 7,104,779 |
| Bryan, Dem and Peop. | 6,502,925 |
| Levering, Pro. | 132,007 |
| Palmer, N. Dem. | 133,148 |
| Matchett, Soc. L. | 36,274 |
| Bentley, Nat. | 13,969 |

1892.

| | |
|----------------------|-----------|
| Cleveland, Dem. | 5,556,918 |
| Harrison, Rep. | 5,176,108 |
| Weaver, Peop. | 1,041,028 |
| Bidwell, Pro. | 21,164 |

1888.

| | |
|------------------------|-----------|
| Cleveland, Dem. | 5,538,233 |
| Harrison, Rep. | 5,440,216 |
| Fisk, Pro. | 249,907 |
| Streeter, U. L. | 148,105 |
| Cowdry, United L. | 2,808 |
| Curtis, Amer. | 1,591 |

1884

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| Cleveland, Dem. | 4,911,017 |
| Blaine, Rep. | 4,848,334 |
| St. John, Pro. | 151,809 |
| Ben. F. Butler, Peop. | 133,825 |

1880

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| Garfield, Rep. | 4,449,053 |
| Hancock, Dem. | 4,442,035 |
| Weaver, Greenback. | 307,306 |
| Dow, Pro. | 10,305 |
| Phelps, Amer. | 707 |

Q—What is meant by the yellow peril? A—The danger that would come with the union of the yellow races (Chinese, Japanese,

Burmese, Siamese, Koreans, etc.) of Asia against the white races. China, with its 400,000,000 people, for a long time held the primacy of the yellow races. In recent years Japan has been striving for the leadership of the same races. Germany and other European nations, on the theory that it is the purpose of Japan to reorganize the yellow races under Japanese direction, see in the domination of China by Japan a "yellow peril" to European civilization and influence in Asia.

W. M. S. writes: Referring to your table of the longest words in the English language I hand you something I found in my own scrap book. A teacher in a Philadelphia school told her class one afternoon that she expected each of them to bring in the longest word in the English language on the following morning. The next day thirty-eight out of forty pupils turned in words which ran from fourteen to twenty-one letters in length. Fifteen submitted the word "disproportionableness," containing twenty-one letters. Some gave in the names of Russian officers. After the teacher had congratulated the fifteen who gave in the word "disproportionableness," she told them that there was still a longer one which was supposed to have been coined by William E. Gladstone, and contained twenty-four letters. It was "disestablishmentarianism." I note that you publish a word of twenty-seven letters made by the use of the prefix "anti." Now I want to go you one better by offering antidisestablishmentarianism, a word of twenty-eight letters. Next!

Q—Was Whittier ever mobbed at Concord? I find this in a sketch of his life: "His eye is as black and burns with as keen a fire as when it flashed over the Concord mob." A—The Concord mob incident occurred in August, 1835. It was in the early days of the anti-slavery excitement. The Abolitionists were few in number, and were subjected to general odium and abuse. George Thompson, an English orator, had come over to this country to urge the question of slavery abolition upon popular attention. Mr. Whittier accompanied him to Concord, N. H. (not Concord, Mass.) to meet some friends and make arrangements, if possible, for an anti-slavery meeting. The people of the town had heard that an Abolitionist was going to speak, and a mob of several hundred had gathered in the streets to break up the assembly. Mr. Whittier, knowing nothing of the excitement, started down the street with

a friend. The mob surrounded them, thinking Mr. Whittier was Thompson, but though his friend explained the matter, both gentlemen were assailed by a shower of sticks and stones. Mr. Whittier and his friend were both hurt, and took refuge for safety in the house of a Mr. Kent, who, though not an Abolitionist, was an honorable man, and barred his door, telling the rioters that they could not touch Mr. Whittier except by passing over his dead body. Some time later, Mr. Whittier learned that the house in which Thompson was had been assailed by the mob. Borrowing a hat he sallied out, and finally succeeded in reaching the English orator. The noise and rioting increased, and a cannon was brought to bombard the house, and those within were in much alarm. "We did not fear death," said Mr. Whittier, in telling the story, "but we did fear gross personal violence." Finally the rioters began slowly to disperse. It was a bright moonlight night, and soon after midnight, when the town had become comparatively quiet, a buggy was procured and Messrs. Whittier and Thompson drove rapidly away. Curiously enough, on that very evening when Whittier was attacked at Concord, at his home in Haverhill, Mass., the Rev. Samuel May, who had gone to that town to make an anti-slavery speech by invitation of Mr. Whittier himself, was assailed by a furious band of rioters, and even more roughly treated than his friend had been at Concord.

Q—At what place is Gen. Wm. Nelson of civil war fame buried? He was assassinated at Galt House, Louisville, Ky., in 1863, by Jeff Davis? A—History tells us that Nelson came to his death in a private quarrel with General Jefferson C. Davis, not President Jefferson Davis. We can't say where he is buried.

THE NEW THEME.

Let others sing the wornout thoughts of old,
That o'er and o'er for centuries have been
told,
And made a trade to grind them out for
gold,

While 'neath the ban
Of gross injustice, tyranny and wrong,
The People, who have borne and suffered
long,
Wait for some tongue to sing in burning
song

The rights of man.

Let others pule of Art; and on their knees,
Before old songs and dust of dead decrees,
Search round for trash to foist on times like
these,

When man has won
A height above those ages far and dim,
Where he can see o'er the horizon's rim
The golden light, proclaiming unto him
The coming sun.

But these are not my theme. There hangs
for me
A harp within the future. Breezes free
Blow, and there comes a wild, sweet melody
Adown the wind.
The promise of that Future I will sing,
That it from present want and suffering
May rise with balm and healing on its wing
For all mankind.

I see no good in singing what will not
Do good to men. Beauty and Truth are
brought
From the same source: The impulse of our
thought
To rise, not fall.
The souls of men reach upward to the light,
And far voices calling through the night,
Up to the Beautiful, the True, the Right,
The Good, and All.

I sing the Coming Race, the Time To Be,
When earth is happy and when men are free,
When Liberty born of Fraternity—
That later birth
Of freedom—among men its lot shall cast,
And shine above the wrecks that strew the
past;
And Universal Brotherhood at last
Shall bless the earth.

"Mary," said the invalid to his wife, when
the doctor pronounced it a case of scarlet
fever, "if any of my creditors call, tell them
that I am at last in a condition to give them
something."

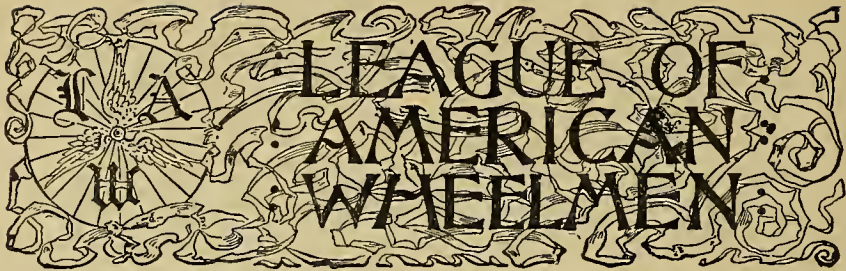
"One of the carpenters who is working on
my new house drove 123 nails in one minute
yesterday afternoon." "Hush! don't let the
police hear about it. They'll arrest him for
fast driving."

A woman as proud as old Lucifer
Grew tired of her husband's abucifer;
So she called the police,
Who compelled him to cice
By crying, "You villain, let lucifer!"

Then, no longer prouder than Lucifer,
Forgetting her husband's abucifer,
She promptly forgave him,
Swore falsely to save him—
Thus woman lets love make a gucifer.

Still the officers, seeing the rucifer,
Refused to take any excucifer.
But she made things so hot
That they fled from the spot—
As a witness they ne'er could make ucifer.

Then, once more as proud as old Lucifer,
She thrashed hubby well for abucifer.
And the louder he wailed,
Why the harder she whailed,
Till at length he abjectly begged trucifer.



OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

The objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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No officer of the League (except the Secretary-Treasurer), nor any member of a committee is required to answer any communication, unless return postage accompanies it.

DUES:—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership, \$10. Life members must pay additional for official organ if they desire it. All dues payable in New York, Philadelphia or Boston funds. Money orders preferred. Personal checks outside the foregoing cities are subject to a collection fee of 10 cents, which must be added to amount in all cases.

APPLICATION BLANK:—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send same with one dollar to Abbot Bassett, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

RENEWAL BLANK:—To renew membership, in case member has no renewal blank, write number, date of expiration, name and full address, and send with enclosure of one dollar to Abbot Bassett, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

LEAGUE CLUBS:—A League Club becomes such when its entire membership belongs to the L. A. W. We issue a ticket of membership to such club. There is no fee. A League Club, by becoming such, attests its loyalty to the cause which the L. A. W. stands for.

Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

VETERAN:—A member becomes a Veteran when he has been a member ten consecutive years. When he enters upon his tenth year his ticket will be marked "Veteran" and he will be entitled to wear the Veteran Bar. He must hold a ticket bearing number less than 2210.

PIONEER:—A Pioneer is one who belongs to the "Pioneers." To be eligible to membership he must have joined the L. A. W. during the decade of 1880-89. He pays dues of 50 cents each two years. A Pioneer must hold a number less than 951.

SUPPLIES:—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar: Price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents. Road Maps, State and City Maps, etc. Send for list.

SIDE PATH TAGS:—The right to ride on the side paths of New York State is acquired by the purchase of a tag. This will allow the holder to ride on any path in the State. Tags may be purchased of Secretary-Treasurer Bassett. 50 cents for tag, 5 cents extra for postage and packing (coin or stamps). To League members only. League members who intend touring in New York State should procure one of these tags.

AT THE SHORE.

For the last twenty-five seasons I have done most of my summering at Onset.

Now Onset is a shore resort in Massachusetts. It is at the farther end of a small landlocked bay bearing the same name, that makes in from the head of Buzzard's Bay, on a wooded peninsula which is almost an island. It is set fairly high from the water, and the sinuities of the shore line give to its bluff an extensive shore line. Between it and the larger bay are points of land, a sandspruit or so, and several wooded islands. And woods line the shores of the little bay as well. Here one can sit and drink in the beautiful view, and the salt breezes mingling with the scent of the oaks and pines, a delightful combination. Or one may take to the water, here less briny than the open ocean and mild of temperature, and swim, fish, row, or sail. Or holding to terra firma, old Wareham, Marion,

Mattapoisett and New Bedford back of you, and the Cape with its thickly scattered summering spots along its spreading shores ahead of you, one may drive, automobile and wheel.

Yes, one may wheel here; and far at that and in comfort. I began wheeling in 1887 on a tricycle. I graduated to the safety in 1888; and in that year I began taking, and yearly ever since, I have taken my bicycle with me to Onset. Sometimes I wheel down there from Providence, or back—I always do so at least twice a year, if for a day only. Sometimes I send it by train—this when I start my summering, because of the baggage and sundry impedimenta. And I find it a most useful servant when I am there. It gets me over short distances quickly. And now and then I make a long journey with it, as in days of yore. But this going thither and returning hither with it these past eighteen years has brought me an experience of what an organization can do and a knowledge of what the League of American Wheelmen has done, that all the reiterations of cold type could not and cannot give or effect.

Of this I shall speak at length in my next article.

GEO. L. COOKE,
President.

ESSTEE HOT AT IT.

Down where the sea forever rolls,
Or on the mountain crest,
Or where the breezes sweep the lake,
Man now is finding rest.
A vigor new is in the step,
And hearts in rapture leap,
For there is gladness all the day,
And with the night comes sleep.

Rain put a damper on the wheelman's Field Day in Massachusetts, but it didn't blot it out for there are other days.

Fire nearly burned us out on July 30. The big fire in Boston was very near to our building and we had a deluge of burning embers which called for the liberal use of the hose. Several awnings perished.

Fire cannot burn nor water quench us.

Automobilists of the L. A. W.!! Get together. There are battles to be fought. Organize. Our scheme, which has been talked over and almost perfected by officers and interested members, looks to the formation of an automobile section of the L. A. W. Every member of the L. A. W. who owns an automobile and every member who is interested in the new vehicle, whether he owns one or not, should join it. A special ticket will be issued to all such. The members will elect officers, appoint committees, etc. The dues

will be 50 cents and all of this or very nearly all of it will be appropriated to the uses of the section. The League has a complete establishment of officers, etc., and there will be no expenses in that direction. The automobilists need numbers, votes, influence. We can give them very much of all these. This in brief is our plan. We think we can build up an automobile section as large as any independent organization now in the field. We shall antagonize no one. We offer a new force of workers. What do you think of it? If you will give us your ideas, and your half dollar we will be helped in starting what we hope to make an effective organization. The League wants none of the money for its own purposes and all that comes in will be appropriated to work in the interest of the new section.

Thirteen cyclers of Boston went on a Sunday run lately and while they were at dinner they began to talk over their riding records. One of them, Quincy Kilby, has ridden in every one of the three hundred and odd cities and towns of Massachusetts; another, W. J. Smith, has ridden in nearly all the towns and cities; the average period of riding for the thirteen wheelmen was found to be twenty-one and a half years. Can this record be beaten?

The derivation of the term "coasting" as applied to riding on a bicycle with the feet off the pedals or without working them has often been sought for by wheelmen, although it has been in use for years in sledging. An English writer offers an ingenious and a poetic explanation. He says that the term is applied to birds who, when approaching a shore from over a sea, drop their wings and practically slide down through the air at an accelerated speed with their wings at rest. He says that this fact is well known to naturalists and that the expression has for a long time been applied to such flights. This is a pretty thing for coasting cyclists, but it hardly suits the etymological facts, which indicate a very honest descent of the term and its application from the Old French.

A change in automobile nomenclature to eliminate the French words was proclaimed at the summit of Mt. Washington during the Climb to the Clouds. The proposed change substitutes motor house for garage, engineer for chauffeur, motor car for automobile and motorist for automobilist. Well, now we are going ahead.

The bicycle in many ways bears a resemblance to the human race.

In the first place, riding the wheel is like any other effort that must be made to succeed in life. The rider must work his passage. He cannot get ahead without push, and a good deal of it. The moment he relaxes his efforts he comes to a standstill.

To succeed in business, in politics or in a social way, requires elbow grease. In the case of the bicycle the lubricant must be applied to the bearings. The oil or vaseline or mineroline you administer to these bearings is only another variety of elbow grease. You cannot get along in any form of activity without elbow grease; without some kind of lubricant your wheel will not run smoothly, if at all.

It is dreadfully easy to go down hill, either on a bicycle or metaphorically. To prevent a rapid descent the brakes must be applied. In the ordinary affairs of life these are temperance, self-restraint and an active conscience.

Much depends upon steering. On the bicycle the handle-bars must be under full control; in the various affairs of life you must always keep your moral rudder true.

When starting out to ride your wheel be sure that you have your kit of tools with you. There is no knowing how soon you may need them. So in regard to any undertaking upon which you may embark, always carry with you your kit of moral tools. You cannot be safe without them.

As the rider is never free from the danger of a punctured tire, so in life there is no telling when some hidden evil may not check one's progress or stop it altogether.

Eternal vigilance is essential to the wheelman and to the man who is in pursuit of any calling or who has any great end in view. Keep your face to the front with your eyes wide open. There are scorches in life's highway as well as upon the bicycle path, and in either they are always a source of danger. They will upset you if you do not take heed and leave you sprawling as they shoot ahead oblivious to your fate, or rejoicing over your discomfort.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Massachusetts Division will be held at 15 Court Square on Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 5 P. M.

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In his recent paper at the Royal Society Dr. Alcock stated that the rate of travel of impulses in the human nerves is about 216.5 feet per second. Sir Michael Foster, in his text book of physiology (1888) gives it as exactly one-half this, or 108 feet per second. W. R. Gowers suggests that this wide discrepancy may be due to the fact that during recent years the nervous speed has been greatly accelerated.

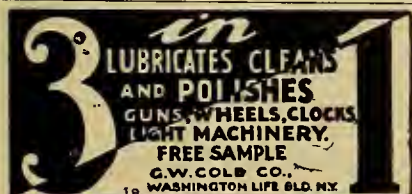
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SCRAPS OF AUTUMN.

The breath of autumn comes in at the window. It is September, the barley month of the Saxons, the harvest-home month of the English, the fruit month of the French, the oyster month of our fathers. No month of all the year seems to smile upon us so gently, so lovingly, and yet with such pathos, for it is the harbinger of the changing seasons and stands at the threshold of winter. With ineffable tenderness it seems to say: "Enjoy this brightness and beauty while you may, for the melancholy days and the fall of the leaves and the death of the year come on apace."

Bourke Cochran recently told a meeting of the women's federation of clubs "that between polygamy and divorce the difference is all in favor of the former." "Polygamy," he continued, "comprehends a group of wives at one time, while divorce simply means driving them tandem."

Count Tolstoi is the son of a Russian nobleman who was a great gambler and in his youth Tolstoi himself played for heavy stakes—in fact, his book, "The Cossacks," was finished in order to pay off a gambling debt. He fought at Sebastopol; but now he does not believe in warfare. Count Tolstoi, though he lives in a palace, and though his wife owns large estates which he has handed over to her, adopts the habits and costume of a peasant; he makes his fires, digs his potatoes, cooks his food, and makes his own boots. The last accomplishment must be useful, for sometimes he has been known to take off his boots and give them to a tramp. The vagaries of a genius are past finding out.

It has been wisely and wittily said that at two periods at least in the year everybody feels tired and craves rest—namely, just before a summer vacation and just after a summer vacation. Housewives, business men, teachers, ministers, professors complain alike of early September fatigue. Work is irksome, interest flags, a general indisposition to exer-

tion pervades the system. Indeed, the same curious symptom has often been diagnosed in that inferior member of the common animal creation, the horse, after having been turned loose for a month or so in the pasture to recover flesh and spirit from over-strain. Put into harness once again, his owner feels the brute will prove a handful to hold. Not a bit of it. He is fat and lazy and without ambition, not a tithe, indeed, as speedy and enduring as when all played out just before being turned loose to grass. Vacations, then, are clearly bad for tired men, women and horses, since they only serve to bring them round more tired. Like the veteran cab horse in Pickwick, the one and only way to keep them in condition to stand up would seem to be never to take them out of the shafts that prop their bodies up on either side and prevent their tumbling over.

"What evidence have we," asked the teacher in the night-school, "that people live longer nowadays than they used to live?"

The young man scratched his ear and reflected.

"Well," he said, "the people that used to live are all dead, ain't they?"

Teacher: "The sentence, 'My father had money,' is in the past tense. Now, Mary, what tense would you be speaking in if you said, 'My father has money?'"

Little Mary: "Oh, that would be pretense."

In September comes Michaelmas or St. Michael's Day. It is on the 29th of the month. Why Michael, the Mars of heaven, according to Milton, and the conqueror of satan, should have received canonization in the Christian calendar, or why he should be the patron of a great feast day, is difficult to say, but there is no question that as a saint he has been honored by the church for full fourteen centuries. In England and Ireland it is a great feast day and poor enough is the family which cannot boast of a Michaelmas goose. Readers of Macaulay's biography will remember how gleefully he provided the Michaelmas goose and an abundance of other good things for his nephew and nieces on this day. In Ireland and in many Irish families among us they make a Michaelmas cake, in which a gold ring is put. The cake is cut and divided among the unmarried people at table, and the person who gets the piece containing the ring is sure to be married before next Michaelmas day. One of

the popular sayings among the English country people is: "If you eat goose on Michaelmas day you will never want money all the year round," a very comfortable and easy way of securing a competency.

Another old saying is common in Ireland that "on Michaelmas day the devil puts his foot on the blackberries."

A Waste of Time—"I see the Russians have decided to win by tiring the Japs out."

"Yes, I once knew a man who thought he'd do that with a bulldog that had secured a grip on his leg. But he finally decided that it would only be wasting time."—Chicago Record Herald.

There is a Baptist church in Santa Rosa, Cal., holding two hundred persons, which is built entirely of timber sawed out of a single redwood tree. Timbers, weather boarding and inner lining are all of wood, there being no plaster, bricks or mortar about it. The roofing, too, is made of shingles sawed from the same tree, and after it was all finished there were sixty thousand shingles left. A sister tree to the above furnished employment for two years to two hardworking men, who reduced it to shingles.

A young lady on a yachting trip gave a bit of praise to the chef that is quite good enough to be framed. "Why," said she, "his lobster salad was so delicious that, when I was seasick, it tasted good coming up."

I'm not agin' a boy's whistle. If he didn't whistle he'd want to drum, and if he didn't drum he'd turn to a bugle. There's sunthin' soft and soothin' about a boy's whistle, and when he puckers his mouth and blows with all his might he can do fairly well agin' a bag-pipe, but I like to hear it best a mile away. A man who is tryin' to figger out the value of 77 calves at \$3.13 apiece shouldn't begrudge a boy a whistle or two, but don't keep it up on him all the afternoon.—Uncle Enoch.

Confidential Friend (to elderly but not unattractive spinster): "So, dear, you've given up advocating women's rights?"

"Yes; I am now going in for one of women's lefts."

Confidential Friend: "Women's lefts! What's that?"

Elderly Spinster: "Widower, my dear."

EPIGRAMS.

In these days when the limerick and the phonetic verse are popular, it may be worth our while for a brief space of time to recall some of the very bright and witty bits of verse that entertained our foregoers way back into classic times.

The epigram may be an elegy, a lampoon, a satire, or a love poem in miniature; an embodiment of the wisdom of ages, or a bon mot set off with a couple of rhymes.

The epigram has an important place in the anthologies of every classic language. The flower of the epigram came late into the garden of English literature and there remains much to be done in the way of cultivation before it will be brought to full bloom.

We propose to dig up a few good epigrams that we may wear a smile for a brief period.

First of all let the epigram define itself. Here are a few specimens:

An epigram should be if right,
Short, simple, pointed, keen and bright,—
A lively little thing!

Like wasp with taper body, bound
By lines—not many—neat and round;
All ending in a sting.

What is an epigram? A dwarfish whole;
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

The qualities all in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be felt in the tail.

Here is one uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter, Arabella, importuned him for money:

Dear Bell, to gain money, sure silence is best,
For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest.

Tom Moore is the author of the following, which has been credited to a dozen others:

They say thine eyes, like sunny skies,
The chief attraction form;
I see no sunshine in those eyes,
They take me all by storm.

A certain Lord E—, who was not so good as he ought to have been, and who had a charming wife, remarked one day at a dinner that a wife was "only a tin canister tied to one's tail." A famous "wit" was present and he heard his lordship's remark. Hastily scribbling something on a scrap of paper, he handed it to the mortified Lady E—. This is what she read:

Lord E—, at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife a "tin canister" tied to one's tail;

And poor Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.

But wherefore degrading? Considered aright,
A canister's polished, and useful and bright;
And should any dirt its white purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

Here is a classic specimen from Martial that has a wealth of meaning in two lines:

Himself he slew, when he the foe would fly—
What madness this, for fear of death to die!

The following is an Oxford effusion on Dr. Evans, who cut down a row of trees at one of the colleges:

Indulgent nature on each kind bestows,
A secret iusticiu to discern its foes;
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox;
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from rocks;
Evans, the gallows in his fate foresees,
And bears a like antipathy to trees.

What is eternity? Let an epigram tell:

Reason does but one quaint solution lend
To nature's deepest yet divinest riddle;
Time is a beginning and an end,
Eternity is nothing but a middle.

Here is one written in classic days. It might have had an apt meaning in Boston a few years ago:

Stop that Bacchante! See, though formed
of stone,
She's gained the threshold! Stop her, or
she's gone.
At present in New York.

Than Pope, whose name is identified with the epigrammatical spirit in our literature none has proved himself more to the manner born. His epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton is one of his best:

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, Let Newton be,—and all was light.

To a blockhead—By Pope:

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

On Butler's monument—By S. Wesley:

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

A very fine epigram addressed to a statue to Sleep:

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's
 prayer,
 And, though death's image, to my couch re-
 pair;
 How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to
 lie,
 And, without dying, oh, how sweet to die!—

Vanity Fair gives the following amusing
 paradox:

"Old dog Tray's ever faithful," they say,
 But the dog who is faithful can never be-
 Tray.

An epigrammatist in the Independent, con-
 denses the art of sermonizing into these few
 lines:

Prayer and brains,
 Time and pains,
 Will make a telling sermon.
 Attack like Phil,
 Hold on like Grant,
 And thunder through like Sherman.

Here is one of the best of Tom Hood's:

A mechanic his labor will often discard,
 If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
 But a clock—and its case is uncommonly
 hard—
 Will continue to work though it strikes.

Thomas Moore, all sweetness and light, to
 a young lady:

Die when you will, you need not wear
 At Heaven's court a form more fair
 Than beauty here on earth has given;
 Keep but the lovely looks we see,—
 The voice we hear,—and you will be
 An angel ready-made for heaven!—

Campbell, the poet, was asked by a lady
 to write something original in her album.
 He wrote:

An original something, dear maid, you
 would win me
 To write; but how shall I begin?
 For I am sure I have nothing original in
 me,
 Excepting original sin.

It was surely a bachelor who wrote this
 about Adam:

He laid him down and slept, and from his
 side
 A woman in her magic beauty rose;
 Dazzled and charmed he called the woman
 bride,
 And his first sleep became his last repose.

To our bed—By Benserade:

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
 And born in bed, in bed we die;
 The near approach the bed may show
 Of human bliss to human woe.

On a handsome youth struck blind by
 lightning—By Goldsmith:

Sure 'twas by Providence designed,
 Rather in pity, than in hate,
 That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
 To save him from Narcissus' fate.

On elegant wit:

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
 So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
 Their want of edge from their offence is
 seen,
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

In 1817, when straw bonnets first came into
 general use, it was common to trim them
 with artificial wheat or barley, in ears;
 whence the following:—

Who now of threatening famine dare com-
 plain,
 When every female forehead teems with
 grain?
 See how the wheat-sheaves nod amid the
 plumes:
 Our barns are now transferred to drawing-
 rooms,
 And husbands who indulge in active lives,
 To fill their granaries, may thresh their
 wives!

Among the gifts of a new married pair was
 a broom, sent to the lady, accompanied with
 the following sentiment:

This trifling gift accept from me
 Its use I would commend;
 In sunshine use the brushy part,
 In storms the other end.

The following will have many to testify to
 its truth, poor fellows:

'Tis an excellent world that we live in,
 To lend, to spend, or to give in;
 But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,
 'Tis just the worst world that ever was
 known.

One day, Moore, who had stolen a lock of
 hair from a lady's head, on being ordered by
 her to make restitution, caught up a pen and
 dashed off the following lines:

On one sole condition, love; I might be led
 With this beautiful ringlet to part,
 I would gladly relinquish the lock of your
 head
 Could I gain but the key of your heart.

A gentleman wrote as follows to a female
 relative:

How comes it, this delightful weather,
 That U and I can't dine together?

To which she replied:

My worthy coz, it cannot B,
 U cannot come till after T.

Let those who sometimes fret themselves
 because other people have no such troubles
 as theirs, remember that

Great fleas have lesser fleas,
And these have less to bite 'em;
These fleas have lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum.

It was Coleridge who had his fling at the singers:

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

The following epigram was penned on an unrecognized poetess who had unmistakably red hair:

Unfortunate woman! how sad is your lot!
Your ringlets are red, and your poems are not.

But the makers of the epigram are not all of a past age. Here are some by Nixon Waterman:

No door can shut so close and true
But love and death can still steal through.
If you love me and I love you
Then Heaven lies all around us two.

The lily's lips are pure and white without a touch of fire;
The rose's heart is warm and red and sweetened with desire.
In earth's broad fields of deathless bloom the gladdest lives are those
Whose thoughts are as the lily and whose love is like the rose.

A woman, who ordered a "gown" at her dressmaker's a short time ago, does not do so now. The garment is not known by that name. Dressmakers who cater to fashionable folk are as careful of their phrases as a professor, and every few years the style in expression changes. For instance, she would not think of calling her place of business a "shop" or a "store." To her it is a "salon." Nor does she sell "gowns" or "frocks." "Dresses" or "costumes" are the latest terms. "Costume for ceremony" is the queer sounding phrase that means a specially ornate affair. The modern dressmaker never uses the word "coat." It is called "jacket." Nor does she deal in waists. "Bodice" is the proper term. She refers to the "models" on sale.

Hodges: "Maria, this paper said the Russians retired in confusion."

Mrs. H.: "Does it say how they slept?"

A brand new type of spelling bee is the latest thing at the clubs, and it is a favorite game when a party of men are sitting around a big table. One person takes any letter,

say "d" the person next to him thinks of some word commencing with "d" and announces aloud the second letter of the word—we'll say "r." The third person takes it up there and thinks of another word beginning with "dr." He might say "e." The next might say "a."

The next person is in a hole, for unless he gives as the next letter one which will make a part of a word he is "stuck," and if the letter he gives is the last letter of any word he is also "stuck." He might say "n," but if he did the next man would challenge him to announce the word he had in mind. If he said "m," the next man would claim a word spelled.

Another instance: No 1 takes "d," 2 takes "r," 3 takes "o," 4 takes "u," 5 takes "g," 6 takes "h" and 7 is forced to take "t" and loses. If No. 7 could have thought of any word except drought he might have "stuck" some one beyond him. The new game is creating quite a furor, and is a favorite after-dinner pastime and causes much hard thinking and fun, but it shows up the poor spellers terribly.

"Talking of the angelic creature you danced with at Brown's ball," said Wagley, "supposing, now, you were to meet a real angel, how would you address her?"

"Don't you know? Well, I should ask her what on earth she was doing."

THE FUNNY WORLD.

The tadpoles all sat in the river and said:
"How lucky we are to be all tail and head!
Just think how we'd feel if we were as absurd

As a goggle-eyed fish or a feathery bird—
Or worse still!" they cried,

"We would wish we had died,
If, instead of being such nice pollywogs,
Mother Nature had made us all into green frogs!"

The dignified frogs sat on green lily pads
And said: "How absurd to say we sprang from tads!"

From the little black tadpoles, all tail and all head!

Why, if it were true, we should wish we were dead!

But it cannot be so!

For how could we grow

So beautiful if we had been pollywogs?

No! No! We have always been dignified frogs!"

And the feathery birds high up in the tree
Sang: "The world is as funny as funny can be!"

Dr. Richard T. Gottheil, of Columbia University, has a broad knowledge of oriental tales and proverbs.

Dr. Gottheil was condemning pessimism one day at Columbia.

"Pessimism," he said, "is as old as the hills. Mankind has always recognized it and has always derided it.

"There is a Persian story about a pessimist. This story is so old that no date can be assigned to it. It concerns a pessimistic farmer.

"'Good friend,' a visitor said to the farmer, 'you are fortunate this year.' He pointed to the heavy and rich grain fields spreading as far as the eye could see. 'You can't grumble,' he went on, 'about your crop this season, eh?'"

"'No,' whined the pessimist, 'but a crop like this is terribly wearing on the soil.'"

"'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.'"

"'You are wrong in that quotation,' his companion objected. 'That is one of a number of famous sayings that are misquoted always. It is from Nathaniel Lee and its right reading is 'When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.'"

"'Another misquotation is, 'It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.' This is from Thomas Tasser, a sixteenth century worthy, and it should run. 'It is an ill wind that turns none to good.'"

"'Out of sight, out of mind,' is from Lord Brooke, but it was 'Out of mind as soon as out of sight,' as Lord Brooke wrote it.

"'First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen,' should run, 'First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens.' This famous sentence is from a resolution laid before the House of Representatives in 1799 by General Richard Lee." The first man to misquote was General Lee himself in a eulogy which he delivered Dec. 26, 1799, when he used the word "Countrymen" instead of "fellow citizens," which he had used in the resolutions introduced Dec. 19 before.

"'Why don't you get up earlier, my son?' said an anxious father. 'Don't you see the flowers spring out of their beds at early dawn?' "Yes, father, I see they do; and I would do the same if I had as dirty a bed as they have."

A Spaniard in the first pages of his English grammar, desiring one evening at table to

be helped to some boiled tongue, said: "I will thank you, miss, to pass me the language."

After school has been closed for about a month, the graduate stops thinking of how she may reform the world, and wonders where she can get a job to make \$20 a month.

There is all the difference in the world in carrying water for the washing, and for the animals in a circus. This is one of the very few things in a boy's life that his father understands better than his mother.

In the years to come, when pictures which are now new have attained to the dignity of old masters, it is to be hoped, through the medium of a happy idea which some genius has just thought out, that there will be no doubts as to their genuineness or otherwise when offered for sale.

In order to protect themselves from forgeries of their pictures, some British painters have taken a leaf from the scientists, and, in addition to their signatures, impress the mark of their thumbs on the wet oils or water-colors in one corner of the picture. The idea of identifying people by the impression of their finger-tips was introduced by Sir Francis Galton, and has been practised of late for the detection of criminals.

A counterfeiter is able to forge the signature to a painting; but, as it is said that there are no two people in the world with identical thumb-prints, this medium of impressing the mark of the artist upon a picture, it is hoped, will be infallible.

Bahrien is said to be the hottest place in the world. The thermometer often registers between 110 and 120 degrees night and day for months at a time.

Yakutsk is called the coldest city in the world. The thermometer frequently registers 73 degrees below zero.

Though Yakutsk is the coldest city in the world, Verkhoyansk in North-Eastern Siberia, claims to be the coldest inhabited place on the globe, the thermometer registering 90 degrees below zero in January.

It also claims to be the place possessing the most variable climate; for while it is 90 degrees below in January, it is 86 above in the shade in August during the day, with a drop down to freezing every midsummer night.

The wettest place in the world is Grey-

town, Nicaragua, where the annual rainfall is 260 inches.

The driest place in the world is probably the Rainless Coast of Northern Chile. They have a shower there about once in every ten years.

If the words of prominent naval officers who visited Boston recently can be taken at their face value, there is still one pretty custom kept up in the wardrooms of the vessels of the American navy. At 9 o'clock in the evening the captain or commander will order glasses to be filled, and, rising, will deliver this sentiment: "Gentlemen. I ask you to drink to sweethearts and wives. May the sweetheart become the wife, and the wife always remain the sweetheart." The assembled officers drink their toast in silence. The foregoing sentiment is more commendable than Marshall P. Wilder's: "Here's to our sweethearts and wives; may they never get together."

"Teacher" sends us copy of a letter received from a parent:

Sir,—Will you in the future give my son easier sums to do at nites? This is what he's brought home two or three nites back. If fore gallins of bere will fill thirty-to pint bottles, how many pints and half bottles will nine gallins of bere fill? Well, we tried and could make nothing of it at all, and my boy cried and laughed and sed he didn't dare to go back in the morning without doing it. So I had to go and buy a nine gallin keg of bere, which I could ill afford to do, and then he went and borrowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles. We fill them, and my boy put the number down for an answer. I don't know whether it is right or not, as we spilt some while doing it. P. S.—Please let the next some be in water, as I am not able to buy more bere.

Two hundred years ago there were not so many buttons in the whole world as may be found today in the smallest notion store. They were first used as ornaments, and were sewed on the garment at random, as many as the cloth would bear, so that even poor people managed to bedeck themselves to a degree that to us would appear ridiculous. During the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth some bright person discovered that a small slit cut in the cloth and slipped over the bottom made these ornaments useful.

THE WONDERFUL YEAR "ONE."

What occurred in the year 1? Does anybody know? Ask some careful student of history if he knows of a single event of that year.

It is remarkable that the first year of our chronology should be practically a blank, since the world at that time boasted the highest civilization that had ever been known. All the lands and peoples that were deemed civilized—and some of them were very doubtful—were then united under one vast government, which had its seat at Rome, the great world-capital. All the northern shores of the Mediterranean, together with Western Asia and the northern shores of Africa, had been successively added to the Roman republic. One man had secured complete mastery of the republic, and had changed it, cautiously and gradually, into an empire. The old forms of the republic were retained, and many did not realize fully the extent of the change. Augustus was an enlightened and amiable ruler, and the world has called his reign the golden age.

The year 1 found the world at peace. Four years earlier, a great event had happened. The Germans, who had long resisted the Roman arms, appeared to have grown weary of fighting, and to be willing to unite with the empire. Then it was that the temple of Janus at Rome was closed, for the first time in centuries, in recognition of the universal peace.

Art and literature, education, commerce and the varied industries of the world's production flourished in the year 1. The Mediterranean was whitened with sails in every part. The world was busy, happy and gay. "Happy is the nation whose history is dull," says the proverb. Singularly is this shown in the year 1, the golden age, when nothing occurred to make a record worth while.

It is a singular fact that no one then living in the world knew that it was the year 1, or that it would ever be so reckoned. There was nothing that could have caused any one to entertain so wild an idea. It was the year 753 of the Romans, who dated it from the supposed year when their great city was founded.

No one in the entire century which followed knew that it was the first century, or that it was to be so denominated in after times; nor did any one in the next century, or in the next. More than five centuries passed away and saw great changes. The

Roman empire became divided in twain, the eastern half having its capital at Constantinople. The western empire fell before the barbarians, and became divided into many little kingdoms, speaking many languages and having a chaos of chronologies.

Then there came to be felt a real need for an international system of dates. Since the various nations had belonged to the empire in the days of its glory, it would be most convenient that they should all number their years from the time when the empire began. Any year in the reign of Augustus would do.

Such a scheme was planned in the sixth century, and speedily met with favor. Singularly, however, the plan took a religious form, for it originated with a Christian scholar, whose mind was far more concerned with matters relating to the church than with secular affairs.

Dionysius was his name; and since there were many others of the same name, he was distinguished by the cognomen Exiguus.

To a man of his religious feeling, there was no event in all history to be compared in importance to the birth of the founder of his faith—the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, with all that this implied of His life and death and resurrection. Dionysius, Exiguus knew that Jesus was born in the time of Augustus. He fixed the year as carefully as he could, and sought to rearrange the dates of the world for the past five and a half centuries with reference to it. This was not an easy task. But it was accomplished in time, and the rearrangement has never been changed. Justinian was at the head of the eastern empire. The pope, or bishop of Rome, was rapidly rising in power. Gregory the Great succeeded to the chair before the century closed. These great reigns fixed the chronology to endure forever.

Critics have found that there was an error of four years in the calculation of Dionysius. To endeavor to correct this error would involve vast labor and perhaps inextricable confusion. It is better to let it remain, and to adjust the matter by saying that Jesus Christ was born in the year 4, B. C. This is the accepted statement of the time of His birth in the history and criticism of today. And thus we have for the year 1 a singularly blank picture of the time when the founder of the Christian religion was a child of four years at the remote town of Nazareth, all unknown to the great world; a year when the world was at rest. It was the hush before the storm of great events.

LAST EFFORT OF THE FUNNY MAN.

He read the war news eagerly,
The fearsome funny man
Then reaching for his stock of puns
The punishment began.

"To Russian army to the front
The wily Jap to beat,
Will show my skill,' the Czar declared
'And prove the Russian fleet.'

"And yet, how could the Russian bear
To leave his home and wife
To rush across Siberian snows
And risk his precious life?

"Yet never did the Russian flag
Through obstacles like these,
He vowed he'd bring those awful Japs
Upon their Japan knees.

"The Japs had eyed Manchuria
And said in manner cool
Since now we rule upon the seas—
Let's seize upon the rule.

"Into a Russian harbor then
They sailed with conscience clear,
Those Japs feared not a harbor
And they harbored not a fear.

"They found the enemy asleep,
They aimed their shots as well
As Dewey at Manila when
He gave the Spanish shell.

"And if you ask how goes the fight
As it has gone thus far,
And who is being bested now,
I think the Russianszar."

And having thus expressed himself
The punster dropped his head
And fixed in space a glassy stare,
They shook him. He was dead.
—Kansas City Star.

Prof. Palmer, of Harvard, says that the masculine habit of rigid logical reasoning is contracted very early, and in illustration he tells the following story: "A little boy and girl of my acquaintance were tucked up snug in bed when their mother heard them talking. 'I wonder what we're here for?' asked the little boy. The girl remembered the lessons that had been taught her and replied sweetly: 'We are here to help others.' The little boy sniffed. 'Then, what are the others here for?' he asked."

Another childhood pleasure gone,
With science he must grapple
A genius has arisen now,
And made a seedless apple.

When Johnny eats his modern fruit
The case is sad for Benny;
No need to ask him for the core,
Because there isn't any!"

ANSWERS.

Q—Was the word "appendicitis" known to our grandfathers? I do not find it in the old dictionaries. A—The word "appendicitis" was unknown to English dictionaries before 1890. This term according to "The Medical News" of Jan. 7, 1888, was used by Dr. W. Osley at the Philadelphia County Medical Society on December 14, 1887. It takes a new word quite a few years to get into the dictionaries.

Q—Why is the government of England called "The Court of St. James" in diplomatic circles? A—St. James's was once a part of the parish of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, London. The phrase "The Court of St. James's," as it is properly written is said to date from the burning of Whitehall, in the reign of William III, when St. James's became the royal residence. One writer remarks that "in the reign of Queen Anne it had acquired the distinction of the Court quarter."

Q—Is there any mark to the boundary between the United States and Canada? If none, how are we to know where the line is? A—Nature has given us a water line from above Ogdensburg to Duluth. The line west of Lake Superior, is marked by stone monuments a mile apart, we think. We have never heard whether the Mexican boundary, from the time it leaves the Rio Grande, is marked in a similar way, but presume it is.

Q—Can Chinamen vote in our elections? A—No Chinaman smuggled into this country since 1892, when the Geary Exclusion act was passed, can vote. But those coming before that time may vote, and some do, when they are naturalized like other foreigners.

Q—What and where is the greatest depth of the ocean? A—The greatest depth of the ocean is not known, but the deepest spot ever sounded was found in the Pacific by the English surveying ship "Penguin." The line had been run out 3,900 fathoms when it broke, the bottom not having been reached even at this depth of nearly five and a half miles. The spot where the depth has been found is not far from the Friendly Islands, off the coast of Japan.

Q—Can you give us a list of the royal

people of Europe who are relatives of King Edward of England? A—The eldest child of Queen Victoria was the Princess Victoria, who married Prince Frederick William of Prussia in 1858. She was the mother of the present German emperor, Wilhelm II, consequently the present king of England is uncle to the kaiser. Alexandra, the queen of England, wife of Edward VII, is a daughter of King Christian IX of Denmark. Princess Dagmar, her sister, married Alexander III of Russia, and was the mother of the present czar, Nicholas II. That is the relationship—by marriage only—between the royal houses of England and Russia. These are the most important. There are minor degrees of relationship between King Edward and other royal families of Europe, but they are of no political moment. It may be added that the Empress of Russia was Princess Alixe of Hesse-Darmstadt, daughter of Princess Alice of Great Britain. She is consequently the niece of King Edward.

Q—Whence comes the word "Whoa" used to stop horses? A—The word is of ancient origin and means "stop." "Ho!" or "Hoa!" was formerly an exclamation commanding the knights at tournaments to cease from all further action. Here is a very old quotation containing the word: "Scollers, as they read much of love, so when they once fall in love, there is no ho with them till they have their love."—"Cobler of Canterbury" (1608).

Q—An officer in a society is elected by a large majority. A motion is made to make the vote unanimous. A few votes are cast in the negative. Is the motion carried and is the officer elected unanimously? A—We should say the man was elected unanimously even though there were votes in the negative. The motion is perfectly in order and it is customary for the chairman to declare it "carried," even if there is a minority vote in the negative. At the same time every negative vote helps to defeat the moral effect of such a motion, though it should be declared carried. Every negative vote under such circumstances implies determined, unyielding opposition, whereas a vote for the opposing candidate or candidates in the beginning of the contest might signify only a preference.

Q—Did Thomas Moore compose the music of "The Last Rose of Summer?" A—No, the music was not composed by Thomas

Moore; indeed the same may be said of all his Irish Melodies, the words are his, the music was known in Ireland for centuries before his time. The time to which he wrote the words "The Last Rose of Summer" is that of "The Groves of Blarney," which has been found in collections of Irish music at least 200 years old.

Q—What is the origin of the Union Jack, the British ensign, and why is it called a "Jack?" A—The Union Jack is the national banner of Great Britain and Ireland. It consists of three united crosses—that of St. George for England, of St. Andrew for Scotland, of St. Patrick for Ireland. The original English flag was St. George's cross, red on a white field, the Scottish flag was St. Andrew's cross, white on blue, and the Irish flag was St. Patrick's cross, red on white. We learn from Sir James Balfour's "Scottish Annals" that the united crosses of England and Scotland were first used on the flag in 1606, by order of King James, then sovereign of the two countries. In that year, some differences having arisen between the ships of the two countries at sea, the King ordained that a new flag be adopted, with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George interlaced, by placing the latter fimbriated on the blue flag of Scotland as the ground thereof. This flag all ships were to carry at their maintop, but English ships were to display St. George's red cross at their stern, and the Scottish the white saltire of St. Andrew. In the Union Jack the cross of St. George is red, with a narrow white edge for the original white field. The field of the union is blue, and in the saltire, or diagonal cross, the cross is reversed on each side. This is to show the combination of the St. Andrew's and St. Patrick's crosses, which was adopted in 1801. The broad white band of the saltire shows the St. Andrew's cross; the red band, with narrow white edge, the St. Patrick's cross. In regard to the name jack, its origin is doubtful. Some think it is Jacque, French for James, the name of the king who united the flags, but this is probably not correct. The probability is that it was taken from jaque, the name of a military coat worn in England, emblazoned with St. George's cross.

Q—Can you tell how Cape Horn happened to be so named? A—It was named by Schouten, a Dutch mariner, who first rounded it. He was born at Hoorn, in North Holland, and named the cape after his native town.

Q—Who first used the expression: "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people"? A—These are the words of Abraham Lincoln and are taken from his speech at Gettysburg. Expressions very similar occurred previously, however, in the speeches of both Daniel Webster and Theodore Parker. In his reply to Hayne, in the United States Senate in 1850, Webster used the words: "The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people."

Theodore Parker, also, in his speech before the New England anti-slavery convention in Boston, in the spring of 1850, said: "There is what I call the American idea. . . . This idea demands, as the proximate organization thereof, a democracy; that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people."

Q—Please tell us what you can about the Harvest Moon, when does it appear? A—The full moon nearest the autumnal equinox is known as the harvest moon. At that season of the year the moon, when nearly full, rises for several consecutive nights about the time of sunset and at nearly the same hour, so that there is an unusual proportion of moonlight. This phenomenon is due to the fact that at this time the full moon necessarily opposite the sun, is in that part of its orbit which makes the least possible angle with the eastern horizon at the point where the moon rises. This phenomenon is more noticeable in England than here, and it was there that, occurring at about the time of the harvest in that country—which is later than the harvest here—it received the name of the harvest moon, because of the great convenience to farmers of the prolonged and clear evening light. The full moon next after the harvest moon, which occurs in October, shows the same peculiarity as the other, though in less marked degree. This is called in England the hunters' moon—this being the time of the year when the hunting of hare and deer begins.

Q—Which city of the United States has the largest public park? A—We find the following table:

| | Acres. |
|----------------------------------|--------|
| Fairmount, Philadelphia | 3353 |
| Forest, St. Louis | 1372 |
| Golden Gate, San Francisco | 1040 |
| Central, New York | 864 |
| Druid Hill, Baltimore | 700 |

| | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| Jackson, Chicago | 586 |
| Franklin, Boston | 561 |
| Prospect, Brooklyn | 515 |

Q—I have always been led to believe that China was our true antipodes; but upon examining a "Globe" I find that this is not so. Is it so regarded by educated men?

A—China is not diametrically opposite to the United States. The antipodes of Washington, our capital, is in latitude 39 degrees south and longitude 103 degrees east from London, that is to say in the southern Indian ocean about 700 miles southwest of Australia. No part of North America has its antipodes in any land surface. The antipodes of South America fall in the region of China, the Philippines, Borneo, etc. In fact practically the only land surfaces on the globe which have land surfaces for their antipodes are the lower end and a little of the west coast of South America, and their reciprocal surfaces before mentioned. The antipodes of Africa are the north and central Pacific ocean; of Europe and Asia, the south Pacific; of Australia, the Caribbean sea and Atlantic ocean; of London, a point southeast of Australia; of Manila, a point in the center of South America.

Strictly speaking very few people on the earth have fellow-beings at their antipodes; but in a general sense we speak of the people who are on the opposite side of the globe as our antipodes although they are not diametrically opposed to us. The Standard Dictionary for example calls Australia the antipodes of England, whereas, as we have seen, no part of Australia is precisely opposite to England.

Q—What kind of arms are the Russian and Japan armies fighting with, both infantry and cavalry? Would like to know the kind of guns, bayonets and calibre of guns. A—We submitted this to the man in Boston most likely to know and were told that the Russians were using Mausers exclusively, and the Japanese were using guns of their own make, which are much like the Mauser. Perhaps some reader can further enlighten us.

Q—Do other nations than ours have Thanksgiving Days? A—The proclamation annually by the Chief Executive of a National Thanksgiving Day, to be observed religiously and socially in recognition of the goodness of God in sending seed-time and harvest, is generally regarded as peculiar to

the United States. Yet there are similar festivals in other countries. The Jews had such a one; the English have their "harvest home" festival; the French, Spaniards, and Portuguese have their several days of rejoicing after the grain harvest, or after the vintage. The old Romans and Greeks had their feasts to Bacchus, god of wine, and Ceres, the queen of harvest. The Chinese, from time immemorial, have observed both seed-time and harvest with appropriate religious and social ceremonies and festivities. Even the North American Indians have celebrated the fruiting season of the year with the green-corn dance and other modes of thanksgiving and rejoicing.

Q—What is a quicksand? Is it made up of a particular kind of sand? or is it a condition? A—Quicksands are sands from which the water is not drained away, either because a constant current passes through them, or because there is a dense substratum of clay or rock. They are commonly found near the mouths of large rivers, or where there are springs, or on flat beaches. Probably those who fall into quicksands would not be engulfed if they kept quite quiet. As soon as the sand reached their chin, they would be supported rather more than if they were in ordinary water, owing to the greater density of the mixture of sand and water which constitutes a quicksand.

J. A. G. writes:—"Referring to what you have published concerning long words, please throw out this paragraph which I take from a London paper. It seem to be the limit."

"A terrible new name is 'Thymacetinnox-aethylacetamidothymol.' It is highly recommended as a medicament to people who suffer from 'nerves.' It has been found, however, that in a few cases it fails in its effect, in which case an excellent substitute is stated to be Acetylmidcoxyathyhymol. An excellent thing for the nerves!"

W. G. H. writes:—I see in "Scrap Book" of August, a query in regard to the burial place of Gen. Wm. Nelson, of civil war fame. He is buried at Maysville, Ky., in the Maysville cemetery, and any information regarding the matter could be gotten by addressing Thomas A. Davis, Editor of Public Ledger, Maysville, Ky.

S. A. R. writes:—In the "Scrap Book" for August, I notice on page 93, a query as to where Gen. Wm. Nelson was buried. And it

reminds me of the following: About the 20th of August, 1863, my Regiment (36th Mass.) was in camp at Nicholasville, Kentucky, having just returned north from Vicksburg. It was on or very near the 20th, that our regiment was ordered under arms and paraded along the road to do funeral honors to Gen. Nelson, whose body passed, escorted by the 100th Pennsylvania Regiment of our Corps. All the troops of our Division encamped near the road were lined up and presented arms as the funeral passed. I think he was buried very near that place.

It is doubtful if women know how to invite guests to a party. They remember those who are in their set, and invite the best dressers, not the best entertainers. At a woman's reception, two-thirds of the guests represent debts she owes. When a man gives a man party, every guest is invited because he is jolly and good company, and if his clothes are old style no one knows it. A man knows no social obligations when he wants to have a good time. A woman knows few good times because of them.

This is the season of the year when the loafer tells of how many cords of wood he split in the winter. In the winter he tells how many tons of hay he raked in the summer.

The tiny roots of vegetables in their work of piercing a path through the soil to the surface and the light act in a manner which tends to show that they are capable of thinking. If a stone lies in their upward path they turn aside without touching it and make a path parallel with the obstacle, and if there is a worm burrow near by, they will turn aside and make use of the excavation which is to make their task the more easy. If they do not think, how do they discover the unseen obstacle, and the equally invisible aid?

There are vegetables whose roots move from one place to another, and plants which do the same above ground. Place some poisonous substance directly in their way, and they will take a different direction to avoid it, but if something nourishing is set on one side they will go round after that. Several of the most famous botanists agree that vegetables and plants of all kinds have powers of reasoning developed to some extent.

"To-morrow," said the lawyer, "I will have to begin the cross-examination of the fair plaintiff."

His face showed that he was troubled.

"It will have to be carefully planned and executed," he added, after a pause.

"What will?" inquired the unsophisticated youth.

"Why, I have arranged to have a clever party sit beside her and abstract her handkerchief just before she takes the stand for cross-examination," explained the lawyer.

"To what purpose?"

"Evidently," said the lawyer, "you are even more inexperienced than I supposed. I can see that she is one of the kind that has no difficulty in crying when she wants to."

"She is."

"Well, do you not know that all the astuteness of the legal profession is not worth one tear in the eye of a pretty woman in a jury trial?"

"But the handkerchief?"

"No woman can cry effectively in the witness-box without an embroidered handkerchief. Lacking that, it is no more than snivelling, and the woman who snivels is lost. With the handkerchief she can beat me; without it she is at my mercy. As the poet truly says, 'In hoc handkerchief vinces.' The verdict in this case is likely to rest on the temporary possession of a bit of linen and lace. When she finds it gone she will be too rattled even to think clearly."

"I begin to see," remarked the unsophisticated one, "that there is more than law to the law."

"In such a case," was the reply, "the law is the least part of it."

We are reminded when we lay our head on the pillow at night that those most interested in our welfare during the day had something to sell.

It is the common thing at this season to abuse the girl graduate and her essay, but if it wasn't for the girl graduate and her hopeful ideas of great things this world would be as monotonous as riding on a railroad train. She has wild, exaggerated ideas of her ability to reform the world, but let her keep them. Let her talk about hope and the night. She will become hopeless soon enough, poor thing.

Quite one of the latest things to save ladies from the fretting and worrying attend-

ant upon being caught in a shower of rain with a new hat is told by an English visitor to Vienna. He says that the Great Park, that favorite resort of the Viennese fashionable world, was one day crowded with gaily dressed promenaders in their loveliest spring attire, when an unexpected deluge suddenly descended, with disastrous results to all except a party of four ladies, who, nevertheless, had borne the brunt of the storm like everyone else. Removing their dripping hats and simply giving them a gentle shaking, these ladies then resumed their headgear, whereupon the flowers appeared even fresher and more lifelike than ever. They were the invention of a beneficent Austrian genius who deserves the undying gratitude of the feminine world for his discovery that celluloid, prepared in a special way, provides a material out of which the most delicate artificial flowers of every kind can be made—flowers that are not only almost indistinguishable from Nature's handiwork, but are absolutely uninjured by the heaviest down-pour of rain.

A temperance lecturer, descanting on the superior virtues of cold water, remarked: "When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water."—"Yes," replied a toper present, "but it killed every critter on the face of the earth."

Robert G. Ingersoll's creed. To love justice, to long for the right, to love mercy, to assist the weak, to forget wrongs and remember benefits—to love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words, to love liberty, to wage relentless war against slavery in all its forms, to love wife and child and friend, to make a happy home, to love the beautiful in art, in nature; to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, the noble deeds of all the world, to cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to make others happy, to fill life with the splendor of generous acts, the warmth of loving words; to discard error, to destroy prejudice, to receive new truths with gladness, to cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm, the dawn beyond the night; to do the best that can be done, and then be resigned—this is the religion of reason, the creed of science. This satisfies the brain and heart.

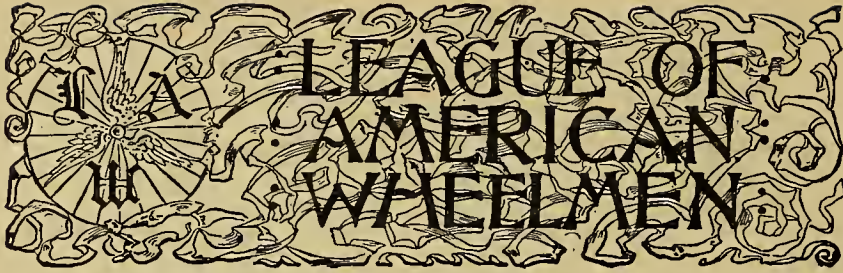
FATHER'S REWARD.

I've searched the magazines and papers for
all these many days,
But I haven't found a poem that gives father
any praise.
While mother sat beside the fire and darned
the children's socks,
Wasn't father out hard working to gather
in the "rocks"?
And when Benny had the fever, and Bessie
was so sick,
Who ran to fetch the doctor, and brought
him double quick?

I would not rob dear mother of one single
bit of praise,
For well she did her duty in childhood's anx-
ious days;
And all through youth she was a mother
ever kind and true,
But I've got a little praise to hand to father,
too.
How he worked and toiled and grumbled,
whistled, sung and smiled,
Worked until his back was bent for mother,
home, and child

I am not cold or heartless because mother's
praise is sung,
For I remember her sweet kiss on my lips
when I was young;
But I also recollect a great big, burly, manly
form,
Whose heart was where it ought to be, whose
smile was broad and warm.
And I think it would be just, e'en in this
later day,
When we're picking flowers for mother,
to give father a bouquet.

Russell Sage has written a diatribe against the vacation "habit." He never took a vacation. He would, when he was a young man, have thought it wrong to ask his employer for one while his pay went on—nothing better than stealing; and, besides, he was too engrossed in learning business to lose any opportunity by idleness. His argument reminds one of the miser's argument against spending any money. Money is the thing a man wants to get and keep. There is no other good use of time and energy. Sage has always been happy at work, and his health has not required him to rest. He appears to think that taking a vacation is giving rein to idleness and vitiates a body's power of work physical or mental. Wall street is good enough for him summer and winter, year in and year out. What a dull world this would be if all men were built on Sage's pattern! If he had taken a few vacations, he might have learned that no man's habit is a certain guide for other men, and that it is only a narrow and vain man who imagines his rule of life to be the only sensible one.



OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

The objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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 First vice-president, Walter M. Meserole, 44 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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No officer of the League (except the Secretary-Treasurer), nor any member of a committee is required to answer any communication, unless return postage accompanies it.

DUES:—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership, \$10. Life members must pay additional for official organ if they desire it. All dues payable in New York, Philadelphia or Boston funds. Money orders preferred. Personal checks outside the foregoing cities are subject to a collection fee of 10 cents, which must be added to amount in all cases.

APPLICATION BLANK:—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send same with one dollar to Abbot Bassett, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

RENEWAL BLANK:—To renew membership, in case member has no renewal blank, write number, date of expiration, name and full address, and send with enclosure of one dollar to Abbot Bassett, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

LEAGUE CLUBS:—A League Club becomes such when its entire membership belongs to the L. A. W. We issue a ticket of membership to such club. There is no fee. A League Club, by becoming such, attests its loyalty to the cause which the L. A. W. stands for.

Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

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SUPPLIES:—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar: Price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents. Road Maps, State and City Maps, etc. Send for list.

SIDE PATH TAGS:—The right to ride on the side paths of New York State is acquired by the purchase of a tag. This will allow the holder to ride on any path in the State. Tags may be purchased of Secretary-Treasurer Bassett, 50 cents for tag, 5 cents extra for postage and packing (coin or stamps). To League members only. League members who intend touring in New York State should procure one of these tags.

AT THE SHORE.—II.

First, let me put myself right. In my preceding article I expressed myself most absurdly—without intent, I avow. It was a pure instance of heterophemy, as Richard Grant White once declared of himself. The idea of my saying "the sinuosities of the shore line give to its bluff an extensive shore line." What I intended to say, and supposed that I had said, was, "the sinuosities of the shore line give to its bluff an extensive water frontage." So let the article stand thus corrected.

What is it then that, through my wheeling experiences for the many years named down to and about "The Cape," has shown to me so perfectly and conclusively what the League of American Wheelmen has accomplished? It is the roads, the good roads, yes, the splendid roads, that from season to season have increased and multiplied, now

and then in spots, it is true, but mainly in long stretches that gladden the eyes and ease the body of the traveler upon them, as they extend mile after mile before him, smooth, solid and satisfying. To particularize: from the Watuppa ponds in Fall River to the Fairhaven bridge in New Bedford—some some twelve miles or so—and from Fairhaven bridge to just beyond the Wewecantit river in Wareham—fifteen miles or more—it is practically, with the exception of perhaps a half mile west of New Bedford, one continuous macadam road. Fifteen years ago, outside of the settled portions on the way, this course was sand and dirt—principally sand—and had the laws against sidewalk riding then been promulgated, would have been well nigh unridable. I made the trip once on a solid-tired safety, and never repeated it. We—my companions who occasionally wheeled with me, and I—always took the route via Taunton and Middleboro. This was bad enough in places; but no circumstance to the former; and we found numerous side paths and pine needles. Pine needles on sand are great for wheeling, if plentiful, when there is naught else but sand about you. And now the macadam roadway is annually gaining on the sidepath and the pine needles all the way from Middleboro to Wareham, where the New Bedford road comes in.

I could specify other instances: The miles of macadam roads in Barnstable, Yarmouth, Dennis, Harwich and elsewhere, mainly along the southern shores of the Cape, connecting the numerous summer resorts there, but also along portions of the northern shore as well, and upon two or three of the long "cross country" highways that join the south and the north shores. This must suffice, however. Both town and state are vying with each other in the building of them. But here, as elsewhere, it is all the result of just one thing: the push, the insistence, the strenuousness of the League of American Wheelmen. And blessed be Isaac B. Potter for showing us the way.

One fly shows in the ointment. The good roads have come and are coming; but where are the wheelmen that should ride upon them? Few seem to be left. I take off my cap when I meet one. The old refrain of the Kerry dancers arises in my memory and, as with them, so it is with the others:

"Gone, alas like our youth, too soon."

GEORGE L. COOKE, President.

ESSTEE'S AUTUMN—OBILE.

It is autumn, and all nature is crying "Come and ride!"

The many successful meets we have had this year point to a grand revival of interest. The bicycle is still with us.

September renewals are now due, and those unpaid for July and August are simply saturated with dew.

The Wheel Around the Hub will not be given up while such riders as Weston, Dean, Fecitt, Rothe and Everett have strength to ride,—nor after. Our Automobile Section is taking well. Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, of New York, who suggested the idea, has taken No. 1 in the ranks. Ex-President Obermayer has an auto and has joined us. We hope before another month to have enough members to organize. For fear some did not see the first notice we will repeat it.

Automobilists of the L. A. W.!! Get together. There are battles to be fought. Organize. Our scheme, which has been talked over and almost perfected by officers and interested members, looks to the formation of an automobile section of the L. A. W. Every member of the L. A. W. who owns an automobile and every member who is interested in the new vehicle, whether he owns one or not, should join it. A special ticket will be issued to all such. The members will elect officers, appoint committees, etc. The dues will be 50 cents, and all of this, or very nearly all of it, will be appropriated to the uses of the section. The League has a complete establishment of officers, etc., and there will be no expenses in that direction. The automobilists need numbers, votes, influence. We can give them very much of all these. This in brief is our plan. We think we can build up an automobile section as large as any independent organization now in the field. We shall antagonize no one. We offer a new force of workers. What do you think of it? If you will give us your ideas, and your half dollar we will be helped in starting what we hope to make an effective organization. The League wants none of the money for its own purposes, and all that comes in will be appropriated to work in the interest of the new section.

"Among the Clouds," the little paper published on the summit of Mt. Washington, describes a series of photographs illustrating the experiments made to familiarize the Bretton Woods horses with automobiles. The first, entitled "The Introduction," shows the horses eating oats out of the motor cars. Having learned to associate the vehicles with something they like, they are next shown in the picture called "Getting Acquainted," a string of autos, each having one or more horses led behind it. Last comes "Keeping Company," where horses and autos are alternated in a procession, the noble steeds having learned the harmlessness of their rivals and traveling along with them without the slightest fear.

Mr. Robt D. Garden has left Philadelphia. Members can pay dues to V. V. Dorp at 816 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, where League headquarters have been established.

If you read periodicals just see what we can do for you in the way of prices in our periodical department.

F. A. F. writes:—"The present opportunity to butt in arises from two paragraphs on page 95, August number. First, as to odd records of Boston riders. Mine is not much of an achievement but is an eye opener as to Boston winter weather. From March, 1895, I have taken at least one bicycle ride of at least ten miles every calendar month to and including December, 1903, a period of 106 months, or nearly nine years. These rides were all starting from and returning to my home in Boston, and were all on bare ground practically all the way. Occasionally I have had to cover a short patch of ice in the road, which did not, however, prevent comfortable riding. Last winter my machine had a rest. Anyone who rode in January or February must have done so for the purpose of saying he had, and that was not my object. Doubtless many have beaten this record, and for the credit of Boston they should come out and say so.

"The other paragraph that I speak of, is as to the derivation of coasting as applied to bicycle riding. A friend of mine who has devoted much of a studious life to, the history of words, ran this one down long ago, and I think can establish his explanation to the satisfaction of any one. The origin of this meaning is wholly Boston, and is this: In Puritan times, when most amusements, now regarded as innocent, were considered more or less wicked, the principal outlet for a young man's sporting instinct was to take a gun and tramp along the shore in search of game. This came to be known as coasting. Later the meaning became generalized, so as to include any outdoor diversion of a sporting nature. As not infrequently happens, the word having become generalized, afterward was used in a specialized sense, and in a different sense from the original. As tramping the coast became less prominent, and as sliding down hill with sleds upon Boston Common became more popular, the word coasting attached to that sport. As this meaning became fixed, the extension to other forms of sliding down hill was to be expected."

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A premium apprentice Japanese engineer in the North of England, accustomed to go to a certain dining-room each day, was astonished by a waitress kissing him under the mistletoe last Christmas time. It was explained to him that the salute was not gratuitous, but that a present in return was expected. He suggested gloves, but she, with an eye on his reputed wealth, said: "Oh, no; give me something for my neck." The next day the parcel arrived, and visions of a pearl necklace arose before her view. With trembling fingers she untied the string, and disclosed a Jap's idea of "something for her neck"—a bar of soap!

"So you belong to a glee club?"

"Well," answered the youth with longish hair, "that's what we call it. But no one seems very joyous when we sing!"

American humor is so drefful smart, perhaps the English variety cannot be appreciated this side of the pond; still, we must allow, as the Yankees' say, it has its good point. Take this, for instance, from the London Daily News: With a noble devotion to a cause which shows no sign of progress, the Tailor and Cutter continues year by year to lecture the portrait painters of the Royal Academy on the subject of their treatment of clothes. It seems utterly impossible to make painters understand that they should paint things not as they see them, but as the tailor makes them. They simply refuse to do it. Imagine the enormity of Prof. Herkomer's portrait of Mr. Chamberlain's clothes. The coat has just one button on it, and the vest two, which, by the way, are too large. On the right sleeve there is a suggestion of a very deep cuff, but on the left there is none. Strange inconsistency. The trousers are not a good color, being strongly suggestive of inferior material worn too long. "We are not told whether the coat looks as if it had been turned," adds this clever anti-protection writer.

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Vol. 2. No. 8.

OCTOBER, 1904.

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and in summer under some shady tree; and
therewith pass away the tedious hours."*

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If bank accounts are small;
If we have sunshine in our hearts
We're rich enough for all.

It really doesn't matter much
If beauty knows us not;
If we have tact and intellect
We'll lead the common lot

It really doesn't matter much
If we've no shining fame;
If we keep on and do our best
We'll get there just the same.

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LOVE IN PROVERBS.

Whin Nora an' me was a-walkin'
Lasht night by the light o' the moon,
'Twas ownly in proverbs she'd answer—
But I'm thinkin' I'm her gossoon.
Sez I, "May I love ye, dear Nora?"
Me heart, just to listen, stud still;
Then I heard her, the rogue, say, "Why Pad-
dy,
I hear 'ivry Jack has his Jill."
Sez I, "May I howld ye, Mavourneen?"
An' I sthole me ar-rm 'round her waist.
She whispered, wid blushes entrancin',
"Faith, 'ivry man to his taste."
Sez I, "Do ye love me, ye angel?
I've loved ye since ye was a kid."
Her eyes, in the moonlight, grew tinder;
She sighed, "'Love, like smoke, can't be
hid."
Sez I, "May I kiss ye, acushla?"
The cunning, perverse little elf;
She smiles an' sez, "'God helps him, laddie,
Who is ather helpin' himself."
Sez I, "Lay yer head on me showlder;"
(Swate lips! Faith, I'd hardly begun.)
Sez she, "Them old proverbs is wisdom;
Sure, 'two heads is better than one."
Sez I, "Will ye marry me, darlin'?"
God bless her! I know what she mint;
"Ah, lover!" she sez, "I'll be spachless,
For 'silence,' dear lad, 'gives consint.'"

RED LEAVES SCRAPS FROM OCTOBER TREES.

The charm of October is in its golden days.
All around there is repose, and a luminous
haze lends mystery to the landscape. Get out
into the open air and enjoy it.

October brings us many important anni-
versaries and festivals. The Battle of Agin-
court, 1415; Discovery of America, 1492;
Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1685; Bur-
goyne Surrender, 1777; Cornwallis Surrender,
1781; Chicago Fire, 1871; St. Crispin's Day;
Saint Simon and St. Jude Day; and last day
of the month, Hallowe'en.

The osteopaths have taught us how to
breathe and deserve thanks for that; but we
do not breathe unless compelled to do so
any more than we take violent calisthenic
exercise in the absence of the teacher.

Twenty cubic inches of air is about all we breathe in and out at each inspiration and expiration. By deep breathing we can increase these 20 cubic inches at each inspiration to about 140 cubic inches. Think of that! Wonderful, indeed. To increase the lung capacity seven times is something to marvel at. Yet sane men live to be 100 years old and never increase it two times. In expiration, I believe, the possible increase is only about four and a half times, but even that is miraculous almost. After the most forced out-breathing there remain in the lungs as residual air about 91 cubic inches.

A correspondent proposes a very simple looking feat which is in fact very difficult. "Suppose," he says, "you place one hundred stones one yard apart from each other in a straight line, do you think you could fetch them, one at a time, and put them in a basket placed a yard from the first stone within an hour? Walking only allowed."

Many a man, on seeing the hundred stones so arranged, would lightly undertake the task. A little calculation shows, however, that it is an absolute impossibility. To perform the task within the time specified, you would have to walk at the rate of about five and three-quarter miles per hour, and even this calculation does not allow for loss of time in stopping to pick up the stones.

A happy mother whose little boy's legs had been frightfully bowed and had become straight, upon being congratulated, told how the cure had been accomplished. It was by the simple method of riding a velocipede, thereby combining much pleasure for the little fellow with the treatment for his little limbs. This certainly seems an easy, inexpensive and pleasant way to cure a deformity that is quite common among children. It could do no harm to give it a trial.

"Mainly About People" tells that a young American woman wished to be presented at the court of the King of Saxony. The high officials, having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the King could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail bootmaker. The young woman cabled home, and told her father the situation. The next morning she received his answer: "Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement." That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist.

IN TIME OF PEACE.

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale points out that the argument advanced in the last Congress in behalf of the proposed monstrous appropriation, nearly one hundred millions, for the navy, that it is the best preparation for peace—that some two or three thousand years ago some old hog whom Aesop met in the woods said to the father of fable that he was rubbing his tusks against the trunk of a tree so that he might be prepared for war; Aesop wrote down the remark, and it has worked itself into an accepted commonplace of the world. It belongs with such untrue statements as that which says it is always darkest the hour before day. Every one knows that this is not true, but people repeat it because their ancestors have repeated it. And that remark of the old hog, spoken in a language of which we know nothing, is remembered a hundred times and repeated a hundred times, when nobody remembers or repeats St. Paul's injunction that we should overcome evil with good. The irrefutable point that Dr. Hale makes is the undoubted fact that no weapon of offence used in the United States Navy in 1865 was used in the Spanish War in 1898. "A generation of men have reduced to old junk the results of the costly appropriations of 1865," he says. "Whatever we expend for the equipment of this year will certainly be antiquated thirty-five years hence. This is the verdict, not of civilians, but of accomplished officers of high rank in the navy." We launched a battleship last month which cost three times what it would cost to reproduce the plant of Harvard College and in ten years the ship will be useless.

Dank: Oakland is a contradictory kind of fellow, isn't he?

Blash: Yes; the other night he dreamed that he couldn't go to sleep.

"I suppose," said the condoling neighbor, "that you will erect a handsome monument to your husband's memory?"

"To his memory?" echoed the tearful widow. "Why, poor John hadn't any. I was sorting over some of the clothes he left today and found the pockets full of letters I had given him to post."

Japan is the only country in the world which has never been subdued by any foreign enemy.

EVERMORE.

This poem was taken from the Edinburgh Guardian, where it appeared anonymously.

I beheld a golden portal in the visions of my slumber
And through it streamed the radiance of a never setting day;
While angels tall and beautiful, and countless without number,
Were giving glad some greeting to all that came that way.
And the gates forever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one that we adore;
And I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
And the burden of that chorus was Hope's glad word—Evermore!

And as I gazed and listen'd, came a slave all worn and weary,
His fetter links blood-crusted, his dark brow clammy damp,
His sunken eyes gleam'd wildly, telling tales of horror dreary,
Of toilsome strugglings through the night amid the fever swamp.
Ere the eye had time for winking, ere the mind had time for thinking,
A bright angel raised the sinking wretch and off his fetters tore;
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
Pass, brother, through our portal, thou'rt a freeman evermore!"

And as I gazed and listen'd, came a mother wildly weeping,—
"I have lost my hopes forever, one by one they went away;
My children and their father the cold grave hath in its keeping.
Life is one long lamentation, I know no night nor day!"
Then the angel softly speaking—"Stay, sister, stay thy shrieking,
Thou shalt find those thou art seeking beyond that golden door!"
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling.
Thy children and their father shall be with thee evermore!"

And I gazed and listen'd, came one whom desolation
Had driven like a helmless bark from infancy's bright land;
Who ne'er had met a kindly look,—poor outcast of creation,—
Who never heard a kindly word, nor grasped a kindly hand.
"Enter in, no longer fear thee, myriad friends are there to cheer thee;
Friends always to be near thee, there no sorrow sad and sore!"
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Enter brother, thine are friendship, love and gladness evermore!"

And as I gazed and listen'd, came a cold, blue-footed maiden,
With cheeks of ashen whiteness, eyes filled with lurid light,
Her body bent with sickness, her lone heart heavy laden;
Her home had been the roofless street, her day had been the night.
First wept the angel sadly, then smiled the angel gladly,
And caught the maiden madly rushing from the golden door.
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Enter sister, thou art pure, and thou art sinless, evermore!"

I saw the toiler enter to rest for aye from labor.
The weary-hearted exile there found his native land;
The beggar there could greet the king as an equal and his neighbor;
The crown had left the kingly brow, the staff the beggar's hand.
And the gate forever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one that we adore;
And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
While the vision from me faded with the glad word "Evermore!"

The first thing that suggests itself when it is asked whether the automobile will survive, is the inconvenience that one feels he would suffer if he had to do without it. Once the automobile has been used, its advantages are so apparent, that it is as great a wonder that it was not sooner employed as that its disuse should be suggested. It may be said, indeed, to form a necessary link in our modern system of transportation, the link that the railroad, great as its development has been, had left unsupplied. Travelers in the country are constantly obliged to return to railroad terminals to reach points with which the automobile readily would connect. The horse has been relied upon for a service to which its powers and uses were wholly inadequate, and this has been grotesquely illustrated to everybody by the striking contrast between steam power in transportation and the maximum speed of the best horse. The automobile, and I venture to say that it will be impossible ever to do away with it now that its advantages have become known.

But the automobile, while surpassing the horse in speed, readiness and endurance, affords all those benefits of open-air movement for which the use of the horse once was thought indispensable. At the same time it can be used in any kind of weather, and can be subject to exposure and strain which no

humane person would willingly exact of his horse.—Dr. W. A. Brooks, Jr.

Lassa's mystery is gone. It was a sealed book and no one could read its pages. It is the last notable city, both unknown and inaccessible to the white man. No European was known to have been there since Fathers Hue and Gabet in 1846. No Englishman had been there since Thomas Manning in 1811. And its European observers had been either so little qualified to gain knowledge or so indifferent to imparting it that for so small a matter as a picture of Potala, the city's great monastery, fort, and palace, it has been necessary to go back to the drawing made by Father John Grueber nearly 250 years ago.

It is true that we had the reports of that estimable Hindoo surveyor, Nain Singh, who tarried in Lassa for many months in 1866 and again in 1874. But painstaking and accurate as his observations of latitude, longitude, altitude, and such matters doubtless were, and sufficient as his accounts of political conditions may have been to the British government, his eyes were not Western eyes, and through them Occidentals could not feel that they had really seen and known Lassa, its people, and their life. The book is now opened and all may read. Gunpowder broke the seal.

The bright colors assumed by maples and other trees, shrubs, and climbers during the autumn months are the result of the oxidizing of the color compounds, or color generators of the leaf-cells. Long protracted cool weather is most favorable to the production of autumn tints, and slight frosts, that are not severe enough to kill the cells, hasten the display of beauty by producing an enzyme that brings forth the bright purples, oranges, and reds. Leaves containing much tannic-acid never give bright autumn tints, while those containing sugar give the very prettiest.

Answers to August puzzles which were left unanswered. We notified you that there was a catch in the 21 puzzle. It is a rule of mathematics that an even number of odd numbers will always produce an even number and therefore you can't take six odd numbers and make 21; but if you take two of the ones and make eleven you can easily find four figures to make the remaining ten. "S. F. H." has the idea of impossibility, and will be glad to know how we do it.

"I sit stern as a rock"—We have never seen a satisfactory answer, although very elaborate theories have been advanced in favor of:—Farthing; Siren Buoy; Nightingale; Boar; Ayr; Iris; Crown of England; and many more. It is quite evident that the answer is a word capable of many spellings and pronunciation.

Twelve thousand twelve hundred and twelve can be written: 13,212.

The match problem. How to make an eight-letter word from fourteen matches without bending or breaking a match. Here is the solution:

LIXIVIAL

This little-known word means "made from lye," and is said to be the only word containing eight letters of which three can be made perfectly with a single straight stroke and four with two straight strokes.

It is easy to make "one word" of the seven letters.

"S. F. H." gives us a call down on our statement that you will "try algebra in vain" to solve the 45 puzzle. He sends us the how to do it, and we fade away from our original statement.

What Col. Ingersoll said about clover, at a dinner of the Clover Club: "A wonderful thing is a clover. It means honey and cream; that is to say, industry and contentment; that is to say, the happy bees in perfumed fields, and at the cottage gate old Boss, the bountiful, serenely chewing satisfaction's cud, in that blessed pause that, like a benediction, falls between toil and sleep.

"This clover makes me dream of happy hours, of children's rosy cheeks, of dimpled babes, of wholesome, loving wives; of honest men, of springs, and brooks, and violets, and all there is of stainless joy in the peaceful human life.

"A wonderful thing is clover. Drop the 'c' and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the 'c' and 'r' and you have left the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Cut out the 'r' alone and there remains a warm, deceitful bud, that sweetens breath and keeps the peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs.

"After all, Bottom was right—

"'Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.'"

SHOULD EVERY CHILD STUDY LATIN AND GREEK.

Several interesting and important educational topics are touched upon by Paul H. Hanus, professor of history and art of teaching in Harvard University, in his volume of essays entitled "The Modern School."

In his insistence upon going directly for the end sought, instead of seeking to develop mental strength in the abstract by purely disciplinary studies, Prof. Hanus falls in with the modern school of psychology, which would stamp each educational ticket "not good on any other line." It used to be held that a given amount of brain force, no matter by what exercise it was acquired, could be transferred at will to another department of scholarship—that the mental effort required to memorize Greek paradigms would come back with usury in the ease with which other things could be memorized; that the reasoning power developed by mathematics would be equally serviceable in another field. The newer psychology doubts this. "It is false," says Prof. Hanus, "to assume that because a youth has studied Greek and Latin for several years, he has been trained to apply himself with vigor and success to any problem that may be presented to him. The truth is that he has been trained primarily to study languages, and, in particular, Greek and Latin; and only incidentally to exercise his mental powers on intellectual problems outside of the field of linguistic study."

In place, then, of the Greek and Latin languages, Prof. Hanus would have the classical literatures in translation: "What secondary school pupil can appreciate Homer, or Xenophon, Virgil, Horace, or Cicero in the original, as he can appreciate them in admirable translations?" He would not exclude Greek and Latin altogether, but after such literary study, preceded or accompanied by a serious study of French and German, he would have a brief course in Greek or Latin, or both, intended primarily for a fuller comprehension of the history and structure of English. Aside from these literary studies, the author would make the high school course extremely comprehensive, and would carry the elective system as far as possible. Here, however, he guards against misapprehension: "I would not have a child 12 or 13 years old freely choose his course of study. But I would have his training from his 13th year onward, a training to choice." It will be seen from the views cited that Prof. Hanus has raised some very

important educational questions, and his book will receive the careful consideration of all who are in any way interested in schools. It should also have a wide reading among the parents of school children.

"Time in Italy is kept in a way somewhat different from the way which obtains in this country," said an observant man, "but there is nothing about the system that would confuse the American once he becomes accustomed to it. Throughout the civil day the hours are reckoned consecutively, beginning with midnight. Speaking of the Italian system, a traveler says that noon is 12 o'clock; then follow 13 o'clock, 14 o'clock and so on up to 24 o'clock or midnight. Each day has its own system of hours, and this is carried to the logical conclusion that after midnight the times are reckoned, not as 24.01, etc., but as 0.01, 0.02, * * * 0.59, because these belong to the new day, not to the old. Thus, all the difficulties of A. M. and P. M. time vanish. The Italian railway time tables are absolutely unambiguous; no typographical device such as the use of black-faced type, is necessary to re-enforce the letter A. M. and P. M. Yet, I suppose, in spite of the care taken to distinguish morning and afternoon hours in our time tables, we have all at some time or other made this blunder of confusing them. In Italian time tables black-faced figures are used for the important fast trains. It required some time to get used to the method of indicating the time. For instance, under I you have 13; under II, 14, and so on, with 24 under XII. For the first twelve hours you use one set of figures; for the second, the other. But it is also easy to begin by associating 15, 18, 21 with 3, 6, 9 P. M. At first there was a tendency to think of 17 o'clock, for instance, as equivalent to 7 instead of 5 P. M., as if the decimal system had been introduced into our reckoning of hours. But this soon disappeared.

The boy was studying grammar, and you know how confusing that is. Well, the other day the teacher said to him: "What is the masculine of laundress?" Of course the boy didn't have time to look it up or think it out very carefully, so he answered: "Chinaman."

Dawkins—And was it very hot in India?

Jawkins—Hot! Simply melting. Why, one of our fellows stayed out too long in the sun one day, and had to be ladled back to his bungalow.

OUR FRIEND KATE.

What may be called "guessing games" are all the rage just now. We submit a sweet bunch of Kates for the improvement of the guessing qualities of our readers. There are fifty of them and when through you may know what Katy Did.

1. Never tells the exact truth.
2. Has the gift of prophecy.
3. Is dainty, frail and gentle.
4. Puts things out of order.
5. Keeps nothing to herself.
6. Is entirely devoted to a special object.
7. Is humble, and always expressing regret.
8. Resigns the honors to others.
9. Is a fervent pleader.
10. Is a perplexing person, hard to be understood.
11. Does good work in developing both the mental and physical powers.
12. Has strong influence for evil; she excites and stupefies with poison.
13. Is unreliable and deceitful.
14. Is a sparkling creature.
15. Entirely destroys what she does not approve.
16. Helps people out of all their difficulties.
17. Offended, will invoke vengeance.
18. Will die if deprived of air.
19. Kindly points out the way.
20. Will ably and eloquently defend your cause.
21. Will prove your entire innocence.
22. Entangles people in her own difficulties.
23. Is a business woman, concerned in large ventures.
24. Dries fruit and fish for household use.
25. Strives to make people friendly and peaceable.
26. Takes up her residence with you as one of the family.
27. Seizes upon and appropriates your property.
28. Assists in the work of reconciliation and clearing up of misunderstandings.
29. Is interested in arts, constructions and manufactures.
30. Twists up and tangles whatever she has a hand in.
31. Is not as fastidious in language and deportment as she should be.
32. Invokes the wrath of the Church against her enemies.
33. Helps her friends in moving from their old homes.

34. Is of equal assistance in helping them to find new ones.

35. Declares that nothing equals a good digestion.

36. Is the very soul of truth and probity.

37. Is involved in frequent quarrels with her neighbors.

38. Has not always been strictly honest in her business matters.

39. Instils into the minds of others the good principles in which she herself was brought up.

40. Has her trees full of birds in the springtime.

41. Proceeds to make a statement about her subject.

42. Displays with pride the evidence of her attainments.

43. Settles all matters of dispute by legal process.

44. Finds her health undermined and seeks professional aid.

45. On the contrary, determines to let Mother Nature in her own haunts effect a cure.

46. Pays back the good or evil she receives.

47. Divides things into two equal parts.

48. Is in high ecclesiastical authority.

49. Helps the machinery of life to run smoothly.

50. Has a twin sister exactly like herself.

The answers are as follows:

1. Prevaricate.

2. Prognosticate.

3. Delicate.

4. Dislocate.

5. Communicate.

6. Dedicate.

7. Deprecate.

8. Abdicate.

9. Supplicate.

10. Intricate.

11. Educate.

12. Intoxicate.

13. Equivocate.

14. Coruscate.

15. Eradicate.

16. Extricate.

17. Implicate.

18. Suffocate.

19. Indicate.

20. Advocate.

21. Vindicate.

22. Implicate.

23. Syndicate.

24. Dessicate.

25. Pacificate.

26. Domesticate.

27. Confiscate.
28. Placate.
29. Fabricate.
30. Complicate.
31. Indelicate.
32. Excommunicate.
33. Vacate.
34. Locate.
35. Masticate.
36. Authenticate.
37. Altercate.
38. Defalcate.
39. Inculcate.
40. Nidificate.
41. Predicate.
42. Certificate.
43. Adjudicate.
44. Medicate.
45. Rusticate.
46. Reciprocate.
47. Bifurcate.
48. Pontificate.
49. Lubricate.
50. Duplicate.

HURRAH!

Shall we give up shouting "Hurrah!" and cry out "Banzai?" Here is what a writer in London Truth says:

"In shouting 'Hurrah' we are (in these days unconsciously) repeating the victorious cry of the Cossack Tartars in pursuit of their enemies—a cognate word to the 'Maro' of our Indian cavalry as they encourage each other to strike. Both words simply mean 'Kill!' I suggest that we now adopt for this purpose the popular and victorious cry of 'Banzai!' which means simply 'success' or 'good fortune.' Not only will this be a compliment to our Japanese allies, but it will supply a more suitable cry for civil occasions. Surely it would be better to greet, say, a Lord Mayor, or royalty, or Mr. Chamberlain, with 'Banzai!' than with a Cossack howl for their blood." Not quite so fast. Our good friend across the water must be down at the bottom of the well. The word "Hurrah" comes from an ancient German root, "hurren," which means whirl, whirl, and from which we have the words hurry and whirl. The derivation from a Cossack war-cry is entirely untenable.

Nor is the definition of the Japanese cry of gratulation and victory, "banzai!" correct. It simply means "ten thousand." "Years" is understood after it. "Ten thousand years," to the Japanese, means what Americans understand by "forever." The complete cry

is "Hail Nippon banzai!"—Nippon being the Japanese name for their country. The phrase means, as we would put it in English, "Japan forever!" or "Long live Japan!"

The suggestion that English or Americans should substitute banzai for hurrah, is absurd. Each people has its own interjections and exclamations, and they can no more be changed than can the modes of thought of which they are the expression. In point of fact, hurrah is what may be termed the literary mode of expression for a large number of exclamations, used by enthusiastic people, which are more often mere inarticulate whoops than syllabled words. Hurrah for the old-time word!

THE MIDDLE NAME.

Few persons realize how modern is the custom, among English-speaking races, of having more than one given name.

It became a common practice only in the last century.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century a few people of fashion, or who aped fashion, began to give their children two names at baptism, but it was considered a ridiculous affectation. It was regarded somewhat as a hyphenated name is now, and it was not thought that the custom would spread.

But with the dawn of the nineteenth century up sprang the double first names, and soon every child, no matter what the station in life of its parents, was sure to get two names at christening, if it did not get more.

Instances of persons with two given names in England before that time are so few that they are set down in history as curiosities. Thus Anthony Ashley Cooper, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, born in 1621, was always referred to by his enemies contemptuously as "that two-named man," and Oliver Goldsmith ridiculed the "folly" of two or more names in his "Vicar of Wakefield" in 1761, when it was just becoming the fashion.

Of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence only three had more than one Christian name, and of the Generals of the War of the Revolution—76 in number, not including the foreign noblemen—only one, Samuel H. Parsons, was possessed of a "double first" in names.

It is rather a shock to us to imagine the possibility of the more prominent men of the Revolution having more than one Christian name. Would it be possible to regard George Q. Washington with the same reverence as George Washington? Or to look

upon Nathanael Ezra Greene with the same feeling as Nathanael Greene?

In speaking of our heroes we are apt, if they have more than one given name as modern heroes have, to use the surname only. We say Grant and Sherman a hundred times where we say William T. Sherman and Ulysses S. Grant once. Yet we are as likely to say George Washington and Thomas Jefferson as we are to say Washington and Jefferson.

The same holds good in regard to the old Romans, who usually had at least three names. We speak of Caesar or of Julius Caesar, but who knows Caius J. Caesar or C. Julius?

The first prominent man of Revolutionary times in America to give his son two names at baptism was John Adams, who named his boy John Quincy, and, although the boy subsequently became President of the United States, the fact that he had two Christian names was looked upon as an affectation, and rather detracted from his popularity among the people at large.

Nowadays, however, a man may have as many given names as he pleases without exciting remark, though if he is in politics he would better use only two of them.

THE PROVERBIAL CAT.

Cat proverbs, taken all round, betray an undercurrent of respect. "When the cat's away the mice will play," for example. "He's over auld a cat to draw a strae before" is a good Scotch variant of the proverb touching the capture of old birds with chaff. "See which way the cat jumps" bears testimony to the purposeful discretion of the cat. Two sayings recur to mind in association with the cat's proverbial nine lives: "Care killed the cat" and "Curiosity killed the cat." The first, if taken literally, is ironical; on no living creature do its cares lie more lightly than on the cat. She never worries; if we all could take things as calmly as the cat does we should hear much less about nervous diseases and the devastating consequences of modern hurried life. But the proverb is really only another way of saying "A cat has nine lives"—in other words, care will kill anything, even a cat. "A cat may look at a king" is by way of crystallizing the privileges of humility. We never saw a king and a cat together, but are certain self-possession would be as noticeable on the one side as on the other. The Flemings went a long step further; their proverb in the same sense is, "The

cat is the Emperor's cousin." "All cats are gray in the dark" is a particularly sound proverb. In the first place it conveys a curious fact in optics and natural history; any cat save a snow-white one appears gray at night, whether tabby or tortoise-shell, and the rule applies to the whole tribe; the tiger himself looks gray in the moonlight, though you see him at three paces' distance. In the second place, all cats are, morally speaking, uncertain as to their behavior after nightfall.

NEUTRALITY,

Karl Ewald, the celebrated Danish humorist, prints in the Copenhagen Politiken a sketch with some humor and a great deal more of point.

St. Peter presents himself before the throne of grace and furnishes details of the Russo-Japanese conflict. When he has finished, the Russian angel approaches the Master and thus beseeches him:

"Help Russia, Lord! Help the Orthodox Russians! The czar remembers you in St. Petersburg; he prays to you in Moscow; he worships you at Kasan!"

"Away with the Russians, unjust and cruel!" cries the Finnish angel, and bursts into tears.

The French angel steps to the right hand of the Eternal Father. "Be on the side of the Russians, or else all France will be bankrupt!"

To the left, the English angel whispers, "Grant victory to the Japanese, for we have no chance to come to their succor!"

"Plague take you two!" cries the Chinese angel from the bottom of his heart.

"Where is the Japanese angel?" the Lord demands. "I do not see him."

"He has left for the scene of war," replies St. Peter. "He wanted to be in time for a bombardment of Port Arthur."

Jehovah scrutinized one after the other, all the angels assembled before him. Then a smile crossed his countenance. "See to it, St. Peter," said he. "We preserve a strict neutrality."

The name of this trainer is Jas.;
Some savage old lions he tas;
He will, I dare say,
Be discovered some day
Inside of their various fras.

There was a co-ed from Cayenne
Who ate onions, club cheese and senne-senne,
Till a bad fright one day
Took her breath quite away.
And we hope she won't find it agenne

A LATIN FABLE.

There was formerly standing on a wooded mountain a small pine, which said to itself:

"My leaves are not so beautiful as those of other trees. I have only spines. I would prefer to have leaves—better, however, than the other trees have. I would that I might have golden leaves."

Night came and the little tree slept. In the morning it awoke and had golden leaves. It was beautiful, and said to itself:

"Now I am the most beautiful of all trees."

At that very moment a man passed by, bearing a bag upon his shoulders. He saw the pine tree shining with leaves of gold.

"Ah! ha! I am fortunate," he exclaimed, "for I have long hoped for riches that grew upon a tree." With which saying straightway he approached and plucked off all the leaves and bore them away in his bag. Thus the little tree was left naked, not only of leaves, but even of spines.

"Surely I was unwilling to have spines, nor was I willing to have leaves such as other trees have," said the little pine. "I am not willing again to have leaves of gold. I would prefer to have leaves of glass."

Again night came and the little tree slept. In the morning it had leaves of glass. It was happy, thinking to itself that it was most beautiful, and not fearing that a man would come who would pluck its leaves. But the wind blew and all its leaves were broken and fell upon the ground. Then the little tree said to itself:

"I am now unwilling to be better than other trees. I would be contented with leaves similar to theirs."

The next day it was green with leaves like the other trees. The little birds were not able to distinguish it from the others, but a hungry goat came, which, seeing the little tree covered with new green leaves, ran up to it and devoured them all. Then all of the other trees made fun of the little pine, and it was very sad. It said to itself:

"I am unwilling to have golden leaves, which a man may pluck off; nor do I wish to have leaves of glass which the wind may break; nor yet do I wish to have green leaves which the goat may devour. I wish that I might have spines again."

On the next day the little pine, having been aroused, saw itself covered again with spines, and it was happy. The little birds were singing in its branches, and they were very happy. One of them thus sang to the little pine:

"Beware lest again you desire that which

God has denied to you, for He knows better than we ourselves what thing and what sort of a thing will be profitable to us."

DOWN EAST.

There's a famous fabled country never seen
by mortal eyes,
Where the pumpkins are a'growing and the
sun is said to rise;
Which man doth not inhabit, neither reptile,
bird, nor beast,
And this famous fabled country lies away
"Down East."

Once a man in Indiana took his bundle in
his hand
And came to New York city to see this fa-
bled land;
But they tell him in the morning a curious
fact at least,
That he hasn't yet begun to get away "Down
East."

Then off he posts for Boston, with all his
main and might,
And puts up at the best hotel, quite sure that
all is right.
But how he stares on learning, as he leaves
a toothsome feast,
That this famous fabled country is farther
still "Down East."

So on he goes to Portland, with his bundle
in his hand,
And sees Munjoy, great joy to him, for this
must be the land,
"Pooh, nonsense, man, you're crazy, but
doubt not in the least,
You'll go a long chalk further ere you'll find
'Down East.'"

Then off through mud to Bangor, by which
he soils his "drabs,"
The first that meets his vision is a pyramid
of slabs.
"Why, sure," says he, "'tis Egypt—here's a
pyramid at least,"
And he thought that with a vengeance he
had found "Down East."

Good gracious! yes; he's found it, see how
he cuts his pranks,
He's sure he can't go further for the piles of
boards and planks.
So pompously he questions a Pat with ample
waist,
Who says, "Oh, jist acrost the say, ye'll find
'Down Aist.'"

But soon he spies a native, who was "up to
snuff" I ween,
Who, pointing o'er a precipice, says, "Don't
you see something green?"
So off he jumps to rise no more, unless he
lives on yeast,
And this, I think, should be his drink, away
"Down East."

ANSWERS.

Q—What is the "big stick" story that they refer to in connection with President Roosevelt? A—In a speech delivered at Chicago on April 2, 1903, and reprinted in the authorized edition of his works, President Roosevelt said: "There is a homely old adage which runs: 'Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far.' If the American nation will speak softly, and yet build and keep at a pitch of the highest training a thoroughly efficient navy, the Monroe doctrine will go far." The same idea runs all through the President's public utterances, in total disregard of the fact that the Monroe doctrine was never seriously threatened by any nation during the 70 years when our navy was certainly not a deterrent force.

Q Will the people in the newly acquired islands be allowed to vote for President? A—The Constitution of the United States provides that only states shall choose Presidential electors. Our island possessions, the Philippines, Guam, Hawaii, Porto Rico, etc., are not states. Hence they have no vote for Presidential electors. Nor have the people in the territories—New Mexico, Arizona, Indian, Oklahoma, Alaska—because they do not live in a state.

Q—Speaking of quotations, did you ever hear the following rendered correctly: "This is the short and the long of it."—Merry Wives of Windsor? A—Yes, once in a while we get the right thing. What is a quotation? Briefly, the repetition of something that some one has written or spoken. At Lincoln's first reception at the White House he entered the room with Mrs. Lincoln leaning upon his arm. "Here comes the long and the short of it," said Mr. Lincoln. Have we not the right to quote from Lincoln as well as from Shakespeare? Either form of the proposition gives us a correct quotation and our error may be regarding the author. Shall we say that Lincoln made an error? How do we know? The joke was a good one no matter who thought of it, and that, my dear friend, is the long and the short of it.

Q—What previous wars has Japan engaged in? Who were her commanders in former wars? A—Modern Japan has engaged in no foreign war except that with China in 1894 and Russia in 1904. There was an insurrection in Japan in 1868 and considerable fighting. There was a rebellion in 1877 in which

the government party practically annihilated the rebels. The only experience in war that the Japanese have had was in the war with China and the present war with Russia. The military system was organized in 1876. Among the Japanese commanders in 1894 were Generals Nodzu, Oyama, and Katsura, and Prince Komatso.

Q—How did the motto, "In God We Trust" come to be placed on the United States coins? A—It is said to have been suggested to Salmon P. Chase in 1861, when he was Secretary of the Treasury in a letter from a resident of Maryland, which was referred to the Director of the Mint, James Pollock, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Pollock in his report for 1862 discussed the matter, but Congress paid no attention to it. Mr. Chase in his next annual report again brought up the subject, and suggested that the motto "In God We Trust," taken from the national hymn, "The Star-Spangled Banner," be adopted on coins. Thereupon a two-cent bronze piece was authorized by Congress the following year, April 22, 1864, and upon this the motto was first stamped. By the fifth section of the act of Congress of March 3, 1865, the Director of the Mint was authorized to place the motto upon all the gold and silver coins of the United States.

Q—What is the origin and meaning of the saying, "Tell it not in Gath?" A—Gath was one of the five cities of the Philistines and as it stood on the frontier of Judah it played a conspicuous part in the wars between those two peoples. Hence the passage in 2 Samuel 1, 19 and 20: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice; lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph." And from this, the saying, "Tell it not in Gath" has become synonymous with "Tell it not among our enemies."

Q—What are the names of the wedding anniversaries and when do they occur? A—We have no standard of authority. In America the following are recognized:

| Year. | Name. |
|-----------------|---------|
| First | Iron |
| Fifth | Wooden |
| Tenth | Tin |
| Fifteenth | Crystal |
| Twentieth | China |

| | |
|---------------------|---------|
| Twenty-fifth | Silver |
| Thirtieth | Cotton |
| Thirty-fifth | Linen |
| Fortieth | Woolen |
| Forty-fifth | Silk |
| Fiftieth | Gold |
| Seventy-fifth | Diamond |

In England they chart the anniversaries thus:

- 1st Anniversary—Cotton Wedding.
- 2d Anniversary—Paper Wedding.
- 3d Anniversary—Leather Wedding.
- 5th Anniversary—Wooden Wedding.
- 7th Anniversary—Woolen Wedding.
- 10th Anniversary—Tin Wedding.
- 12th Anniversary—Silk and Fine Linen Wedding.
- 15th Anniversary—Crystal Wedding.
- 20th Anniversary—China Wedding.
- 25th Anniversary—Silver Wedding.
- 30th Anniversary—Pearl Wedding.
- 40th Anniversary—Ruby Wedding.
- 50th Anniversary—Golden Wedding.
- 60th Anniversary—Diamond Wedding.

Q—Did Alexander Hamilton have a son who, like himself, was killed in a duel? A—Alexander Hamilton's eldest son, Philip, was killed by G. I. Eaker, in a duel which occurred in 1802. One writer, in describing the duel in which the great Hamilton fell, says: "At the first fire Hamilton fell, mortally wounded, on the same spot where, a short time previously, his eldest son had been killed in a duel." The trouble which terminated in the death of young Philip Hamilton grew out of the political differences and conflicts which arose after the death of Washington, and which finally culminated in the killing of Hamilton by Aaron Burr.

Q—How many vice presidents have tried for the nomination of president, how many nominated and how many have been elected? A—John Adams was vice president during both of Washington's terms, and then was elected president. Thomas Jefferson was vice president under Adams, and was twice elected president. Martin Van Buren was vice president during Jackson's second term, and then was elected president in 1836 to succeed Jackson. He was the Democratic candidate for a second term, but was defeated by Gen. W. H. Harrison, Millard Fillmore, a Whig, was vice president under General Taylor, and by the death of the latter became president in 1853. He was the Know-Nothing candidate for president in 1856. Chester A. Arthur, the vice president elected in 1880,

became president by Garfield's death. He desired the Republican nomination in 1884, but it went to Blaine. Theodore Roosevelt became president by the death of McKinley, and is now his party's nominee.

Q—Why are our Presidents inaugurated on the 4th of March? A—Because the Continental Congress appointed the first Wednesday in January, 1789, for the people to choose electors; the first Wednesday in February for the electors to choose a President, and the first Wednesday in March for the government to go into operation under the new Constitution. The last named day, in 1789, fell on March 4; hence March 4 following the election of a President is the day appointed for his inauguration. By the Act of 1792 it was provided that the Presidential term of four years should commence on March 4. By the amendment to the Constitution made in 1804, if the House of Representatives should not elect a President by March 4, the Vice President becomes President. March 4 is thus virtually made by the Constitution, as well as by the statute, the day when a new Presidential term begins.

Q—If A and B marry sisters would they be brothers-in-law? A—Yes, they are legal brothers-in-law in the United States. The Standard Dictionary defines brother-in-law as follows: A husband's brother, a wife's brother, a sister's husband; loosely in England and legally in the United States; a wife's sister's husband.

Q—When and how did the cry, "He's all right!" originate? A—This cry originated as a term of reproach against the Presidential candidate of the Prohibitionists in 1884. He had been a Republican party leader, and, as the only effect of his candidature was to draw off a portion of the Republican vote, he was roundly denounced by his former associates. They started to cry "What is the matter with St. John?" The answer to this was, "Oh, he's all right!" This was accompanied with a significant shake of the head, which was meant to imply that the Democratic barrel had been tapped for St. John, and that he was abundantly supplied with lucre and liquid refreshments. The Prohibitionists adopted the cry and used it during the canvass of 1884. When their convention met at Indianapolis in May, 1888, St. John, who was made the permanent chairman, was greeted by a chorus of voices, "What's the matter with St. John?" and the answering shout from the multitude

came, "He's all right!" The cycling world took up the cry and used it to such an extent that they have been given credit for its birth.

Q—In old-time records of Massachusetts we often note that a man was a "Freeman" in such a year. What was a "Freeman?"

A—The charter which King Charles gave in 1628 to the Massachusetts Bay Company provided that the patentees (incorporators) "and all such others as shall hereafter be admitted and made free of the Company and Society," should constitute "one body corporate and politique in fact and name;"—"should pass lawes not contrarie to the lawes of this our realme of England;" and in other respects should maintain the government of the province. It was enacted by the General Court (that is, the representatives of the Massachusetts Bay Company in New England), at the session in May, 1631, "In order that the body of the commons may be preserved of good and honest men," . . . "that, for the time to come, none should be admitted to the freedom of the body politic, but such as were church members." Application must be made by an individual, accompanied with his minister's certificate of good standing in the church; and then permission being given by the Court, the freeman's oath must be taken before a magistrate. The "freeman" had a right to vote in elections of governor, deputy and assistants; and, before the representative system commenced, was a member of the General Court. He might become a magistrate, officer, juryman, etc., etc., and he had peculiar rights in the distribution of lands.

Q—What is the origin of Hallowe'en? A—The word "hallow" is the same as "holy," and "hallowe'en" means "holy evening." In the Roman Catholic calendar of saints, November 1 is held sacred to "all saints." The day was dedicated by Pope Boniface IV, early in the seventh century, when he transformed the Pantheon in Rome—a building still in existence—from a temple dedicated to all the Roman gods, as its name, which is Greek, signifies—"pan," all, and "theos," a god—to a church consecrated to the Virgin Mary and all the martyrs. The evening before, that of October 31, became, in those superstitious centuries, an evening of observances of various rites derived from paganism.

Q—When I was a boy I used to hear a great deal about the Millerites. Can you tell us something about them? A—The founder

of Millerism was William Miller, a farmer of Northern New York, who in 1812 was captain of a company of volunteers organized to protect the frontier. His opportunities for education were slight, and he seems never to have been master of what are supposed to be necessary resources for Biblical criticism; but in 1833 he began to lecture on the speedy second coming of Christ, announcing that, in accordance with his interpretation of the prophecies, the world was to be destroyed in 1843. His confidence in this belief, and readiness in defending it, attracted many, and it is said that about 1840 his disciples numbered nearly 50,000. We do not find the date of the first church organization given, but it was certainly prior to 1840. In that year a semi-monthly journal was started in Boston to aid in spreading the new faith. The date of the second coming of Christ and the destruction of the world was first fixed in October, 1842, and that failing, other dates were chosen by the sect, with equal ill success, in 1843, 1847, 1848, 1857, and 1861. Notwithstanding the repeated errors into which they fell with regard to the date of the second advent, the numbers of the sect were said to steadily increase until after Miller's death in 1849, when there was a division in their views, and subsequently a great falling off in their numbers.

Q—We read of "Corn" in the Bible. Was it the Indian corn that we have today? I thought that was found first in America. A—Indian corn, or maize, is a native of America, and was unknown in the Old World until after the discovery of this continent by Columbus. Hence, the word "corn" in the Bible never means Indian corn. When the Bible was translated into English, it was by translators living in England, and they used the word "corn" in the sense in which the English use it today. When an Englishman says "corn" he means any grain used for bread-stuffs—wheat, barley, rye and oats. In Scotland, "corn" generally means oats. Where the word "corn" is used in the Bible, it may mean wheat, barley, spelt, millet or dourra. The translators followed English usage, and instead of giving the specific name of the grain, where given in the original, used "corn." If you will read "grain" instead, you will get the correct idea.

Note. W. F. C. writes: "The following answer to a query which may some day come to you will, no doubt, prove to be of interest. I clipped it from a very old paper."

Seldom, if ever, do the numerals on the

dial of a clock or watch attract notice further than to satisfy the inquiry "What time is it?" Nevertheless there is a history worth the reading on the face of every clock and watch made.

The Roman numeral for four is IV.—except on a timekeeper. There instead of IV. will be found IIIL always. Why is this? Why are four I's any more correct on watches than they would be for chapters in books, and the like?

They are not. IV., when Roman numerals are employed, ought to be used to designate four just as much in one place as in another, and would be but for the presumption of Charles V. of France, better known as "Charles the Wise," a title which may have been deserved so far as his being a wise ruler is concerned, but certainly not as regards learning.

When the first clock constructed, in the year 1370, was made by Henry Vick and was presented to this "wise" being, he of course wanted to air his "learning" by finding fault with it, for he fancied (as, alas, a good many people yet do), that to criticise a thing shows great scholarship and shrewdness. Not understanding all the wheels and machinery of the clock, however, he resorted to the figures on the dial, which he could comprehend, and so said condescendingly to Mr. Vick:

"Yes, the clock works well enough, but the figures on the face are all wrong. Where you have IV. it should be four I's."

"Your majesty is wrong," said Mr. Vick.

"I am never wrong," thundered the king. "Take it away and correct the mistake."

"Corrected" it had to be, therefore; and from that time until now the four of a clock or watch has been IIIL instead of IV.—a lasting memory of the ignorance of "Charles the Wise."

G. D. writes: "I have long wanted to know the answer to this charade. Since you are in that line perhaps you can tell me. It is by Carolyn Wells:"

I walked across my first,
With my second in my arms,
In hopes that I might find my whole
At one of the nearby farms.
Success my efforts crowned,
My whole came at my beck;
I left my one and two, and said,
"Be sure to wring its neck."
How would Laundress fit in?—Ed.

Lady Tourist—This must be a very healthy village. Now, what may the death rate be?

Old Inhabitant—Wonderful steady, ma'am, wonderful steady. One death to each person—right along.

THE BEAUTIFUL BALLAD OF WASKA WEE.

Her voice was sweet as a ban-do-lin,
Her mouth was small as the head of a pin;
Her eyes ran up, and her chin ran down—
Oh! she was the belle of Yeddottown.

Now, lovely Waska Singty Wee,
So good to hear, so sweet to see,
The fairest maiden in all Japan
Fell dead in love with a Turkish man.

This Turkish man a Turban had—
This Turkish man was sly and bad;
He whispered unto Miss Waska Wee:
"O! fly with me to my own Turkee!"

"O! fly with me to my own Turkee!
And robes of gold I'll give to thee—
A girdle of pearl and love for life,
If thou wilt be my eighteenth wife!"

Now, simple Waska Singty Wee,
So good to hear, so fair to see,
Resolved, behind her bashful fan,
To be eighteenth wife to the Turkish man.

But though her heart was full of glee,
She hung her head and said to he:
"If thou should die, my Turkish beau,
Where would poor Waska Singty go?"

Then this horrid, sly, old Turkish man
Declared he'd die on the English plan:
"And so," said he, "my bright winged bird,
Thou'lt have for thy fortune the widow's third."

Then flew the maid to the Mi-ca-do,
And told the plan of her Turkish beau.
"And now," said she, "the whole thou'st
heard,
How much will it be, this widow's third?"

Now, the Mi-ca-do was wondrous wise;
He opened his mouth and shut his eyes:
"The widow's third, oh! daughter, will be
Whatever the law will allow to thee."

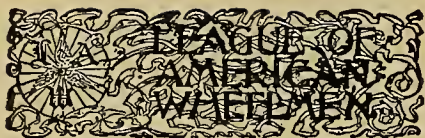
Then flew the maid to the Court of Lords,
Where every man wore a brace of swords,
And bade them name what sum would be
hers
When the Turk should go to his forefathers.

They sat in council from dawn till night,
And sat again till morning light,
Figured and counted and weighed to see
What an eighteenth widow's share would be.

And the end of it all, as you well might know,
Was naught but grief to the Turkish beau;
For lovely Waska Singty Wee
Said: "Go back alone to your old Turkee!"
—Translated.

"I've just 'eard that your little Bill got
run over," said one. "'Ow did it 'appen?"

"'E was picking up a 'orseshoe for luck,"
replied little Bill's father.



THE WHEEL ABOUT THE HUB.

This time I accepted the invitation of the Boston Bicycle Club and, putting all other affairs aside, attended the "Fifteenth Participation," and "400th Club Run."

According to one of the Boston newspapers, I came down from Providence, with two others, in an automobile, and went on the run in it. Whereupon, in my Division, notice of charges against me, looking to my impeachment, was hinted at. It was a serious, error, I admit—on the part of the reporter—in the white light of fact. For, on that morning of September 9, my bicycle and I travelled by train to Boston. There I mounted my wheel and for the two days of the run used no other conveyance than that. The day following the run I cycled all the way from Jerusalem Road to Providence. When—if ever it happens—I go upon a bicycle run in an automobile, I shall deem myself, from the physical point of view, on the shelf.

I think we all enjoyed that run immensely. I know that I did; and I know that others of us did.

On the first day the Weather Clerk kept us guessing. After the early downpour, some two hours or so before the start, he paused to consider what next to do. By the time we reached Jamaica Pond, he put his atomizers into action for the rest of the morning. During the lunch hour in the Grove of Pleasant Memories, he condescended to be gracious, and we ate unmolested. After that he screwed on the spray-nozzles to the rain-hose, opened the valves of the celestial hydrants, and thereupon left them. It developed into an old-fashioned sizzle-sozzle. We skipped the climb up Blue Hill, made a hasty call at Cobb's Tavern, and then put for Massapoag Lake Hotel. We arrived there much ahead of schedule time, our outer garments well penetrated by the insistent moisture of the atmosphere, our underwear wet with the accumulating moisture of bodily exertions; and the big woodfire in the generous fireplace of the lounging hall there remains a grateful memory still.

On the second day, after an hour or so of uncertainty, the sky lightened up and then cleared; and thereafter we had no reason to worry about weather. The "Ceremonies under the Oak"—and what an oak that is!—went off without a hitch; "Papa" Weston—and how pleased he was over it!—set up a new record from Ponkapoag Pond to South Braintree—only the rain had made that possible; some pieces of that road must be a horrid grind in dry spells; were it not for the Oak I assume that it would be shunned; and we reached Kimball's and the Cohasset shore toward the close of a glorious afternoon, happy, and hungry enough to do full

justice to the fish dinner that was served soon after.

Some, like myself—and these the majority—made this "wheel" about the Hub in the original sense of the term, that is, on their wheels; for instance: "Papa" Weston, Jack Fecitt, Tom Hall, Smith and Rider, Swan, of New Bedford, Roberts, of New York, all riders still, to my knowledge and satisfaction. Also "Happy Days" was there on a wheel, and the same as ever. And one (Alley) came from California. I mention these as samples, not to distinguish from the others. Some used automobiles—mainly former riders—for some reason preferring the new way to the old. Yet these, I had the notion, looked, at times, a bit envious at us who really "wheeled." Also there was one motor cycle in the party—the connecting link, so to speak, between the two extremes. Yet I continue to prefer the motive power of the human leg.

The Boston Bicycle Club has the right idea:—Not to let wheeling fall by the wayside, to keep up the runs. And why may not the old clubs—even if practically nonexistent—yet profit by the example? Some have a quasi organization and get up a yearly dinner in the winter. This will not do. Have the eating? Yes; but let it be subordinate to the run—so let it be in the season of riding. If the surviving members keep this in mind and in this wise do—no need of houses, or halls, or frequent stated meetings; nor of large dues or expenses—and other wheelmen form themselves into like associations, for this purpose only, I believe that wheeling will revive and continue as a reasonable, healthy pastime—not, as at one period, a feverish, unstable, mushroom-like growth, fated to shrivel, deteriorate, and well nigh vanish, as it did.

GEORGE L. COOKE,

President.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 30, 1904.

ESSTEE'S PEN SCRAPS.

October Renewals have been sent for, and we are sending out number two circular to the late ones of September. The November people may come now if they like.

The Boston Bicycle Club will keep up an interest in the wheel by getting together at Hendries' on the last Saturday evening of each month. Chicken dinner. The wheel promotes sociability.

The Divisions have not gone out altogether. They have the right to go as they please now and several of them propose to hold together under rules of their own. The time may come when organizations of this kind will be useful.

Our Automobile Section is taking in new recruits. Do you ride or drive an auto? If so walk right in. The auto needs organized effort.

The New York Division wishes us to state that there are on hand a few "Western N. Y. 50 Mile" books and a few "50 Miles Around New York City." Members may have these for 25c. or 27c. by mail. Apply to L. P. Cowell, 25 Broad Street, New York City.

Quincy Kilby, known as one of the oldest and most prominent wheelmen of this state, has been appointed secretary-treasurer of the Massachusetts Division, L. A. W. This selection brings to the office of the division one of the most enthusiastic riders, a man who never tires of spinning over the roads on his cycle or of spreading the gospel of good roads, good fellowship and cycling.

Mr. Kilby has been identified with cycling since its very early days, and has seen it rise and decline, remaining faithful to the silent steed, so called, throughout its entire career in this country. His acceptance of the position brings an earnest and loyal worker to the support of the League of American Wheelmen.—Herald.

From No. 175: "I like to hear from members of the 'old guard' through your publication, and presuming that some of them may be equally interested I venture to contribute my mite. Merely to demonstrate the proposition that years do not necessarily make a man old and stale I celebrated my 60th birthday last month by taking a ride of 100 miles on my wheel, and finished in good order. Actual riding time, a little over eleven hours. It was not over a selected course, either, but from town to town, a part of the trip being in Illinois and part in Indiana. I do not consider it a phenomenal performance. Doubtless there are many other 'veterans' that have done it or could do it."

The chief elements of danger in driving a motor-carriage are dearth of skill and lack of judgment. As for accidents, the great majority are the result of the inexperience or recklessness of drivers. Mere mechanical skill does not make a good motorman—a clear head and courage are also necessary.

Many motor-car accidents may be traced to the fact that persons are eager to run them before gaining an adequate knowledge of their mechanism. A man will offer his services as a motor-servant, and take charge of a costly motor-carriage, very often without the proper training and experience. The progress of automobilism has been somewhat hindered by this very difficulty of securing properly-trained men to run the vehicles. However, as knowledge of motors and motoring has spread to a remarkable extent within the last year, men fitted to take care of motor-cars are becoming more numerous.

A careful record should be kept of every motor accident, and every motorman who is found to be to blame for an accident, either through inexperience or carelessness, and whether amateur or professional, should be disqualified or suspended by the Automobile Club, whose decision should be recognized by the automobile world in general—just as a jockey is disqualified or suspended from

the turf for some act contrary to the rules of racing.—John Scott Montagu.

The Bureau of Road Inquiry of the United States Government has been making a study of the width of tires prescribed by local and national authorities in various parts of the world. In France, every freighting and market cart, instead of injuring the highway, improves it. Many of the tires are ten inches wide. In the four-wheeled vehicles in that country the rear axle is fourteen inches longer than the fore, and as a result the rear wheels run in a line about an inch outside the level rolled by the front wheel. After a few loaded wagons have passed over a road the highway looks as if a steam roller had been at work. A national law in Germany prescribes that wagons heavily loaded must have tires not less than four inches wide. In Austria the minimum for similar vehicles is six and one-half inches; in Switzerland, six inches.

In a number of States in this country laws have been passed granting rebate of highway taxes to citizens who use on lumber wagons tires not less than three inches wide. On toll roads in Kentucky and several other States farmers hauling loads in wide-tired wagons are entitled to lower rates than those paid by the owners of narrow-tired vehicles.

At an experiment station it was demonstrated that it requires forty per cent. more power to draw a load on a wagon with one and one-half inch tires than on one with a three-inch tire. With a Baldwin dynamometer careful tests were made with loaded wagons drawn over blue-grass sward. In a wagon weighing 1,000 pounds it was found that a load of 3,248 pounds could be drawn on wide tires with the same force required to move 2,000 pounds on narrow tires. Moreover, the wide tires did not injure the turf, while the narrow ones cut through it. In some parts of the country pioneers in the use of wide tires have had to stand a good deal of ridicule. The manifest benefit to roads, however, soon changes public sentiment. The president of a leading wagon manufacturing company states that the demand for wide tires is increasing every year.

ANNUAL ELECTION.

The annual election of Delegates to the National Assembly will take place in December. We call attention to the following provisions of the Constitution:

Art. IV., Sec. 2. Nominations for the office of representative may be effected by the making of a certificate of nomination signed by not less than ten members eligible to vote for such representative and filing the same with the Secretary-Treasurer during the month of October.

Sec. 3. If sufficient nominations to fill the list of representatives from any state or group of states are not made and filed with the Secretary-Treasurer then the President shall make nominations to fill the vacancies. If more than sufficient nominations are made they shall be printed on the ballots in the order received, with nothing to distinguish

any particular name. There shall be published in the official organ during November a full list of all nominations, with a statement as to which were nominated by petition and which by the President.

States containing less than a hundred members will be grouped, by the Executive Committee, to make districts which will be represented in the Assembly upon a basis of one delegate for 100 members and for one extra delegate for every hundred members in excess of 50. This is a basis of representation similar to that employed with the large states.

The large states will be entitled to elect delegates as follows:

New York, 9.
Massachusetts, 5.
Pennsylvania, 5.
New Jersey, 2.
Ohio, 1.

State officers are no longer ex-officii members of the Assembly.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.

The regular fall meeting of the Massachusetts Division was held on Wednesday evening, Sept. 14.

A new Constitution and By-Laws were adopted.

The following officers were elected: Chief Consul, George A. Perkins; Vice Consul, Abbot Bassett; Secretary Treasurer, Quincy Kilby; Representatives, J. Fred Adams, Haverhill; Arthur P. Benson, Dedham; Geo. W. Nash, Wollaston; John J. Fecitt, Dorchester; C. R. Welch, Lynn; Hebron A. Libby, Roxbury; J. B. Seward, Revere.

Board meetings will be held on the second Wednesday of September, December and March in each year.

ABBOT BASSETT,
Secretary pro tem.

MAUD AND THE JUDGE.

Maud Muller jumped on her time-worn bike
For an evening hit at the dusty pike.

An old drop-frame of a 'way down gear,
With a rattle the sleeping dead could hear.

The judge came pounding along behind,
Out airing his great judicial mind.

He noted the figure neat and trim,
And graceful motion of hidden limb.

And he said to himself in his grave delight:
"Whatsmatter with Maudie? She's all right!"

He drew beside her, and asked her flat
Why she rode such an old icecart as that.

And she said saleslady could ill support
Such a wheel as the judge of the district court.

He told her she could on a chainless ride,
With a diamond frame, if she'd be his bride.

Or, if she would break up his solo life,
They would tandem together as man and wife.

Maud bit at the bait like a hungry trout,
And the old judge smiled as he yanked her out.

They ride a tandem now, of course,
But Maud has to work like a treadmill horse.

For the judge has learned how to sit and shirk,
And let his darling do all the work.

He weighs two hundred and fifty-one,
But the poor girl thinks it an even ton.

And she often says, with a pain-rent heart:
"I wish I was back on my old icecart!"

"Of all true words that I ever spake,
The truest are these: 'He's a bloomin' fake.'"

"Why do the roses fade slowly away?" she inquired, poetically.

"Well," replied the bald-headed young man, "when you think it over, it's all for the best. It's more comfortable to have them fade slowly away than to go off all of a sudden, like a torpedo."

Teacher: "What are the three personal pronouns?"

Pupil: "He, she, and it."

Teacher: "Give an example of their use."

Pupil: "Husband, wife, and baby."

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"I Can't" met "I Can" out walking one day;
Said "I Can't" to "I Can," "What's the reason, I pray,
That you're always in spirits and I'm always out;
That you always succeed in what you set about?"

Said "I Can" to "I Can't," with a smile in his eye:

"In asking your question you hint the reply;
Instead of 'I wish,' say, 'I will,' without fail,
'I can' for 'I can't,' and you'll not have to wail."

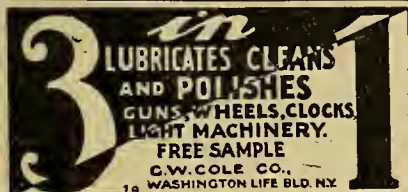
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THANKSGIVING.

Were there no God, I still would thank The
Source, though all unknown,
Wherein are born the joys of men, the gifts I
call my own.
The heart impels the tongue to speak since
to my lot belong
A woman's love, a sheaf of grain, a lily and a
song.

The savage beast, the poison vine, the evil of
the earth,—
I know not if the good and bad were only
one at birth;
But all the world seems gracious when I set
against the wrong
A woman's love, a sheaf of grain, a lily and
a song.

—Nixon Waterman.

SCRAPS FOR THE THANKSGIVING FEAST.

The first Thanksgiving day in America was appointed, not by the Pilgrims, as many persons mistakenly believe, but by members of the Church of England. It was celebrated at Monhegan, off the Maine coast, near the mouth of the Kennebec River, as far back as 1607—13 years prior to the arrival of the Mayflower in Plymouth harbor—and Chaplain Seymour preached a sermon "gyving God thanks for our happy metynge and saffe aryvall into the country."

The earliest Thanksgiving day of the Plymouth colonists was in 1621, when, after their first harvest, Gov. Bradford "sent four men on fowling" so that they "might, after a special manner, rejoice together," and when Massasoit and 90 friendly Indians participated in the three days' feast, themselves contributing five deer, which they brought to the plantations and bestowed on the Governor, Capt. Miles Standish and others.

Two years later, when, in a July drought, the Pilgrims were observing a day of fasting and prayer, rain fell abundantly; whereupon the Governor appointed a day of thanksgiving, on which gratitude for the immediate answer to their supplications was expressed in appropriate religious services.

The records of Charlestown, Mass., show a similar change of a fast into a feast in 1631, when a vessel with supplies arrived on the very day given up to prayer for its immediate coming.

In June, 1632, Gov. Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony invited the Governor of the Plymouth colony to unite with him in appointing a day of Thanksgiving for the favorable action of the British privy council toward the colonies. It is recorded that Thanksgiving days were officially recommended in Massachusetts Bay in 1633, 1634, 1637, 1638 and 1639, and in Plymouth in 1651, 1668, 1680, 1689 and 1690. These days were at first appointed at different seasons—sometimes there were several in one year—for special reasons, such as the safe arrival of ships with provisions and new colonists, but in 1680 the form of proclamation showed that the custom had become annual, and that the late autumn or early winter was the time most favored.

Thanksgiving days were set by the Dutch governors of New Netherlands in 1644, 1645, 1664 and 1665, and by the English governors of New York in 1775 and 1760; but the custom was for many years mainly confined to New England, where regular annual proclamations were issued by the governors, the occasion was observed with religious services, and became the principal social and home festival of the year.

"Madam, you've already overdrawn your account."

"What's that?"

"You haven't any more money in the bank."

"The idea! A fine bank, I think, to be out of money because of the little I've drawn! Well, I'll go somewhere else"

The following incident occurred at the Brockport State Normal School, of which the late Dr. Malcolm MacVicar was at one time principal. Rivalry between the junior and senior classes had been unusually active one year. At commencement the senior class chose this motto and placed it in letters of evergreen over the stage: "Not to live, but to live well." On commencement morning the principal and other dignitaries on the platform noticed a strange levity on the part of the audience. Finally some one explained. A party of juniors had entered in the night and removed the "Vs" from the motto. It read, "Not to lie, but to lie well."

THE TEN BEST STORIES.

We have been asked to name the ten best works of fiction and the ten best short stories. It is a task we dare not undertake, for we are young yet and there are many books that we have not read. We will, however, mention those ten which to our mind are the best among those we have read, giving but one book to an author.

1. Les Miserables, Victor Hugo.
2. Lorna Doone, R. D. Blackmore.
3. David Copperfield, Chas. Dickens.
4. The Newcomes, W. M. Thackeray.
5. Uncle Tom's Cabin, Mrs. H. B. Stowe.
6. Ivanhoe, Sir Walter Scott.
7. The Nabob, Alphonse Daudet.
8. Daniel Deronda, George Eliot.
9. What Will He Do With It? Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton.
10. Cloister on the Hearth, Charles Reade.

In making this list we had in mind other books by the authors mentioned. We wanted to find a place for "Anna Karenina," "Marble Faun," "Quo Vadis" and "Ben Hur." We would like to add "Hugh Wynne" and "Richard Carvel" as the two best recent American historical novels and the "Pirate" and "Spy" by Cooper are worthy a high place in a list of the best earlier stories. "Ramona" ought to be in choice company, and "Elsie Venner," by far the finest descriptive story that we have had of New England country life should have our best opinions. Henry Ward Beecher wrote a novel years ago and it was a masterpiece. The town Norwood in Massachusetts took its name from this book. "John Halifax" has been surpassed by few novels, and we can well set down "The Right of Way" as one of the strongest novels of recent times, and "Robert Elsmere" is a novel that will live. No one has come so near to the standard set by Bret Harte as has Charles Egbert Cradock (Miss Murfree), who has given us many fine stories. There are so many of the best that it is hard to reduce them to ten.

The best ten short stories we should set down as follows:

1. A Christmas Carol, Charles Dickens.
2. Rip Van Winkle, Washington Irving.
3. Luck of Roaring Camp, Francis Bret Harte.
4. Man Without a Country, Rev. E. E. Hale.
5. That Same Old Coon, Frank R. Stockton.

6. Marjorie Daw, T. B. Aldrich.
7. The Man Who Would Be King, Rudyard Kipling.
8. Tillyloss Scandal, J. M. Barrie.
9. Great Stone Face, Nathaniel Hawthorne.
10. The Haunted and the Haunters, Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton.

We will find room for the list of any reader who believes he can improve upon those given above. The lists are a matter of opinion after all and the best test is the verdict of the great public that has kept the stories actively alive. We have included no work among the "upper ten" that has not lived more than ten years and we believe that none should be eligible to a list of the best if it has been forgotten before the lapse of that time. Will not some one give us a list of the ten books, outside of religious, trade and technical works, that have been the most helpful to him? We will ask for a list of the ten best American novels and will furnish one such ourselves in our next.

THE TURKEY IN HISTORY.

The chief feature of the national feast is a national bird. The turkey, notwithstanding Dr. Samuel Johnson in his dictionary defined him as "a large domestic fowl, supposed to be brought from Turkey," is a true American. Not a hint of the existence of this prince of fowls had the civilized nations of the earth ever heard until the year 1584, when the ancient voyagers dropped anchor off Axacan—now in North Carolina, then a part of what was called Virginia—and, making a landing one beautiful day in midsummer, reported that they had seen deer, snow white cranes and a certain large bird, which epicures have since learned to worship under the name of turkey.

His merits were quickly discovered by the early "explorers and adventurers" from other countries, as the journals of Capt. John Smith, William Byrd and their contemporaries attest, and it was not long before he was to be found on the tables of Europe. Brillat-Savarin of gastronomic and literary fame, called him "the most beautiful present made by the New World to the Old." Formerly very abundant, the wild turkey is now to be found only in small flocks here and there in the secluded glades of the Alleghany and Blue Ridge mountains, in the Florida wilds and on the plains of the far Southwest. Domesticated, the turkey thrives and multiplies the world over.

"Handsome, golden, done to a turn, scenting the room enough to tempt a saint," and served with that peculiarly savory New England production, cranberry sauce, no one will dispute the turkey's right to the sovereignty of the Thanksgiving feast.

"Did any one hear the dinner bell ring?"

OLD THANKSGIVIN'.

Oh, the wind is moanin' lonesome as it's creepin' to and fro

Through the branches of the trees so bleak and bare;

And the sky looks kinder threat'nin' and there's jest a hint of snow,

And November's writ his name 'most everywhere.

But the bright red fire's a-roarin' up the big brick chimbley flue,

And the old house kinder wears a happy grin;

What's the odds about the weather when the loved ones get together,

And it's jolly old Thanksgiving' come ag'in!

There's a turkey full of stuffin' that's a pictur' fer the eye,

There's a puddin' that won't hold another plum;

There's cel'ry and there's cranb'ry sass, there's mince and punkin' pie,

All settin' there a-holl'rin' ter yer, "Come!"

And here's mother, who's been countin' up the days fer weeks and weeks,

And me a-feelin' as young as twenty-four,

And there's welcome runnin' over jest like dew drops off the clover,

Fer it's jolly old Thanksgiving' come once more!

Oh, it's good to be a child ag'in, if only once a year!

It's good to have the children round the place,

It brings yer back the old sweet days in mem'ry allers dear,

And kinder smoothes the wrinkles from yer face.

Our boys and gals are back at 'home with children of their own,

So let the fun and frolics now begin;

We old ones' hearts are cheery, though our eyes, maybe, are teary,

Fer it's blessed old Thanksgiving' come ag'in!

—Joe Lincoln.

A kitten was lately brought up on an exclusively vegetable diet by a London family of vegetarians. The result is that it will not touch animal food, and pays no attention to rats or mice.

The stroke of a lion's paw is the third strongest force in the animal world. The first is the blow of a whale's tail, the second the kick of a giraffe. We do not write from personal experience of either

THE GENTLEMAN IN FOOTBALL.

The advocates of football claim for it that it is a gentleman's game; that the hard knocks a player receives brings out the better qualities of a man in that he cannot resent them. It is said that the buffets of the game are not unlike those that will have to be taken in the later contact with the world.

Is it the act of a gentleman to proceed deliberately to disable a member of the opposing team, in order to gain an advantage? Is this the golden rule of football? Does not the true gentleman take defeat gracefully? Does he by a mean advantage seek to neutralize the victory that has been gained over him?

We are asking these questions because of certain statements in the news columns of a great daily.

Referring to the Penn.-Harvard game:

"Pennsylvania began the slugging, and, not satisfied with this, began to knee their opponents at every chance, and deliberately kicked the Harvard players when they were down. This sort of rowdiness should not be tolerated for an instant by the officials, and the very first offender should have been sent to the side lines by the umpire, Mr. Edwards. The latter entirely overlooked the flagrant exhibitions of unsportsmanlike playing, and the game developed into a slugging match that recalled the exhibitions at Springfield in 1893 and 1894, which led to Harvard and Yale breaking off athletic relations for two years."

Referring to the graceful way in which the players admit defeat:

"In a contest on the gridiron the most highly prized souvenir is the ball. There is no rule as to which team shall take it, though custom dictates that it shall go to the winner.

"The possession of the ball after a game has caused no end of trouble in other years. In 1889 there came near being a riot on Franklin field, Philadelphia, because Pete Overfield refused to give up the ball after Harvard had won the game by a score of 16 to 0.

"Everybody knew that Harvard had won decisively, but it was hard to account for the determined attack made upon Overfield by two members of the Harvard eleven. Campbell and Hollowell followed Overfield down the side lines, attacking him all the way, but he refused to give up the ball. Finally the officials interfered and Overfield

was compelled to give the pigskin to Capt. Burden of Harvard.

"In 1896, Doucette of Harvard tried to do the same thing on Franklin field and did run off with the ball. It was subsequently returned by the Harvard coach. At that time no one knew anything about the stolen ball save the players of the two teams.

"The ball also disappeared after the game at Springfield in 1891, when Harvard defeated Yale. Immediately after the game the ball was passed to a Yale man, who stuck a knife into it, let the air out and hid it under a blanket. The ball was returned to Harvard after several months.

"Princeton offended in the same way and stole the ball when Pennsylvania first defeated her, 6 to 4, at Manheim, in 1892. On this occasion the Princeton players cut the ball into ribbons, and Pennsylvania never got it.

"Amherst men are still asking what has become of the ball they won at Cambridge last year, but up to date they have not been able to receive any satisfactory reply from the Harvard management."

Even the prize fighters give us a better exhibition of gentlemanly conduct than we have here.

Mrs. Caller—I'm surprised that you recognized me. It has been more than five years since we met.

Mrs. Naggeby—I had almost forgotten your face, but I remembered that dress you have on.

Master—Well, Tom, don't you feel ashamed at your little sister gaining her certificate and you not?

Tom—Please, sir, I got a certificate once.

Master—What for?

Tom—For being born.

"Well?" asked the Colonel of an old farmer, after delivering a Fourth of July address, "have you any fault to find with what I said?"

"You spoke of Bunker Hill, Colonel."

"Yes."

"But you didn't locate it."

"No? Why, I supposed everybody knew that Bunker Hill was in Boston."

"Yes, mebbe everybody s'poses so," grimly continued the farmer, "but where in gosh-all-fish-hooks is Boston itself? That's what we were all wonderin' about, and that's jest what knocked your speech higher'n a kite."

MEN'S CLUBS.

Mrs. Margaret W. Ravenhill, vice-president of Sorosis, speaks a good word for men's clubs.

"I believe in men's clubs. Anything that will make men any better I say let them have it. I think a club is an excellent place for a man. It broadens him, it takes him away from the petty details of housekeeping, and it makes him better natured and more considerate of his women folks. Yes, I consider men's clubs splendid institutions and I should think all sensible women would be willing to agree with me."

Unfortunately Margaret does not stop at this point. We wonder if her experience is responsible for what follows:

"Is there anything more despicable than the man who hangs around the house all the time? How many a woman would be willing to pay the dues to every club in town to get rid of the 'molly coddles,' who sit round doing nothing and interfering with the necessary work of the household! Yes, let the men go to clubs the whole six evenings in the week, and mayhap the seventh. I never should put any obstacle in their path nor use any persuasive powers to keep them at home."

Say! what kind of a man has she tied up to? It might not be a bad idea to have Mr. Ravenhill's views on the "Club vs. Home." Margaret sums up her argument as follows: "Nevertheless this absolute freedom depends greatly upon the man himself. Some men are benefited by clubs, others are harmed by them. To my way of thinking, it is a question which must settle itself, and the prime factor in the puzzle is the man himself. If he wants to go to his club let him. If he elects to remain at home, again let him. He is going to have his own way in any case, so why worry whether he will take one, two, three or even seven evenings a week? He is going to do as he pleases in the long run. I really think they are more bearable when they belong to half a dozen clubs and fill up the six evenings of the week."

To our way of thinking the prime factor in the puzzle is the woman herself. There are some homes that are to good men, the nearest approach to Heaven on earth, when a home is saturated with the fumes of brimstone a club is a good place to flee to.

"Speaking of the superstition of women," said Thompson the other night, "I have a

friend who lives in a studio building. Not long ago a man committed suicide in the building. She was distressed. She was sure that two other suicides would be committed before the reign of disaster was finished and done with. She was afraid that she would commit suicide herself to move the thing along.

"Later I met her. She had a more satisfied air.

"'Well,' said I, 'how did it come out?'

"'All right,' said she. 'Two of my goldfish died, and that made the three.'"

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

The following poem, written many years ago, is appropriate at this time. Some of the words are old enough to be strangers to some of us, but they are all in the dictionary.

Bird of two meats—the brown and the white—

Which like the dual Niles unite,
And in a single body run,
Of tints diverse, in substance one.
Hail to thy bosom broad and puffed!
Plump as a maiden's, cotton-stuffed.
Hail to thy drumsticks, dainties fine
That served as "devils" seem divine.
Hail to thy side bones!—rich *morceaux*—
And thy ecclesiastic nose
Which, to the laws of order blind,
Nature has queerly placed behind,
Yet scoffers vow they fitness see
In nose of bishop following thee,
And hint that ever nose of priest
Turns eagerly towards savory feast,
And as the shark astern, at sea,
Tracks the doomed ship, still follows thee!
Methinks I see a dish borne in
O'er-canopied with shining tin;
From 'neath that dome a vapor rare
Curls through the hospitable air.
Presto! up goes the burnished lid.
And lo! the bird its concave hid.
I see thee, browned from crest to tail:
Bird of two meats, all hail! all hail!
Through thy round breast the keen steel
glides,

Rich ichor irrigates thy sides.
"Dressing" to give the slices zest
Rolls from thy deep protuberant chest:
Then, tunneling in search of "cates,"
The spoon thy "innards" excavates,
And forth, as from a darksome mine,
Brings treasures for which gods might pine.
—Author unknown.

Liberia is the only more or less civilized country where clocks are almost entirely dispensed with. The sun rises at six a. m. and sets at six p. m. throughout the year, and is vertical overhead at noon. The people become so expert in telling the time by the sun that they are never more than a few minutes out in their reckoning.

SHORT SERMONS.

If brevity be the soul of wit, the sermon preached a few weeks ago by the Rev. Charles H. Yatman, at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, must surely have been one of the wisest on record. After announcing his text Mr. Yatman glanced round impressively at his congregation, said "Don't worry; it's wicked," and sat down.

It would be difficult, indeed, to compress a sermon into fewer words; but the Rev. Henry Brookfield, a somewhat eccentric English vicar of the early part of last century, once came very near to eclipsing Mr. Yatman's record. After giving out his text, "God so loved the world," etc., he said, "There, my friends, if I spoke for an hour I couldn't make that message any plainer. I'll just leave it with you."

A very striking example of a short and at the same time effective sermon was furnished by an old and feeble clergyman in Australia, who had been asked to preach a charity sermon on behalf of some orphan children. The preacher's strength proved unequal to his task, and all he could do was to stretch out a feeble arm pathetically to the little ones sitting near the foot of the pulpit and say, "Whence shall we find bread that these may eat?" So impressed was the congregation by this touching appeal that the collection proved to be by far the largest ever taken in that church.

In curious contrast to these brief sermons were the long-winded discourses of the preachers of past centuries. Thomas Hooker never thought he had done his duty until his homily had lasted three hours. Once, it is said, he preached a really short sermon; it had lasted exactly fifteen minutes when he sat down, but after a brief rest he rose again and continued for two hours more. Every one of Cranmer's sermons was a small volume in itself; and Bunyan, Calvin, Baxter, and Knox are all said to have been but little more merciful to their hearers.

A very good story is told of a clergyman who supplied a pulpit in a fashionable church. After describing the degraded condition of his hearers, which he attributed to heredity, the reverend gentlemen continued: "Some of you cannot even read and write. Many of you have spent the greater part of your existence incarcerated within these dismal walls—"

At this stage, when the congregation was worked up to a high state of mingled indignation and amusement, it began to dawn on

the clergyman that something was wrong. "Of course, I do not refer to my present hearers," he continued, apologetically, as he nervously turned over the pages of his manuscript, and, picking out a harmless passage here and there, rapidly brought his discourse to an end. When the congregation heard later that the absent-minded gentleman had been a prison chaplain and had brought the wrong sermon, he was readily forgiven for his aspersions on their character.

MELODY IN SQUASHVILLE.

I hain't so much on music—leastwise I don't care a heap
'Bout goin' to grand op'ry, till they git the price down cheap.

I heered that feller Susy and I heered a dago band

That all the folks around me 'lowed was elegant and grand,

I hain't no hand for male quartets or singin' by the choir,

But tha's one bit of melody that gits me on all fire;

And that's when Mary Ann, my gal, sets down to the pianny

And plays that intermezzar from the "Caviar Rustycanny."

I never played no tune myself exceptin' "Home, Sweet Home;"

I uster do that sometimes with some paper and comb.

I never learnt to read no notes or figger out the scale,

And as fer gettin' up to sing. I'd sooner go to jail.

When folks sitting talkin' music it jes' puts me to the bad.

But tha's one time I like it, though it makes me sorter sad;

And that's when Mary Ann, my gal, sets down to the pianny

And plays that intermezzar from the "Caviar Rustycanny."

I s'pose I'd like it better if it had some homely name

I don't quite get the meanin' o' them words, because I'm lame

On all them foreign langwidges—it ain't a derned bit clear;

It's somethin' 'bout a sandwich, and I s'pose a can o' beer,

But Shakespeare says that names don't cut much figger after all,

And tha's one time when music turns ol' trouble to the wall,

And that's when Mary Ann, my gal, sets down to the pianny

And plays that intermezzar from the "Caviar Rustycanny."

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

From an elevator boy:—Why did the side walk? Because the elevated road. How to kill fleas on gold fishes. Wash the water very clean twice a day. Next floor, please.

WHAT IS MURDER?

Let the Judge of a Court down South tell us just what murder is. The following charge to a jury is on record: "Gentlemen, let me say to you that murder is where a man is murderously killed. The killer in such a case is a murderer. Now, murder by poison is just as much murder as murder with a gun, pistol, or knife. It is the simple act of murdering that constitutes murder in the eye of the law. Don't let the idea of murder and manslaughter confound you. Murder is one thing, manslaughter is quite another. Consequently, if there has been murder, and it is not manslaughter, then it must be murder.

"Don't let this point escape you. Self-murder has nothing to do with this case. According to Blackstone and all the best legal writers, one man cannot commit felony upon another and this is clearly my opinion. Gentlemen, murder is murder. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; the murder of a father is called parricide, but that don't enter into this case. As I have said before murder is emphatically murder. You will now consider your verdict, gentlemen, and make up your minds according to the law and the evidence, not forgetting the explanation I have given you."

"When men break their hearts," remarks a cynical female writer, "it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of its claws—another sprouting out immediately and growing in its place."

"What is classical music, father?"

"Classical music, my son, is music that you cannot whistle, and wouldn't if you could."

It is said that one day when Roscoe Conkling was beginning to attain some measure of success he dropped into the office of Charles O'Connor, of New York, then one of the leaders of the bar.

"What's the trouble?" asked the latter, as Conkling excitedly paced the floor.

"I've just been subjected to the worst insult I have ever received. This is the first time a client ever objected to my fee.

"You know I defended Gibbons for arson, and put in some tremendous work for him. He was convicted at the trial, but we couldn't help it, and I took the case to the Superior Court and we lost there, then on to the Supreme Court and that affirmed the conviction, and he has been given ten years. Now, my fee only amounted to \$3,000, and

the scoundrel actually has the audacity to grumble about it, saying it's too high. What do you think of that for impudence?"

"Well," said O'Connor, slowly, "of course you did a lot of work and \$3,000 is not a big fee; but, to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my opinion, founded on mature consideration, is that he might have been convicted for less money."

"What town is this?" asked the eminent statesman, who was making a political tour of the provinces.

"Ionia," they told him.

The eminent statesman stepped out to the rear platform of the gorgeous private car in which he was traveling.

"My countrymen," he said, impressively, to the cheering throng at the station, "your beautiful and thriving young city has a rare distinction. Independently of its commerce and manufactures, independently of its charming location, independently, I may add, of the stalwart men and fair women who inhabit it, so many of whom I see before me—not forgetting these bright and winsome young children who are also here, the hope and mainstay of the republic—independently, I say, of all these, your lovely city—"

Here he became truly eloquent. His eyes flashed, his voice rang out in clarion tones, and he shook his clenched fist at the zenith.

"—has the rare distinction of bearing a name that has only five letters, and yet has four syllables!"

The applause, as the train moved away, was simply deafening.

One of I. B. Potter's best stories is about two Hibernians who, between them, were settling affairs of state offhand. Finally one of them, hammering the table with a heavy fist, impressively said:

"After all is said and done, the g-r-e-a-t masses of the people must constitute the bulk of the population!"

His fellow-debater, after a moment's pause to properly consider this weighty pronouncement, with a manner still more impressive, replied:

"Thru for you, unless they are put into a hopeless minority by the over-w-h-e-l-m-i-n-g numbers of the privileged few!"

There was a young lady of Riga,
Who rode with a smile on a tiger,
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

THE LITTLE PICCOLO.

The Royal German Band is coming to this country, it is rumored. The advance agent was formerly the piccolo player, but believes now that the strenuous life of an advertising man is happier, and safer, of course, than that of a musician. Some of his reasons for this belief he freely gives.

"I in der bandt at vonce vhas," said he, "but now I vhas nod now. Der reason is dis. We play before his Royal Highness, that Heaven-born Kaiser, Wilhelm. Er sagt, 'Oh, mine great little German bandt! I will send you away some, so that the worldt delighted may be.' Und we stardt outd. We play in Russia, before the Czar.

"He says: 'Who is dis?'"

"We says: 'Der Royal Cherman bandt.'"

"He says, 'Wonerful! Gif each blayer his instrument full of gold.' Der bass drummer, he geds to be ein millionaire! Der trombone blayer, he geds rich. But I—I—I blay de piccolo.

"We go to oder countries. We come to Turkey. We blay before a sick feller of Europe, der Sultan. He says, 'Who is dis?'"

"We says, 'Der famous Royal Cherman bandt!'"

"He says, 'Take them away. They're horribleness! Stuff their instruments down their throats!' His turkeys tooked us outd. The bass drummer—they can't stuff his drum down his throat. The trombone blayer—his mouth ain't too big for his horn to ged in. But I—I—I, alas! I blay der piccolo!"

"I don't want any of my daughters to resemble myself," said the capable woman, "and if I had my life to live over again. I would try to cultivate a certain amount of incapacity. A reputation for capacity is simply an invitation to the public in general and to your family in particular to heap their burdens upon you. If my husband were to hear in his office that his house was on fire, and knew, at the same time, that I was at home I don't think he would stir out of his chair. He would know that I would do everything the occasion demanded. By being too capable you cultivate helplessness in other people." It is very true that those who lean get along about as well as those who lift, but the world does not get along as well for their presence. The lifters have to lift more than twice as much on account of the dead-weight leaners. Don't be a shirk.

MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

It makes no difference if the world goes wrong,

So long as you go right—

It make no difference if the day is long,

If you can sleep at night;

If storms may gather, yet you see the sun—

While others idle, if your work is done,

The world may lose, and yet if you have won,

It makes no difference.

It makes no difference if the others weep,

So long as you can smile—

It makes no difference what the others reap,

If you sow well the while;

Each life's its master and its slave and all—

If one's to rise another one must fall;

And if you're ready at the battle call

It makes no difference.

"He said he would lay the world at my feet," said the impressionable girl.

"Tell him to start with something easy," answered Miss Cayenne. "Tell him to look after the house rent and grocery bill, and never mind the world for a few years yet."

Mother Goldfish—Where have you been, Willie?

Willie—Only just around the globe, ma!

Bride—George, dear, when we reach our destination, let us try and avoid giving the impression that we are newly married.

George—All right, Maud. You can carry this grip sack.

While visiting in New York City a lady asked the little son of her friend:

"Johnny, do you like going to school?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the truthful urchin, "and I like coming home, too, but I don't like staying there between times."

"Mother thinks you'll make me a good wife," said the girl's intended.

"Indeed?" replied the girl with the determined jaw. "You tell your mother I'll make you a good husband!"

Teacher—I suppose you know, Harry, that in keeping you after school I punish myself as well as you?

Harry—Yes, m'm; that's why I don't mind it!

"Dad," said little Reginald, "what is a bucket shop?"

"A bucket shop, my son," said the father, feelingly—"a bucket shop is a modern coo-erage establishment to which a man takes a barrel and brings back the bung-hole."

ENGLISH AS IT IS ADVERTISED.

A short time ago a London periodical offered a prize for the best collection of queerly-worded advertisements, and the following are specimens:

"Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going away, in a strong iron frame."

"Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors."

"Two sisters want washing."

"Wanted—A room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Lost—A collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle."

"Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor."

"Respectable widow wants washing on Tuesdays."

"For Sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"A boy who can open oysters with reference."

"Bull-dog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Pants, ninety-nine cents a leg; seats free."

Measurements taken by surgeons of the Japanese army show that the Japanese smallness of stature is due to an almost dwarfed condition of the legs. This is probably due to the fact that from early childhood a really unnatural way of sitting is constantly practiced. The adult Japanese is accustomed to sit with his legs bent under him. As soon as the child is old enough to be set upon the floor his legs are bent under him in imitation of the custom of his elders. This, in time, dwarfs the growth of the limbs. Actual deformity is less common among the peasants than among scholars, merchants, and others of sedentary habits.

We copy the following from the London Times of date August 13, 1829: "The following eccentric directions for his funeral are contained in the will of the late Sir Charles Hastings: 'I desire my body may be opened after my death, and buried without a coffin on the spot marked by me, wrapped up in either woolen or oil cloth, or in such perishable materials as will keep my body together until deposited in my grave by six of my most deserving poorest laborers; that

several acorns may be planted over my grave, that one good tree may be chosen and preserved, so that I may have the satisfaction of knowing that my body will serve to rear a good English oak. The tree to be watched and watered by the gardener, who must every now and then be rewarded.'"

He sought the old scenes with eager feet—

The scenes he had known as a boy;

"Oh, for a draught of those fountains sweet,
And a taste of that vanished joy!"

He roamed the fields, he mused by the streams,

He treaded the paths and lanes;

On the hills he sought his youthful dreams,
In the woods to forget his pains.

Oh, sad, sad hills! Oh, cold, cold hearth!

In sorrow he learned thy truth—

One may go back to the place of his birth—
He cannot go back to his youth.

"Do you—do you remember who killed Abel?" asked the old man in the streetcar of the man on his right.

"Why, Cain, of course," was the reply.

"Who did you think it was?"

"Waal, durn my hide, if I hain't made a fool of myself! It wasn't ten minits ago that I bet a man \$2 to \$1 that it was Goliah, and now I'll hev to go barefut all summer to make it up. Yes, sir, it was Cain, and Goliah wasn't in it, and Samson wasn't born, and Q. V. Jones, which is me, ought to be hit with the same club that Abel was!"

Better a smile than a tear or a sigh,

Better a laugh than a frown,

Better an upward look to the sky

Than always a sad look down.

The joys we find in each little day

Perhaps may seem few and small,

But better these little joys, I say,

Than to have no joys at all.

Keep faith in the Love that blesses men

As the sunshine does the sod,

Let us do our best and trust the rest

To the Father-heart of God.

—Eben E. Rexford.

"At this height," said the guide, as they paused on the mountain side to look at the valley far below, "people with weak hearts often die."

"How often," asked a deeply interested listener, "do they have to die before they stay dead?"—Chicago Tribune.

There was a young girl in the choir,

Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,

Till it reached such a height

It was clear out of sight,

And they found it next day in the spoir.

UNCLE ENOCH.

Uncle Enoch never went to college but he is no fool. Set his tongue adrift and you get some very rare specimens of philosophy.

"As a boy, I was told that our mill pond was ten feet deep. I might hev accepted the figgers and kept a dry jacket, but I went pokin' around with an eleven-foot pole and was brought home with a barrel of water inside of me. It's just as well to take some things for granted, especially if you don't own the mill pond.

"The boy who starts out in life under the idea that natural philosophy don't apply to his individual case has only got to put his tongue to the blade of an axe on a frosty mornin'. By the time his tongue has been thawed loose with hot water he will hev undergone a change of opinion. One of my earliest experiences was steppin' on the blade of a hoe to see what the handle would do. It took 'em twenty minutes to bring me to, and my head aches yet at the thought."

A rhyme with a stanza once fell in love.
With looks he did entreat her;
But the stanza shy caught not his eye,
And the rhyme could never meter.

But the rhyme met the stanza and spoke his love.

"I love, fair one. Do you?"
Spoke the stanza gay: "How silly, I say!
I am a verse to you."

A famous French political economist drew up a statistical table some time ago on this very question, and the analysis showed that nine-tenths of the world's wars have grown out of quarrels that arose directly from commercial disputes. No fewer than fifty-five wars were classified as civil; forty-one were wars of succession of Crown claims; thirty under the pretence of helping allies; twenty-eight were religious wars; twenty-four were wars of retaliation; twenty-two were for commercial rivalry; and eight on points of honor.

"The evening wore on," continued the man who was telling the story.

"Excuse me," interrupted the would-be wit. "But can you tell us what the evening wore on that occasion?"

"I don't know that it is important," replied the story teller, "but if you must know, I believe it was the close of a summer day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A friend of ours who is touring in Germany sends the following copy of a notice

which is prominently displayed in the hotel where he is staying. This seems to be one of the inns where a guest finds his "warmest welcome":—

"Spacious rooms, with best beds.

"Here we cook the English every day. Attention to children under arms.

"The French cooked on Sunday and Friday, otherwise not, unless special intencion is ordered.

"The dogs must not be without leave of the Propriety withinhere brought.

"Carriage to hire, horses to ride, or asses equal to the company herein visiting.

"It is always to give best attention to comfort of esteemed and highwellborn company to this hotel endeavored."

Caller—Kitty, is that your parrot?

Little Girl—No, indeed, ma'am. The folks next door left him with us when they went away on their vacation. 'Fore he begins to talk I want to tell you that he doesn't belong to our church.

It is a singular, but not less true remark, in a late work, that Jefferson was born just eight years after his predecessor Adams; Madison eight years after Jefferson; Monroe eight after Madison; and John Quincy Adams eight years after Monroe. Another curious fact to be observed is, that Adams was just sixty-six years old when he retired; Jefferson was sixty-six; Madison was sixty-six; Monroe was sixty-six; and John Quincy Adams, had he been elected to a second term, would have been sixty-six. Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe all died on the 4th of July.

The spell binders have been out and we have had some very tall oratory. The following extract from a campaign speech shows how it is done out west.

"Build a worm-fence around a winter's supply of summer weather; skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon; catch a thunderbolt in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; ground-slauce an earthquake; lasso an avalanche; pin a lid on the crater of an active volcano; hide all the stars in a nail keg; hang the ocean on a grapevine to dry; put the sky to soak in a gourd; nail up eternity in a woodshed, and paste 'To let' signs on the sun and moon; but never—never for a moment, sir—delude yourself with the idea that any ticket or party can beat ourn."

Make up your periodical lists for next year, and let us figure on them for you.

ANSWERS.

Q—Referring to your answer to the question about March 4 as inauguration day, was not one of the Presidents sworn in on March 3d? A—Yes, sworn in but not inaugurated. President Hayes, in view of the fact that the 4th of March in 1877 came on Sunday, took the oath of office privately at 7 o'clock Saturday evening.

Q—I have been told that the Japanese have taken Port Arthur once. Is this a fact? If so, when? A—It is a fact. On the 21st of November, 1894, 22,000 Japanese under Marshal Oyama, assisted by twenty-two torpedo-boats, defeated 20,000 Chinese, and seized the town, but they were, of course, eventually obliged by Russia to evacuate. Just ten years ago all this happened. We are to have the anniversary next week.

Q—When and where was fought the "Battle of the Standards?" A—The battle was between the English and the Scotch, at Cuton Moor, near Northallerton, in 1138. Here David I., fighting on behalf of Matilda, was defeated by King Stephen's general, Robert de Moubray. It received its name from a ship's mast erected on a wagon, and placed in the centre of the English army; the mast displayed the standards of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Ripon. On the top of the mast was a little casket containing a consecrated host.

Q—Why do they call them "coats of arms," when they are neither coats nor arms? A—Armorial bearings are termed coats of arms because they were always emblazoned upon the surcoat which warriors used to wear over their armor. They were worn in this way because in olden times warriors were so encased in armor that it was impossible to identify them except by some such means, and the embroidering of the knight's insignia of honor upon his outer coat was adopted for this reason.

Q—What were the so-called smock marriages? A—A smock marriage was one in which the bride went to the altar with no more clothing on than her chemise, smock or shift, by all of which names a feminine garment is known. Sometimes the covering was no more than a sheet wound about the body. Both in old and New England in the 18th century brides could thus be seen taking connubial vows at the altar.

The reason of this was the belief that if a man married a woman who was in debt, he would be held liable for her indebtedness to her creditors if he received her at the hands of the minister or magistrate with any of her property. And, also, that if a woman married a man who was owing debts, his creditors could not take her property to satisfy them if he received nothing from her. There was one case at Birmingham, England, in 1797, where the bride wore absolutely nothing while the ceremony was being performed. The minister at first refused to perform the ceremony, but finding nothing in the rubric that would excuse him from acting, he married them. The modesty of the people soon put an end to the more glaring violations of good taste, but various expedients were resorted to to secure the benefit of the law. Sometimes a bride stood in a closet and put her hand through a hole cut in the door; sometimes she would stand behind a screen; sometimes she would stand behind a sheet or wore her smock. Finally the groom furnished the clothes, retaining the title himself, and this satisfied the law.

Q—What is the history of the Cumberland Road? and was it ever completed? A—The Cumberland Road was never completed as projected, because the railroads rendered it useless. The first legislation by congress was in the act of April 30, 1802, authorizing the people of Ohio to frame a state constitution. It was a provision in that act by which a certain percentage of the money received for the sale of public lands in Ohio should be set apart to build a public road from the navigable waters emptying into the Atlantic to the Ohio River, and thence through the state of Ohio.

Cumberland, Maryland, was chosen for the starting point for two reasons—that there was a turnpike already existing from Baltimore to Cumberland; and, second, that the latter town was deemed the head of navigation on the Potomac. In 1806 congress authorized the laying out of the road. The first section runs from Cumberland to Wheeling, 132 miles, and is yet a good road. In 1818 the road was opened to travel between Cumberland and Wheeling. In 1820 a law was passed by congress to make surveys for extending the road through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, to the Mississippi River. In 1825, a law was passed by congress authorizing its construction from Wheeling westward to Zanesville, and this was completed in 1829. The same year a law was

enacted for its extension to the Indiana line, and this portion was completed in 1839. It was never finished westward of that line, though some grading was done. Its total cost from Cumberland to the Indiana line was about \$2,085,000. It was first called the "Cumberland Road," and later the "National Road."

Q—What is a Book Plate? A—A book plate is a little device made especially for the owner, embodying his personal characteristics or presenting his coat of arms. It may be transmitted from father to son and play an important part in family history. A copy of this device is pasted inside the front cover of each book of its owner, not only ornamenting it, but giving it a personal mark of distinction and helping, sometimes by the introduction of a trite motto, to insure the return of the book from the borrower.

Q—Kindly tell us about the "Dardanelles" and why no warship can go through them. A—The Dardanelles is the channel between the sea of Marmora ("Marble Sea") and the Mediterranean. Its name is derived from that of the ancient city of Dardannus, on the southwestern shore. It is also called the Hellespont (the sea of Helle), from Helle, the daughter of Athemas, king of Thebes, who was fabled to have been drowned in it. Xerxes, king of Persia, in his great expedition against Greece, in 480 B. C., crossed this strait by means of two bridges of boats. Its length is 40 miles south-southwestward, and its breadth varies from one to four miles. There is always a rapid current in the channel from the Sea of Marmora to the Mediterranean. In 1841 a treaty was concluded between Turkey and the five great powers of Europe—Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria and Russia—by which no ships of war other than Turkish should pass the Dardanelles, without the consent of the Turkish government.

The strait northward from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea is called the Bosphorus. Its length is about 17 miles, with a breadth varying from a half mile to two miles. Its shores are elevated, and throughout its course it has, on the two sides, seven bays or gulfs, projecting deeply into the land. One of these, on the northwestern side, forms the Golden Horn, the harbor of Constantinople. The name Bosphorus is Greek, and means "the ford of the ox." This name is derived from a fable in Greek mythology. Io was a beautiful girl with whom Jupiter,

king of the gods, fell in love. Juno, the wife of Jupiter, became jealous. Jupiter then changed Io into a beautiful white heifer. Juno sent a gadfly to torment her, and she swam the strait from Asia to Europe; but the gadfly tormented her without a moment's rest in her wanderings through the world.

GLORIOUS FOOTBALL GAME.

Away with the feeble prize fight,
 Away with the lifeless ring,
 Away with the palsied short-arm jab
 And decrepit full-arm swing;
 For our blood is hot within us,
 And the sport is dull and tame,
 And we thirst for the blood that's streaks
 the mud
 At the glorious football game!

Hurrah for the seething scrimmage
 Of the tangled twenty-two!
 Hurrah for the writhing legs and arms
 Of the smiling, fighting crew!
 Hurrah for the blood of battle
 That dyes the mass with flame,
 And the grewsome groans and the melting
 moans
 Of the glorious football game!

We cheer from the thronging grandstands
 And the bleachers echo back,
 As we trace the ball through all its long,
 Uncertain, sinuous track;
 And in yells that cleave the heavens
 Our ecstasy proclaim,
 And shout till hoarse through the changing
 course
 Of the glorious football game!

And when the fight is finished,
 And the wounded borne to bed,
 And a few heartfelt but hasty tears
 Are shed above the dead,
 We rush upon the players,
 And we bear with glad acclaim
 The surviving few of the twenty-two
 From the scene of the glorious game!

Q—I was lately shown what is called a seven dollar bill with the following words on it: "This bill entitles the bearer to receive seven Spanish milled dollars, or the value thereof, in gold or silver. According to a resolution of Congress passed at Philadelphia, July 22, 1776." Did the government ever issue bills of that denomination? A—Yes, in values from one to seventy dollars. They cannot now be redeemed and are not uncommon. The old State banks issued bills of many denominations and we can remember taking one for \$2.50 and another for \$1.50.

Q—What is the largest library in the world? and where is it? A—The largest

libraries in the world are: Bibliotheque National, at Paris, 3,000,000 volumes; British Museum, London, 2,000,000 volumes; Imperial, St. Petersburg, 1,500,000; Library of Congress, Washington, 1,000,000; Royal, Berlin, 1,000,000; Harvard College, 910,000; Boston, 772,432; New York City, 610,000; New York State, 423,290; Chicago, 258,498; Philadelphia, 207,585. It is estimated that there are four billion books in the world.

Q—Who is the author of the saying: "The more I see of men the better I like dogs?"
A—We have seen it ascribed to Rosa Bonheur and to Robert Ingersoll, but its true author is Alphonse Karr, a French writer, who uses it in one of his witty causeries.

Q—How do new states get marked out? How comes it that they are of such irregular shape? A—New states are "marked out" according to different circumstances that control their formation, and not by any rule or law. In the case of the older states of the union they were divided on racial or colonial lines, according to the peoples who settled the colonies. In the case of disputed borders natural objects were used to define the state limits and these gradually came to be held permanent. In forming new states there were many interesting questions of boundary which will be suggested and partly explained by a look at the United States map. For example it will be noted that most northern and southern state boundaries are on parallel lines east and west, showing that latitude lines were taken where natural boundaries were not marked. In laying out new territory it is natural that such lines will be followed and in the case of Utah, New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming these artificial boundaries are the only ones used.

An interesting side light on history is shown by the fact that the southern boundaries of Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri extend in a straight line to Indian Territory, a living relic of the days when Virginia was supposed to extend westward to the Pacific in a direct line from the Atlantic seaboard. Most of the Louisiana territory was originally divided by the federal government into military districts to define the radii of jurisdiction of the frontier posts, and as settlers came these boundaries were crystallized into permanence when the states were formed.

Q—Where can I find the quotation: "He who runs may read?" Do not refer to the Bible, for the quotation found there has an

entirely different meaning. The one I ask for is not in the Bible. A—We are aware that there has been some confusion over the two quotations and will give both. In the second chapter, second verse, of the prophecy of Habakkuk is the following: "And the Lord answered me, and said, 'Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.'"

The poet Cowper puts the phrase as our correspondent wants it. He will find it in the poem, "Tirconium":

"But truths on which depends our main concern,

That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn
Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read."

THE YAWN THAT YAWNED NOT.

A pitying world has blabbered long
O'er the unkissed kiss and the unsung song,
And the unthunk thought, not dead, yet gone,
But never has wret for the unyawned yawn.

You have met, perchance, with the chronic bore,

Who tells you the tales he has told before;
You have tried to smile as he maundered on,
And you've wrestled hard with an unyawned yawn.

Or the youth who comes six nights in seven,
And woos the maiden till half-past 'leven;
Who sits, as she thinks "Will he stay till dawn?"

On the safety-valve of an unyawned yawn.

And yet, as our men of science say,
There is nothing that's lost or wastes away;
Somewhere in the yawning depths of space
All the unyawned yawns may have found their place.

An indignant letter dictated by a clever old gentleman runs thus: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot express it; but you, being neither, can readily divine it."

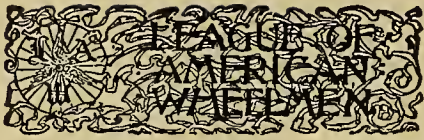
The misfits of life, the square pegs in the round holes, cause all the trouble. When a square peg gets into a square hole we think it an example of genius.—Robert Barr.

"Maud says she's wildly in love with her new motor-car."

"Yes! Another case where man is displaced by machinery."

Horticultural.—Vicar's Daughter—Well, John, I see you are looking as young as ever.

John—Yes, miss, thankyee. An' they tell me I'll soon be an octogranium.—Punch.



ANNUAL ELECTION.

The Executive Committee met at the office of Vice President Meserole, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday, Oct. 29th, pursuant to call of the President. President Cooke and First Vice President Meserole present. The President proposed the following grouping of states for representation in the National Assembly, and on motion it was duly adopted:

DISTRICT I.—Two Representatives.

| | |
|---------------------|-----|
| Maine | 35 |
| New Hampshire | 36 |
| Vermont | 6 |
| Indiana | 16 |
| Illinois | 72 |
| | 165 |

DISTRICT II.—Two Representatives.

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| Rhode Island | 87 |
| Connecticut | 68 |
| | 155 |

DISTRICT III.—Two Representatives.

| | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Delaware | 1 |
| Maryland | 39 |
| District of Columbia | 20 |
| Virginia | 6 |
| West Virginia | 4 |
| North Carolina | 2 |
| Georgia | 3 |
| Florida | 2 |
| Kentucky | 18 |
| Tennessee | 6 |
| Missouri | 38 |
| Oklahoma | 1 |
| Louisiana | 4 |
| Texas | 8 |
| | 152 |

DISTRICT IV.—Two Representatives.

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| Michigan | 32 |
| Wisconsin | 18 |
| Minnesota | 17 |
| Iowa | 16 |
| South Dakota | 1 |
| Nebraska | 2 |
| Kansas | 7 |
| Colorado | 10 |
| Wyoming | 4 |
| Montana | 5 |
| Idaho | 1 |
| Washington | 2 |
| California | 33 |
| Utah | 1 |
| Arizona | 1 |
| Foreign | 13 |
| | 163 |

Grand total in the small States, 635.

The President submitted the following:

Whereas, The Constitution requires that certain acts shall be performed and certain announcements made in the Official Organ

at given dates relating to the grouping of states and the election of representatives to the National Assembly, which cannot be carried out owing to the establishment of a monthly organ since the adoption of the Constitution.

Be it resolved, That the Executive Committee do hereby direct that the Secretary-Treasurer, in order to carry out the intent of the Constitution, shall act in accordance with the following:

First: That the grouping for representation shall be published in the November issue of the Official Organ.

Second: That the time for filing nominations for these districts shall be extended to November 30th.

Third: That the time for nominations in these districts by the President shall be extended to December 1st.

Fourth: That the time for the publication of these nominations shall be extended to the December issue of the Official Organ.

Fifth: That the time for sending out the ballots in these districts by the Secretary-Treasurer to members shall be extended to December 7th.

Sixth: For states which are entitled to independent representation the existing constitutional requirements shall be observed.

Adopted.

The President moved, That the Executive Committee should recommend to the next National Assembly that in order to avoid the above complications the following amendments to the Constitution should be adopted:

Article 3, Section 3, substitute "October" for "September."

Article 3, Section 4, substitute "October" for "September," and at the end of the Section add "and public announcement thereof shall be made in the next issue of the Official Organ."

Article 3, Section 5: Strike out all after the word "association."

Adopted.

It was moved, That the Executive Committee, acting in accordance with Section 1 of Article 3 of the Constitution do hereby designate the place and time for the next meeting of the National Assembly at the office of the Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass., on February 8, 1905, at 10 A. M.

Adopted.

Attest: Walter M. Meserole,
Clerk Executive Committee.

NOMINATIONS AND ELECTIONS.

It is almost impossible to avoid errors in the making of a Constitution. Even in the printing, one—yes, several—can pass over mistakes that appear quite absurd; as witness the published "Article III, Divisions" of the By-Laws in the official organ of March, 1904. So the Executive Committee were not greatly surprised when by reason of a situation wholly un contemplated, they found themselves confronted by a condition that called for the exercise of the general

powers vested in them between the sessions of the National Assembly. What this condition was and how they have met it is told elsewhere. Suffice it that they did not propose that any member of the League should be deprived of his right to nominate Representatives because of a defect in the law governing such nominations; they decided and arranged that the intent of the law should be followed; and at the next session of the National Assembly the matter will be permanently straightened out.

In grouping the states into Districts, according to the constitutional provisions appertaining thereto, the Committee have succeeded, as can be seen upon careful examination of the groups printed in this issue, in making the Districts of nearly equal size as to the number of members in each; in giving to each two Representatives—eight in all, which is the largest possible number; and, further, in practically subdividing each District into two sections, so that each section, if acting in harmony with the other, may have a Representative. For example: In District I, one for Northern New England and one for Indiana and Illinois; in District II, one each for Rhode Island and Connecticut; District III shows an eastern and a western part; and in District IV are the Central West and the Pacific group.

In their disposition of matters so as to make the Constitution work as intended with reference to elections, it will be observed that the Committee have not changed the time of voting—only the time for nominations and the sending of ballots. No other change was required, fortunately; as it might be beyond their powers to alter the date of the election as set forth in the Constitution. Ballots must be mailed by December 15. Nor have they in any manner altered the procedure as to the nominations, etc., in the states entitled to independent representation. Here the Constitution works properly and it must be strictly followed.

Now that the "groups" have been settled upon and published, it is hoped that the members thereof will take sufficient interest in the organization to make nominations for the National Assembly. The President would dislike very much, I assure you, to have to make nominations because of failure on the part of the members so to do; as is required of him in such instances. In his own District (II) he knows that nominations will be made by the members of it. He trusts that the other Districts will do the same, and that the members generally will vote, as well; and so keep in touch with the whole body.

GEO. L. COOKE,
President.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 1, 1904.

NEW YORK NOMINATIONS.

We are in receipt of a proper and timely certificate placing in nomination the follow-

ing members of the L. A. W. for the position of Representative to the National Assembly, L. A. W.

Dr. Frank A. Myrick, New York City.

L. P. Cowell, New York City.

Edward F. Hill, Peekskill.

L. H. Washburn, Albany.

Dr. L. C. Le Roy, New York City.

Henry G. Wynn, New York City.

John F. Clark, Great Kills.

J. C. Howard, New York City.

Geo. T. Stebbins, Brooklyn.

(Signed)

Abbot Bassett,
Secretary-Treasurer.

MASSACHUSETTS NOMINATIONS.

We are in receipt of a proper and timely certificate placing in nomination the following members of the L. A. W. for the position of Representative to the National Assembly, L. A. W.

Quincy Kilby, Boston.

Alonzo D. Peck, Boston.

Arthur P. Benson, Dedham.

Charles W. Pierce, Brighton.

Frank W. Weston, Dorchester.

(Signed)

Abbot Bassett,
Secretary-Treasurer.

ESTEE GIVES THANKS.

We're mighty thankful for this world of sunshine and of song;

We're thankful when it's summer and when winter comes along,

With frosty nights and breezy dawns, and friendly fires that blaze,

There's still a rose that blooms for us along the frozen ways.

The unimportant national election is over and now comes the important L. A. W. election. Get ready to vote.

Thanksgiving Day is the last riding day of the great majority of wheelmen who do not ride the whole year round. The demand for vaseline is very great just now.

Massachusetts has increased its League membership forty per cent. this year. Think of it! And they tell us that cycling is dead.

C. C. Darling and C. M. Murphy, two young men of Jackson, Mich., who are touring the U. S. on their wheels, are just now in California. During the early part of the year they made a wager with a wealthy gentleman of Jackson that they could tour every State of the Union on their wheels, and be back in Jackson at the end of eighteen months. One of the terms that makes the feat all the more difficult to accomplish is that they must neither work, steal, beg nor borrow. All expenses are made from the sale of aluminum smokers' trays.

The wheelmen have already covered 5,596 miles and have traversed the States of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, Washington,

Oregon and California. They will travel last by the way of Texas. Both are L. A. W. members.

In the late political campaign in Massachusetts, Governor Bates stated on the stump that if the Democratic candidate should be elected he would put an end to all appropriations for highways by the state. The following correspondence is interesting:

Boston, Oct. 31, 1904.

The Hon. William L. Douglas—Dear Sir: I notice Gov. Bates states that you are opposed to further appropriation for state highways. This is so prominent an issue to wheelmen that it becomes my duty, as official head, to ascertain the fact. We shall be pleased to learn from you how you stand on this matter. If we do not receive a reply we shall assume the statement is true.

Truly yours,

GEORGE A. PERKINS,

Chief Consul, L. A. W., Mass. Division.

Mr. George A. Perkins, Chief Consul, Massachusetts L. A. W., 15 Court Square, Boston.

Dear Sir: Your inquiry of the 31st ult. received. Replying to your direct question as to whether I am opposed to further appropriation for state highways, I answer emphatically, in common with every public-spirited citizen of the state, that I am not opposed to further appropriation for the construction of state highways, and I would add that, further, I am in favor of some method whereby the good roads can be kept in order after they have been constructed with the people's money.

Yours very truly,

W. L. DOUGLAS.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgivin' is a comin', an' the royal turkey bird

Is a roostin' mighty high an' feelin' blue;
An' th' scarlet ol' cranberry is a waitin' t' be stirred

Into appetizin' sass f'r me an' you.
We're a waitin' an' a watchin' f'r th' dawnin' of th' day

When th' turkey bird is roastin' in th' pan;
An' we ruther guess we're able f'r t' quickly stow away

As much o' Mr. Turk as any man.

Thanksgivin' is a comin' an' it's time that we rejoice

For blessin's that th' year has brung our way,

For th' rain an' sun in season, for a harvest rich an' choice,

For a soil that careful 'tention will repay.
So we're goin' to assemble 'round th' royal banquet board,

Singin' praises for th' blessin's we receive;
An' we'll kneel and give thank off'rin's to our ever gracious Lord

As we gather 'round th' fire Thanksgiving eve.

Thanksgivin' is a comin' an' th' royal Mr. Turk

Is a roostin' on' th' very highest lim';
But we're goin' to move his feathers with a scientific jerk,

An' we're goin' to spend an hour a eatin' him.

We are thankful we are livin' in a State that beats 'em all,

That we've got a little somethin' an' t' spare;

An' we're waitin', yes, a waitin', for t' hear th' dinner call

A ringin' on th' crisp Thanksgivin' air.

Clyde Fitch, after a long stay in Switzerland, has returned to his country house at North Cos-Cob, Conn. He said there the other day:

"Anecdotes of Whistler are still turning up. Europe, from one end to the other, still hums with the dead American painter's name. But it was in Paris that I heard the best Whistler story.

"They told me that Whistler was in Paris at the time of the coronation of the King of England, and one evening, at a reception at the Hotel Ritz, a duchess said to him:

"Do you know King Edward, Mr. Whistler?"

"No, madame," said the painter.

"She looked surprised.

"Why, that is odd," she murmured. 'I met the King at a dinner party last year, and he said that he knew you.'

"Oh," said Whistler, 'that was only his brag.'

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OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Vol. 2. No. 10.

DECEMBER, 1904.

5 Cents.

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and in summer under some shady tree; and
therewith pass away the tedious hours."*

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Entered as Second-Class Matter March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Good night, good night, ah good night,
That wraps thee in its silver light;
Good night, no night is good for me
That does not have a thought of thee.
Good night.

Good night. Be every night as sweet
As that which made our love complete.
As that night when death shall be
One brief good night for thee and me.
Good night.

S. Weir Mitchell.

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CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyful'st feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be jolly.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke.
And all their spits are turning,
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in Christmas pie;
And evermore be merry.
George Wither (1588-1667).

SCRAPS FROM THE PACK OF SANTA CLAUS.

Alfred, the wisest and best of English kings, who first reigned over all England, and who truly deserved the title of "Great," with a view to the welfare and happiness of his subjects, established a decree that thenceforth the Holidays should begin with Christmas and end with Twelfth Night. Although the laws of King Alfred were not as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, his decree has remained operative longer than any of theirs; for even at the present time, when ten centuries have glided by, thousands regard the twelve days included within the prescribed limits as The Holidays, although in modern times Americans go out of the holiday business after New Year's Day.

"Our ancestry," writes Gouverneur Morris, "may be traced to four nations—the Dutch, the British, the French and the Germans. We are, if I may be allowed to say so, born cosmopolite." Hence, as might be expected, we have inherited various customs. This is quite apparent on Christmas. Thus the descendants of the Mynheers pay due honor to Santa Claus; the English adorn their houses with evergreens; the French attend mass and chant noels (Christmas carols); the Germans

deck their Christmas trees as of old in Vaterland; and all are right merry, for it is "Merry Christmas to all."

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Franklin.

This day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.—Shakespeare.

The Christmas bells from hill to hill answer each other in the mist.—Tennyson.

Some things about the holidays
Are quite unfair to madam;
For instance, there's a Christmas Eve,
But where's her Christmas Adam?

I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year.—Dickens.

The belfries of all Christendom now roll along the unbroken song of peace on earth, good will to men.—Longfellow.

'Tis the season of kindling the fire of hospitality in the halls, the genial flames of charity in the heart.—Washington Irving.

The church bells of innumerable sects are all chime-bells today, ringing in sweet accordant throughout many lands, and awakening a great joy in the heart of our common humanity.—Chapin.

Never deny the babies their Christmas! It is the shining seal set upon a year of happiness. Let them believe in Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, or Kris Kringle, or whatever name the jolly Dutch saint bears in your religion.—Marion Harland.

Do you like the Scrap Book? Why not use it for a Christmas present to a friend and send him good cheer for a year?

To fill the cup of pleasure deep
At Yuletide's happy day,
Just buy the things you'd like to keep
And give them all away.

Everybody can sympathize with the young man who, at Christmas time, bought a silver inkstand for the lady of his choice, filled it with crimson ink to symbolize his heart's blood and wrote a poem in the same warm-toned medium, expressive of his feelings, to accompany the gift. On the same day he bought a small mechanical monkey for a little boy. He carefully tied up the two par-

cels and inadvertently addressed and mailed the monkey to the lady and the tender ink bottle to the little boy. But how much more to be pitied is the young man whose Christmas gifts have no distinction, except possibly a masculine and feminine difference, and which might with equal appropriateness be addressed to any one of his five hundred friends. The art of a gift lies in the amount of personality it carries. The main question is never one of commercial value, of usefulness or even of beauty, but one of fitness. What does the gift express? That is the thing to ask, and if it springs naturally from the real relation of giver and receiver, if it fitly translates the sentiment or, it may be, the lack of sentiment that sends it, it is in its way the perfection of a gift.

Are we going to have a hard winter? According to one prophet it is going to be a real old-fashioned one.

Elias Hartz, 90 years old, of Reading, Pa., a goosebone weather prophet, ate his first goose of the season on Oct. 31. It was hatched in 1904. The breastbone of the goose was dried, and Mr. Hartz closely studied the dark blue colorings on the bone.

"It is dark all the way through," said he. "This winter will start cold early in November and continue until late in the spring. We shall have many heavy snow storms. The temperature will be low and the ice crop will be enormous. I hate to say it, but it is so."

He—Are you going to hang a sprig of mistletoe on the chandelier during the holidays?

She—No, indeed.

He—And why not, pray?

She—Because a subterfuge like that is superfluous when the right man is around.

His Case.—"There are some people," remarked the melancholy person, "whose fate it seems to be to stand aside while those less worthy profit by their endeavors."

"That's right," answered Mr. Blykins; "I'm one of those people. We always invite our relations to the house on Thanksgiving Day, and I carve the turkey."

"Uncle Ephraim, what do you do for a living?" "I preaches an' I raises punkins, boss." "Which pays you the better?" "Well, o' co'se, I gits mo' money out'n de punkins, but I gits nuff distinction out'n de preachin' to make up de diff'unce, boss."—Chicago Tribune.

TEN BEST AMERICAN NOVELS.

Last month we gave a list of those works of fiction which were the best ten of all those we have read. We submit the best ten American novels of all those we have read:

1. Uncle Tom's Cabin, Harriet Beecher Stowe.
2. Ramona, Helen Hunt Jackson.
3. The Spy, James Fenimore Cooper.
4. Elsie Venner, Oliver Wendell Holmes.
5. Marble Faun, Nathaniel Hawthorne.
6. Hugh Wynne, S. Weir Mitchell.
7. Ben Hur, Lewis Wallace.
8. Richard Carvel, Winston Churchill.
9. Little Women, Louisa May Alcott.
10. Despot of Broomsedge Cove, Charles Egbert Craddock.

A correspondent, W. F. C., suggests the following as the best list of short stories. He seems to favor Poe very much since he gives him three places, and he gives two to Bret Harte. We have given no more than one to a given author in the lists we have presented:

1. Rip Van Winkle, Washington Irving.
2. A Christmas Carol, Charles Dickens.
3. The Luck of Roaring Camp, Bret Harte.
4. The Lady or the Tiger, Frank R. Stockton.
5. The Gold Bug, Edgar Allan Poe.
6. The Man Without a Country, E. E. Hale.
7. The Murders in the Rue Morgue, Edgar Allan Poe.
8. The Fall of the House of Usher, Edgar Allan Poe.
9. The Outcasts of Poker Flat, Bret Harte.
10. The Great Stone Face, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Mary W. G. sends this list:

1. Les Miserables, Victor Hugo.
2. Bleak House, Charles Dickens.
3. Vanity Fair, W. M. Thackeray.
4. Kenilworth, Sir Walter Scott.
5. Adam Bede, George Eliot.
6. Zanoni, Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton.
7. Captain Fracasse, Theophile Gautier.
8. Wilhelm Meister, J. W. Von Goethe.
9. Cloister and the Hearth, Charles Reade.
10. Last of the Mohicans, J. F. Cooper.

C. A. D. sends his list:

1. Les Miserables, Victor Hugo.

2. Pickwick Papers, Charles Dickens.
3. Vanity Fair, W. M. Thackeray.
4. Heart of Midlothian, Sir Walter Scott.
5. Lorna Doone, R. D. Blackmore.
6. Uncle Tom's Cabin, H. B. Stowe.
7. Pelham, Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton.
8. Ben Hur, Lewis Wallace.
9. Quo Vadis, H. Sienkiewicz.
10. Ramona, Helen Hunt Jackson.

L. M. G. writes: "Those who send in lists of the ten best books are quite apt to be conventional. Great authors do not always write the best books. Here are my ideas. Who will say these are not great books and interesting books.

1. Ten Thousand a Year, Samuel Warren.
2. Trilby, George Du Maurier.
3. File 113, E. Gaboriau.
4. Kidnapped, R. L. Stevenson.
5. Far from the Madding Crowd, Thos. Hardy.
6. Prisoner of Zenda, Anthony Hope.
7. John Halifax, Dinah M. Mulock.
8. Right of Way, Gilbert Parker.
9. Wreck of the Grosvenor, W. C. Russell.
10. On the Heights, B. Auerbach.

We now ask our friends to send us what they consider the two most expressive lines of poetry in the English language. We lead off with these from Gray's "Elegy":

"Where through the long drawn aisle and
fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise."

Oh, Christmas time is coming fast,
So cheer up, girls, be pleasant,
And shake the fellow with the past
For that one with the present.

"Your daughter's music is improving," said the professor, "but when she runs the scales I have to watch her pretty closely." "Just like her father," said Mrs. Nuritch. "He made his money in the grocery business."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Say, mamma, do big fishes eat little fishes like these sardines?"

"Certainly, my child!"

"But how do they open the tins?"

The Victim.—"So this is really good for rheumatism, eh?"

The Chemist.—"Splendid, sir. I know a man who wasn't able to walk downstairs, and the day after he finished the second bottle he was arrested for scorching on a bicycle in the public streets."

JUST GROWING; THAT'S ALL.

It is only by association and comparison that we can grasp the dimensions represented by the 80,000,000 population which the Census Bureau at Washington estimated were in the United States in 1903. This is more people than are in any other nation in the world except China with its 400,000,000, and Russia with its 130,000,000. Computed on the capacity of its units this 80,000,000 stands for an immeasurably greater productive value than does China's or Russia's total.

When Alexander of Macedon, in the middle of Asia, was weeping because there were no more earths for him to conquer, he had fewer subjects than the United States of 1904 has sovereigns. Under Caesar's eagles, when Rome ruled the world, were less people than are under the stars and stripes in the days of Theodore Roosevelt.

With 7 per cent. of the world's land area, and 5 per cent. of its population, the United States has 25 per cent. of the world's wealth. The value of the United States's property, real and personal, in 1900 was \$94,000,000,000, as compared with \$59,000,000,000 for Great Britain and Ireland, \$48,000,000,000 for France, \$45,000,000,000 for Germany, \$32,000,000,000 for Russia, \$22,000,000,000 for Austria-Hungary, \$15,000,000,000 for Italy and \$12,000,000,000 for Spain. Moreover, the United States's lead of all the other nations in wealth is increasing faster than is her preponderance over them all (except Russia and China) in population.

Franklin told the British Parliament just before the Revolution that the population of the 13 American colonies was doubling every 25 years. The gain is slightly less than that now, though it is greater than that of any other nation. Through natural increase, immigration and annexation the population of the United States multiplied 15 times between 1800 and 1900, while it multiplied 105 times in those hundred years in wealth.

Without allowing for increase in territory, but keeping the diminishing ratio of growth in mind, our 75,000,000 population of 1900 will, there is good reason to believe, be 150,000,000 in 1930, 300,000,000 in 1970, and 500,000,000 by the year 2000, while the aggregate of its wealth in the last-named year will be up in the dizzy heights of mathematics.

A pessimist, I take it, is a grown-up man whose cause is to prove the wicked doctrine that there is no Santa Claus.

THE PIG, THE POPINJAY AND THE PORCUPINE.

They went to sea in a Christmas Tree,
And merrily sailed away;
One was a Portable Porcupine,
And one was a Pig with a Bottle of Wine,
And one was a Popinjay.
They sailed and sailed till the darkness fell,
And the Portable Porcupine said, with a yell:

"The darkness falls,
Get your Shetland shawls,
And come under my umberell."
But soon the sea grew black as ink,
And the Popinjay cried: "We're going to sink!
Our heavy freight
Makes too much weight,
We're settling down, I think!"

"Dear Sir," said the Pig, with a smiling frown,
"Cheer up, for we are not going down!
But it seems to me
That our Christmas tree
Is heavier than it ought to be;
And I've a plan
By which we can
From danger be set free.
Of course we can easily keep afloat,
If we find some way to lighten the boat.
And a way has occurred to me."

And then that prompt and practical Pig
Ignited the tapers on branch and twig;
"And now, you see," said the proud igniter,
"Our Christmas Tree Boat is very much lighter."

'Twas true, indeed, and they sailed the seas
In their Christmas-tree boat 'as gay as you please,
And every one said: "Oh! don't they look fine.
The Popinjay and the Porcupine
And the Pig with his Bottle of Wine!"
Carolyn Wells.

James Gill, of Toledo, Ohio, has married a girl whose father insisted on having her full name of Missouri Arkansas Napoleon Four Hundred Miles Below the Mouth of the Ohio Absher" placed on the records when the license was obtained. Henry Absher, the man guilty of inflicting such a dreadful combination of words upon his daughter, explained that she was named in honor of an aunt who lived at Napoleon, on the Mississippi River, in Arkansas, 400 miles below the mouth of the Ohio.

If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas day, there will be an abundant crop in the following year. They used to believe it.

SPENCER'S IDEA OF GOD.

If you wish to understand Herbert Spencer's doctrine of the unknowable, you must know what he means when he talks about knowledge. Did you ever stop to ask yourself, What is knowledge? Whether you agree with him or not, you must judge his Unknowable in the light of his definition of knowledge. He calls it a process of classification.

You see an animal over in the distance; you do not know what it is. You get nearer, so that you can say it is a dog. You simply classify it with all other dogs; and you think you know all about it. That is what ordinary knowledge means—simply a process of classification.

Now, of course, when you come to deal with the one Infinite and Eternal Energy, since there is no other with which to classify it, you cannot know it in the ordinary sense of knowledge. Spencer does not deny that all we do know is so far a manifestation of the working of this Infinite and Eternal Energy.

There are a great many people disturbed over the question as to whether God is personal and conscious. I will tell you what Herbert Spencer said to me—that he did not think it reasonable to think of this Infinite and Eternal Power as personal or conscious in the sense that we, in our human understanding of the definition, would give those terms. God is not personal in the sense that he was born and is going to die, or is outlined or limited as we are; he is not conscious in the sense that we are.

But he made one of the grandest affirmations of the world; and, if you wish to understand Spencer, note this. He said, "It seems to me reasonable to think that this Infinite and Eternal Power is as much above and beyond what we mean by personality and consciousness as we are above vegetable growths." A grand affirmation, do not you see, and not a denial at all. This Power includes in himself all we mean by personality and consciousness, and perhaps infinitely more.

This grand conception of the universe, for the first time in history, gives us a worthy conception of a house, a home, a universe worthy of being the dwelling of an infinite God.—M. J. Savage.

Oh maiden fair! the Christmas comes,
And Christmas snow is flocking;
Thou hast my heart, sweet one, or else
I'd put it in your stocking.

THE DOG THAT NEVER WAS.

"Tell a story, father dear,"
Said Helen to me one day;
And climbing my knee she cuddled down
In her own delightful way.

So I made up a story, as best I could,
Of a house in a peaceful vale,
A boy named John and a little white dog—
A dog with a curly tail.

It was my undoing for Helen dear
Fell in love with the dog right then,
And now each time that she greets me home,
I must tell of the dog again.

Surely no doggie was ever born
That had such a wild career,
That got in so many scraps and fights,
And conjured such joy or fear.

As a puppy he fell in the pail of milk,
And I fancy I hear him yell
When he switched his tail in the hot grape
juice
Or the jelly that would not "jell."

The Shanghai rooster has thrashed him
twice,
He's been butted by the ram,
His nose has been full of hedgehog quills,
And his toes pinched by a clam.

Once he was lost in a woodchuck's hole,
And once in a hollow tree
Where he found the honey, and also found
That a dog shouldn't try to bee.

He has battled polecats and fought with
dogs,
Been tossed by the brindle bull,
Kicked by the mare and stoned by tramps,
Till his cup of woe was full.

But then he has done such noble deeds—
Has rounded the frightened sheep,
And once found a little lost baby girl
In the swamp where she fell asleep.

And the more adventures that Carlo has,
The more must papa invent,
Till my mind is a very dog kennel of tales
And my fancy warped and bent.

Often I wish that my Helen's love
For the little white dog might pale,
But I haven't the courage to kill that dog—
The dog with the curly tail.

Thomas Newcomb.

Tom—Miss Willing said she'd give me
what was in her stocking Christmas morning
for what was in mine.

Jack—Say, that strikes me as being in the
nature of a leap-year proposal.

If the ice will bear a goose before Christ-
mas it will not bear a duck after. They used
to say it.

WE HAVE THOUGHT SO.

The following appeared in a quaint almanac published in 1832. The writer is evidently English, and not gifted with impartiality:

In Religion—The German is skeptical; the Englishman devout; the Frenchman zealous; the Italian ceremonious; the Spaniard a bigot.

In Keeping His Word—The German is faithful; the Englishman safe; the Frenchman giddy; the Italian shuffling; the Spaniard a cheat.

In Giving Advice—The German is slow; the Englishman fearless; the Frenchman precipitate; the Italian nice; the Spaniard circum-spect.

In External Appearance—The German is large; the Englishman well made; the Frenchman well looking; the Italian of middle size; the Spaniard awkward.

In Dress—The German is shabby; the Englishman costly; the Frenchman fickle; the Italian ragged; the Spaniard decent.

In Manners—The German is clownish; the Englishman respectful; the Frenchman easy; the Italian polite; the Spaniard proud.

In Keeping a Secret—The German forgets what he has been told; the Englishman conceals what he should divulge, and divulges what he should conceal; the Frenchman tells everything; the Italian is close; the Spaniard mysterious.

In Vanity—The German boasts little; the Englishman despises all other nations; the Frenchman flatters everybody; the Italian estimates cautiously; the Spaniard is indifferent.

In Eating and Drinking—The German is a drunkard; the Englishman liberally profuse; the Frenchman delicate; the Italian moderate; the Spaniard penurious.

In Offending and Doing Good—The German is inactive; the Englishman without consideration; the Italian prompt in beneficence, but vindictive; the Spaniard indifferent.

In Speaking—The German and Frenchman speak badly, but write well; the Englishman speaks and writes well; the Italian speaks well, writes much and well; the Spaniard speaks little, but writes well.

In Address—The German looks like a blockhead; the Englishman resembles neither a fool nor a wise man; the Frenchman is gay; the Italian is prudent, but looks like a fool; the Spaniard is quite the reverse.

In Courage—The German resembles a bear; the Englishman a lion; the Frenchman

an eagle; the Italian a fox, and the Spaniard an elephant.

In the Sciences—The German is a pedant; the Englishman a philosopher; the Frenchman a smatterer; the Italian a professor, and the Spaniard a grave thinker.

Magnificence—In Germany the Princes; in England the ships; in France the court; in Italy the churches; in Spain the armories are magnificent.

Servants—Are companions in Germany; obedient in England; masters in France; respectful in Italy; submissive in Spain.

Women—Good housewives in Germany; docile and eager for marriage in England; overfond of dress and folly in France; jealous and distrustful in Italy; religious and quiet in Spain.

The Houses—In Germany clean and well scrubbed; in England better looking inside than out; in Italy either grand palaces or mean hovels; in Spain very closely shuttered all day long.

L'ENVOI.

When earth's last picture is painted and the
tubes have twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors are faded and the
youngest critics have died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
lie down for an aeon or two.
Till the Master of all good workmen shall
put us to work anew.
And they that are good shall be happy; they
shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten league canvas with
brushes of comet's hair.
They shall have real saints to draw from—
Magdalene, Peter and Paul.
They shall paint for an age at a sitting, and
never be tired at all.
And only the Master shall praise us, and
only the Master shall blame;
No one shall work for money, and no one
shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working; and
each in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the
God of all things that are.

Rudyard Kipling.

Every reasonable sympathizer with crowned heads must feel his heart touched by sympathy with the King of Portugal, who is about to pay a visit to England, but finds that he has no stockings of a suitable hue. The hose which he has been wearing in his native land are somewhat too gay and giddy to be donned among the grave and sombre Englishmen, and Lisbon does not contain sufficiently melancholy coverings for the lower limbs. Too much radiance in the Lusitanian attire for ankles and calves.

THE ADDITIONAL PSALM.

Your Bible, if it is of the ordinary sort, closes the book of Psalms with the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm. In the Greek Bible, however, there is another, entitled "A Psalm of David After He Had Slain Goliath." Athanasius praises it very highly in his "Synopsis of the Holy Scriptures." It was versified by Apollinarius Alexandrius, A. D. 360, and a Latin translation of it may be found in the works of Fabricus, Vol. II, pp. 995-997. The translation below is by Baring-Gould, the well known antiquarian:

PSALM CLI.

1. I was small among my brethren, and growing up in my father's house, I kept his sheep.

2. My hands made the organ and my fingers shaped the psaltery.

3. And who declared unto my Lord, He, the Lord, He heard all things.

4. He sent His angels and they took me from my father's sheep. He anointed me in mercy from his action.

5. Great and goodly are my brethren, but with them God was not well pleased.

6. I went to meet the (giant) stranger and he cursed me by all his idols.

7. But I smote off his head with his own drawn sword, and I blotted out the reproach of Israel.

'Twould make the joy of the average boy,
On Christmas eve, complete.
If his stockings were long as his sister's are,
And fitted his father's feet.

Waterman.

THE METHODS OF MAUDE.

Jane Stubbs and Maude Haddock were two village girls who came to New York to battle with the world for bread. Jane was a girl of high principles and had the straight hair which invariably accompanies rectitude of character. Maude was a fluffy girl whose fetching ways and clever eyelash movement precluded any great necessity for over mentality or a serious view of life.

Jane, having literary tastes, obtained a position in the composing room of a magazine, from which she hoped to work her way up into literature. She studied all the old authors and acquired an academic style of face. Her ambition was to see her name signed to something one day "Jane Althea Stubbs." Just like that.

Maude obtained a place as cashier in a restaurant. When a young man full of pie and milk said funny things to her as he paid for his lunch she giggled and worked her lids at him.

Ten years passed. Jane had become head of the composing room, but her disposition was badly soured. She was highly thought of but badly paid.

About this time Maude Percie Haddock, a new writer, burst upon the literary horizon. She was said to have risen from the gutter, and was called the Bowery Browning. Her work was a series of sketches showing the darker side of restaurant life, and they were said by the critics to be marvelously unstudied and true to nature, with a touch of quaint humor and a keen knowledge of humanity. The book was called "Making Change."

One day Jane met the new authoress as she stepped from her diamond studded automobile, at the door of the office. Her garb was the gladdest, while Jane was in a rainy day dress and a tacky hat. To her amazement she recognized her old friend Maude, the village belle.

"But I never knew you wrote," said Jane; "you hated to write a letter even!"

"I still hate to," said Maude; "but I talked so much downtown to the customers that a stenographer asked if he might take it down for rapid practice, and that was how it happened!"

Moral: Industry and worthy endeavor are all right, but this is an age of hot air in literature. Don't take things seriously if you are a girl.—Kate Masterson in Life.

Wallace Macfarlane and Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll opposed each other in a lawsuit in Pennsylvania in the early eighties, and in its course heat and acrimony developed. Mr. Macfarlane, it is hardly necessary to say, retained the dignity for which he is justly celebrated, although sorely tempted to retort harshly to the shafts of wit of his gifted adversary. Presently, after Colonel Ingersoll had in his pleading been more irritating than before, Mr. Macfarlane broke in with:

"Have a care, have a care, Colonel Ingersoll. Remember your theology; recall the story of Ananias and Sapphira. Have a care, I say!"

"I well remember that story," retorted the Colonel. "In fact, I have been considering it every time you spoke, expecting to see you drop."

MRS. STANTON AND HORACE GREELEY.

The late Elizabeth Cady Stanton was particularly apt at retort, and one of her swift parries of a thrust delivered by Horace Greeley against her favorite doctrine of woman suffrage is historic.

"Madam," said Horace, one day during the Civil War, "the ballot and the bullet go together. If you want to vote, are you ready to fight?"

"Certainly, sir," she responded, "I am ready to fight, just as you are fighting—through a substitute."

Notwithstanding their differences of opinion, Mrs. Stanton and Greeley were personally friendly until the New York Constitutional Convention of 1868. A woman suffrage clause was strenuously pressed upon that body, and as vigorously opposed by Mr. Greeley. One day, after the Tribune editor had made some particularly rasping remarks upon the subject, George William Curtis rose, and said:

"I have the honor, Mr. Chairman, to present a petition in favor of the woman suffrage amendment, signed by Mrs. Horace Greeley and three hundred other ladies."

Greeley was furious, and rightly ascribed the appearance of the memorial at that moment to Mrs. Stanton.

"Why did you not put my wife's maiden name on that petition, and call her Mary Cheney Greeley?" he demanded the next time they met.

"Because," said Mrs. Stanton, "I wanted all the world to know that Horace Greeley's wife protested against her husband's report on the suffrage amendment."

"All right," retorted the editor, "hereafter you shall always be spoken of in the Tribune as Mrs. Henry B. Stanton." And so it was to the time of her death, although the name of Elizabeth Cady Stanton was known to hundreds of thousands who could not identify the woman by the appellation under which the Tribune, for revenge, tried to obscure her fame.

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said,
And then she pouted, blushed, and drooped
her head.

"Forgive me for the words I spoke last night,
Your flowers have sweetly proved that you
were right."

And then I took her hand within my own
And I forgave her—called her all my own;
But as we wandered through the lamp-lit
bowers,
I wondered who had really sent the flowers.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed
acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up and
grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time, to
breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to
bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the
birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing ever-
more.

A little spring had lost its way amid the
grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where
weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle
at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but
judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by sum-
mers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas
old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in
being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its
light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory
flame.
The thought was small, its issue great; a
watchfire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown, and cheers
the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged
the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied,
from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a tran-
sitORY breath—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved
a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O
thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty
at the last.

Charles Mackay.

"Go to school, sonny," said Uncle Eben,
"an' git educated 'bout geography. I'll help
you to un'stan' dat dis worl' would keep
gwine round, even if you didn't happen to
be on han' to push an' holler."—Washing-
ton Star.

Nixon—I don't know what's the matter
with our furnace; it doesn't heat the house
at all.

Homer—Does it draw all right?

Nixon—Well, I guess yes. It draws about
seven-eighths of my salary every week.

TRY CHANGE OF BREAD.

A chef was talking about bread.

"People ought to vary their breads, the same as they vary their meats," he said. "You don't eat ham three times a day, year in and year out. You don't eat beef that way. You don't eat mutton that way. But that is the way you eat bread, if you are the average sort of a man—one certain kind of bread suffices you for breakfast, lunch and dinner all your life.

"The stomach gets tired of this bread monotony; and when the stomach tires of a thing it won't digest it. Hence dyspepsia. The bread monotony is responsible for a good deal of the dyspepsia that flourishes.

"There are dozens of varieties of breads—corn bread, rye bread, whole-wheat bread, barley bread, Sally Lunn, brown bread, aerated bread, malt bread. With these, and many more to choose from, why is the average family so foolish and thoughtless as to confine itself to one kind of bread only?"

GET TO BED EARLY.

The supreme court of New York state has cited that 9.30 o'clock in the evening is a reasonable hour for men and women to go to bed. Don't forget it.

It was all caused by the operation of the bowling alley conducted by Patrick H. Ronan, at Kingston, the noise from which disturbed the family of Henry Keider, a liveryman, whose property adjoins Mr. Ronan's hotel site. It was often one o'clock when the noise of the falling pins had ceased. Mr. Keider asked Mr. Ronan to close the alley earlier, so that he and his family might sleep during the hours intended by nature for that purpose; but, as Mr. Ronan refused, an injunction restraining the operation of the alley was granted. Sleep being the main issue in the suit, both Mr. Ronan and Mr. Keider agreed to submit to the court a proposition that he should determine what would be a reasonable hour for ordinary men and women to retire to sleep. The alley, it was agreed, should be allowed to operate until such hour.

Judge Betts pondered over the question of Kingston's bedtime, and finally determined that it should be 9.30 o'clock. And now all law-abiding people will govern themselves accordingly.

Children soon learn that it is father who has the money, and mother who has the generous disposition.

"Every man—even the most cynical—has one enthusiasm—he is earnest about some one thing; the all-round trifier does not exist." If there is a skeleton, there is also an idol in the cupboard. That idol may be ambition, love, revenge, the turf, the table—but it is there."—The Ambassador, Act II.

The trouble with many flying machines is that they try to fly before they have learned how to flutter.

Some men want to do things that others do but don't know how to do them, while other men do things that others know how to do but don't want to do them.

Mrs. Browne—"Our friend Mrs. Woodby doesn't seem to be popular at the Van Astorbilt's nowadays."

Mrs. Malaprop—"No; I believe she's been person au gratin there for some time."—Philadelphia Press.

Lyles—"Did you ever come across a more conceited fellow than Bulger? They say he is an atheist; and I believe he is."

Bonter—"I wouldn't like to go so far as that; but I do know that he doesn't recognize the existence of a superior being."—Town and Country.

Says the man on the corner: "Gee whiz! The weather man's sure doin' biz. It snows and it blows, and my toes is near froze—if this here ain't winter, what is?"

Walton (to fishmonger)—"Just throw me half a dozen of those trout."

Fishmonger—"Throw them?"

Walton—"Yes; then I can go home and tell my wife I caught 'em; I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

Jiggs—"I tell you what it is, it takes a baby to brighten up a house."

Newpop—"That's right. Our first arrived three months ago and we've been burning gas at all hours of the night ever since."

"I am so ambitious," said the egotistical man, "that some day you may see me bring the earth home."

"If you bring it home on your feet," cautioned the meek wife, "don't forget that the doormat stands in the vestibule, and that the last time these walls were scrubbed I did it myself."

DEEP BREATHING.

Don't take a stimulant. Just breathe. This is the advice of a doctor who does not believe in the old medical policy of mystery, but who undertakes philosophically to explain to any patient why such and such a remedy should be beneficial.

"When you are 'let down,'" continued this physician, "don't take a cocktail. Just breathe. Put your finger on your pulse and get its rhythm. During eight beats draw in the breath, breathing deep and low, and forcing the diaphragm down first, then filling the upper lungs. Then exhale this breath during four beats of the pulse.

"Now, if you are working with a piece of machinery, say a typewriter, what do you do to make it run more smoothly? You don't put a lot more oil on it, and gum and clog it all up. You clean it first. You can best clean the blood by breathing. The blood passes through the lungs, and it needs and expects to find plenty of fresh air with oxygen in it. If it can't find perfectly fresh air, it needs more air which is not perfectly fresh. It needs to be cleaned by contact with the air.

"Once in a while hold the lungs full of breath as long as you can without expulsion. In doing this you are simply cleaning the machine. You are cleaning the blood. At the same time you are giving that little fillip to the action of the heart and nervous system which you thought you were giving when you took the cocktail. In the latter case you didn't clean the machine. You simply ran it a little faster and gummed it up a little more. You can get the same results, the same feeling of exhilaration and of accomplishment, without taking the cocktail, and at the same time the machine will steadily improve in its running quality. Breathe the best air you can get, and plenty of it. It is as necessary as food. The heart and lungs act involuntarily. In hurried business life they become too involuntary. In that case don't take a cocktail, just breathe."

BRIDES, PLEASE NOTE.

Casting a shoe after a newly married couple is one of the oldest customs that still clings to the fabric of this up-to-date life. Centuries ago—nay, thousands of years ago—it was one of the means employed by the people of antiquity to indicate ownership.

When a piece of land was purchased or given to one, or a man acquired ownership of a house, a cow, or took unto himself a wife,

it was the established custom to cast a shoe over the land, the building, the animal or the woman, thus asserting to the world that he had acquired all rights of ownership.

The custom is mentioned in several places in the Bible; for instance, in Psalms ix. 8, where the phrase, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," is employed to mean that by this method will ownership be asserted. Few who do it probably know why they cast a shoe after the newly married, but in this ancient custom is its origin found. So does a relic of barbarism linger in our midst, and for her own sake the bride ought to see that it is no longer practised.

Old Christmas brought his sports again;
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.
Sir Walter Scott.

A great many anecdotes are told about the late Mrs. John Sherwood, who was famous among her friends as one of the most kindly and delightful of women, and among the public as the author of that standard manual of etiquette, "Manners and Social Usages." Among them is the following: which has heretofore evaded print: "Several years ago Mrs. Sherwood was visiting a friend who had two young lady nieces living in the neighborhood. These nieces had often heard of Mrs. Sherwood, the grande dame of many functions, the intellectual companion of the great, the accomplished and fêted traveler, and they hoped, as they were just out of college, to make upon her that impression of intelligence and culture to which the high-minded young woman aspires. Accordingly, they rode over to their aunt's daily upon the most graceful of wheels, in the most correct bicycle costumes, and conversed seriously and intellectually with Mrs. Sherwood, who was all patience and courtesy. Mrs. Sherwood's visit ended and she departed, sending back the customary letter of appreciation to her hostess. The nieces arrived simultaneously with the letter.

"Oh! Aunt, is it from Mrs. Sherwood? What did she think of us? Does she seem to think we are—are—"

"She says," replied the aunt, scanning the letter—"she says, 'Convey my kind remembrances to the girls with the pretty ankles.'"

Ever think, boys, that the fingers that spank you were once referred to as tapering fingers?

ANSWERS.

We are not always able to answer queries at once. Very often we have to submit them to those who are better able to answer than are we, and in such cases delay is unavoidable. We cannot always publish the queries in full, and we economize space by omitting the initials of the questioner. The initials mean nothing to the average reader and the querist can recognize his question without them. We have a very large number of questions waiting answers and we hope to be able to publish them before very long.

Q—Can it be truly said that the District of Columbia is in Maryland? A—Certainly not. The District has no connection with Maryland and is not subject to its laws. It is as much distinct from Maryland as is Virginia. The District is under the direct government of Congress.

Q—The papers tell us that the North Sea affair can be laid to "Vodka." What is "Vodka?" A—Vodka is the popular Russian drink. It is to the Muscovite what firewater used to be to the Indians. It provides him with courage when all else fails. It has about twice the quantity of alcohol that can be found in Kentucky whiskey. It is usually distilled from rye and sometimes from barley or potatoes.

Q—Where is the garden of Eden supposed to have been located? A—The question about the site of Eden has greatly agitated theologians; some placed it near Damascus, others in Armenia, some in the Caucasus, others at Hillah, near Babylon; others in Arabia, and some in Abyssinia. The Hindoos refer it to Ceylon, one writer locates it at the North Pole, and a learned Swede asserts that it was in Sudermania. Several authorities concur in placing it in a peninsular formed by the main river of Eden, on the east side of it, below the confluence of the lesser rivers which emptied themselves into it, about 27 degrees north latitude, now swallowed up by the Persian Gulf, an event which may have happened at the universal deluge, 2348 B. C.

Q—How many times did Lafayette visit the United States, and what were the dates? A—Lafayette's first visit to the United States was made in April, 1777, when he came in his own ship to offer his services to the colonists. He remained until January,

1779, when he returned to France. His second visit was in May, 1780, when he came with a French fleet and 6,000 soldiers. He remained until after the surrender of Cornwallis. His third visit was in 1784, on invitation of Washington. His fourth visit, in August, 1824, was on the invitation of Congress. He visited all of the twenty-four states, and in December, 1824, Congress voted him \$200,000 and a township of land. He was 20 years of age when he came to the United States in 1777.

Q—Can you tell me who wrote the couplet:

"He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

I find many versions of the idea? A—The idea contained in the famous lines which are so often quoted occurs in the works of several writers, and some have traced it up to Tertullian, who, it is believed, may have adopted it from a line ascribed to Menander. The following are some of the versions in which this idea is found:

"For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise to fight again."

Goldsmith (1761).

These are from Butler's "Hudibras:"

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

"In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat;
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least of th' enemy."

From Ray's "History of the Rebellion":

"He that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again."

This couplet is from "A Collection of Apothegms, by A. Grafton, 1542, first gathered and compiled in Latin by Erasmus, and now translated by Nicholas Udall":

"That same man that runneth awaie
Maie again fight another daie."

Translation from Scarron (1610-1660):

"He who flies can also return; but it is not so with him who dies."

Q—Why do we call the center of a target the "bull's-eye," and use the same term to denote the lens glass of a lantern? A—This is one of many instances in our language where words have gained a higher status

than that with which they started and have been promoted from the slang dictionary to the dictionary of words of respectable and current use. Bull's eye is found in the dictionary of "The Canting Crew" so far back as 1690 and was the vulgar word for the central ring of the target used as a mark for archers, which was colored differently from the other rings. This may have arisen from the ancient rounded shields, cut out of ox hide and strengthened with a spike of central boss for this shield or target; hence target was often used as a mark itself. When sheet glass began to be manufactured the thickened part, where the tube had been attached, was called the bull's eye. Then this term was successively applied to a lens of glass, especially in a ship's side, to the lens of the lantern, to the lantern itself, and finally to the central boss of a target.

Q—What is the meaning of the French term "Cherchez la femme?" A—The meaning of the words is "Find out the woman;" the expression first got into vogue in connection with legal investigations. As a recommendation to any one desirous to ascertain the hidden cause of any mischief to "hunt up the woman" in the case. The sentiment is as old as the time of Adam and Eve; the saying itself does not go farther back than the famous French statesman, Talleyrand (who died in 1838), or, according to some, than President Dupaty, of the Bordeaux Parliament (who died in 1788), both men having been credited with its creation.

Q—Where and when did the term "gallery gods" originate? A—The Drury Lane Theatre, in London, formerly had its ceiling painted to represent a blue sky with clouds among which were Cupids fluttering about. This ceiling extended over the gallery; hence, occupants of the gallery were said to be "among the gods," and occupants of the higher tiers in theatres generally came later to be called "gallery gods."

Q—Why do we call an old joke a "chestnut?" A—The most plausible story of the origin of this word is given by Joseph Jefferson, as follows: In "The Broken Sword," an old melodrama by William Dillion, Captain Xavier is forever telling the same jokes, with variations. He was telling about one of his exploits connected with a cork-tree, when Pablo corrects him "A chestnut tree you mean, Captain." "Bah!" replied the captain; "I say a cork tree!" "A chestnut tree!" insists Pablo. "I must know better than you,"

said the captain. "It was a cork tree." "A chestnut," persisted Pablo. "I have heard you tell the joke twenty-seven times, and I am sure it was a chestnut." And the phrase caught on, and is even popular today.

Q—Kindly publish Ella Wheeler Wilcox's beautiful poem, called "Ships at Sea."

"IF ALL MY SHIPS COME HOME."

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me.
Ah! well, the harbor would not hold
So many ships as there would be,
If all my ships came home to me.

If half my ships came back from sea
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah! well I should have wealth as great
As any king that sits in state,
So rich the treasure there would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If but one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah! well, the storm clouds then might
frown,
For if the others all went down,
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came home to me.

But if that ship went down at sea
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With honor, riches, glory, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be,
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies be calm. O winds blow free,
Blow all my ships safe home to me.
But if thou sendest some awrack
To nevermore come sailing back,
Send any, all, that sail the sea,
But send my love ship home to me.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Q—In what year did England abolish slavery? A—In 1772 it was decided that slavery could not exist in England. On August 28, 1833, an act for the abolition of slavery throughout the British colonies, and for the promotion of industry among the manumitted slaves, and for the compensation of persons hitherto entitled to the services of such slaves, by a grant of \$100,000,000 from Parliament was passed. Slavery terminated in the British possessions on August 1, 1834, and 770,280 slaves became free. Slavery was abolished in the British East Indies on August 1, 1838. Since that time Great Britain has spared neither blood nor money to put down and abolish the trade in slaves.

Q—Why do they call the sun masculine and the moon feminine? A—This is largely due to custom and tradition. The Romans

called Apollo the god of the sun, as did also the Greeks before them. Diana (Greek Artemis), was the goddess of the moon. The sun and moon probably, therefore, took their genders from the deities that presided over them.

Q—Has noiseless gunpowder ever been invented? A—We think not. An explosion without sound would seem to be one of the impossibilities.

Q—How old is London, and where did it get its name? A—London is said to have been founded by Brute, a descendant of the Trojan Aeneas and called New Troy until the time of Lud, who surrounded it with walls and gave it the name of *Caer Lud*, or *Lud's-town*. Lud was said to be a British king buried where Ludgate formerly stood, but this is only fabulous. The name London was from *Llyn din*, the "town on the lake." Some say that a city existed on the spot 1107 years before the birth of Christ and 354 years before the foundation of Rome. In 61 A. D. it was known by the Romans as *Lundinium*, or *Colonia Augusta*, chief residence of the merchants. The original walls of London are said to have been the work of *Thodius*, the Roman governor of Britain 379, but are supposed to have been built about 306.

Q—Which is correct: "Plato thou reasonest well," or "Cato thou, etc." A—The quotation is from Addison's tragedy of "Cato," and the lines run as follows:

"It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

Q—Did President Cleveland at any time have a Democratic majority in both houses of Congress? If so, when? A—In President Cleveland's first term, the two Congresses were thus divided politically:

49th Congress—Senate—34 Democrats, 41 Republicans, 1 vacancy.

House—182 Democrats, 140 Republicans, 2 Nationals, 1 vacancy.

50th Congress—Senate—37 Democrats, 39 Republicans.

House—170 Democrats, 151 Republicans, 1 Independent, 3 Laborites.

Hence, in Mr. Cleveland's first term, in neither of the two Congresses did the Democrats have a majority in the Senate, though they had in the House. In his second term, from March 4, 1893, to March 3, 1897, the two houses stood politically as follows:

53d Congress—Senate—44 Democrats, 38 Republicans, 1 Independent, 2 Farmers' Alliance, 3 vacancies.

House—220 Democrats, 128 Republicans, 8 Populists.

54th Congress—Senate—39 Democrats, 44 Republicans, 6 Farmers' Alliance, 1 vacancy.

House—104 Democrats, 245 Republicans, 1 Silverite, 7 Populists.

Hence, in Cleveland's two terms, covering eight years, there were but two years in which he had a Democratic majority in both houses—in the 53d Congress.

Q—What is an agnostic? A—An agnostic is one who professes ignorance or refrains from dogmatic assertion; one who supports agnosticism, neither affirming nor denying the existence of a personal Deity. Agnosticism in theology is that the existence of a personal Deity can be neither asserted nor denied, neither proved nor disproved, because of the necessary limits of the human mind, or because of the insufficiency of the evidence furnished by psychical and physical data to warrant a positive conclusion.

Q—New York is exultant over the fact that she has the longest tunnel in the world. Please give us the length of the long tunnels. A—New York Rapid Transit, 18 1/2 miles; Metropolitan underground, London, 13 miles; Simplon, Switzerland, 12 miles; St. Gothard, Switzerland, 9 1/4 miles; Paris underground, 8 1/2 miles; Mont Cenis, Switzerland, 7 1/2 miles; Baltimore, Baltimore and Ohio, 7 miles; Arlberg, Austria, 6 miles; "Tupenny Tube," London, 5 3/4 miles; Hoosac, Massachusetts, 4 3/4 miles; Berlin underground, 4 1/2 miles; Liverpool and Birkenhead, 4 1/2 miles; Boston subway, 2 1/2 miles.

Q—Please name all the republics in the world. A—Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, France, Guatemala, Hayti, Honduras, Liberia, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Salvador, Switzerland, United States of America,

Uruguay, Venezuela. Besides these there are a few very small independent states.

Q—What is meant by "The King's Quhair?" A—It means the "King's Book" and is the title of a poem in six cantos written by James I of Scotland, while a captive in England, chiefly in Windsor Castle for 19 years, beginning in 1405. In this poem he paid a literary tribute to his lady love, Lady Jane Beaufort, niece of Henry IV. The seven-line stanza which he followed throughout the poem is still called "rhyme royal" in honor of the royal author.

Q—Who is the author of "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world"? A—This is from a poem by Wm. Ross Wallace, entitled "What Rules the World?" The stanza is as follows:

"They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea.
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

THE SILENT DRUM.

There was much joking among the veterans gathered in Boston in August. One told about a captain and a certain drummer. This drummer could almost make a drum talk. There was hardly his equal in the army. Hence on every occasion of importance he was put in a conspicuous post, and by his great skill with the drumsticks he reflected credit on his company.

The army one morning entered a conquered town. The tanned heroes stepped out splendidly. The sidewalks were crowded with lookers-on. The drums and fifes filled the air with brisk inspiring music.

"This is all good music, sir," remarked the captain to the colonel, "but I want to call your attention to my drummer. There he is—tall fellow with red hair."

They both looked at the drummer and he wasn't drumming at all. His sticks were thrust in his hip pockets, and he marched idly and gayly along, winking at the girls.

"Sergeant," cried the captain angrily, "go over to the drummer and see why he is neglecting his duty in this shameful way."

The sergeant on his return whispered in the captain's ear:

"He has two geese and a turkey in his

drum, and he says the turkey is for you."

The captain glanced hastily at the colonel to see if the whisper had been overheard. Then he said in a loud pleasant voice:

"Oh, well, why didn't he say before that he had rheumatism in his arms?"

"Our new comic paper," said the enthusiastic publisher, "has made such a hit we're thinking of calling it 'Cold.'"

"Cold?"

"Yes, so many people take it. Appropriate, eh?"

"Very. When people take cold it makes them sick."

THE DESTRUCTION OF SANTA CLAUS.

The children came down with a cheer blithe and bold,
Their curly locks gleaming in auburn and gold;
They ran with delight where the gifts were displayed,
And, oh! such a babble of gladness they made!

They gazed on the tree with its glory of light,
Its trinkets and baubles and ornaments bright;
They emptied their stockings, and dancing with glee,
Brought back the dear child-world to mamma and me.

There were dolls with bright faces and books full of song;
Tin trumpets and drums, blocks and bonbons a throng,
And there by the chimney, with arms full of toys,
Stood Santa Claus watching the girls and the boys.

They spied him—they rushed with a volley of cheers;
They pulled off the wig that curled white round his ears;
They poked at his eyes, gave his whiskers a twist,
And laughed at the shape of his chubby, fat fist.

They tore off his coat, rolled him over the floor
Jumped on his legs; banged his head 'gainst the door;
Pulled his nose till it cracked, pinched his cheeks with a vim,
And laughed till the tears made their bright eyes grow dim.

Then he burst—with a thud—and again rang their shout.
On, on went the wild, merry frolic and rout.
As they formed in battalions, while each bold brigade
Snow-balled with the cotton from which he was made.



Proclamation.

UNTO all and singular the Members
of the

League of American Wheelmen

the President, in behalf of himself and of
each and every one of the Officers of this
organization, herewith and hereby extends

Compliments of the Season.

GEO. L. COOKE, *President.*

NOMINATIONS.

The following nominations for Representatives to the National Assembly, L. A. W., have been made. Ballots have been sent out and members are requested to vote for the candidates.

District No. 1, comprising Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Indiana, Illinois. Nomination by President:—

Clarence W. Small, Portland, Me.
Charles M. Fairchild, Chicago, Ill.

District No. 2, comprising Rhode Island and Connecticut. Nomination on petition:—

Nelson H. Gibbs, Providence, R. I.
O. H. Hammond, Torrington, Conn.

District No. 3, comprising Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Texas. Nominated by President:—

James D. Pickens, Washington, D. C.
M. J. Gilbert, St. Louis, Mo.

District No. 4, comprising Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, California, Utah, Arizona, Foreign. Nominated by President:

M. L. Knowlton, Minneapolis, Minn.
Charles K. Alley, South Pasadena, Cal.

CORRECTION.

In notice of amendments published in November number the text should read:

Article 3, Section 3, "substitute September for October."

Article 3, Section 4, "substitute September for October."

As published the months were reversed.

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM ESSTEE.

Old Father Christmas once again
Has come to cheer us up,
We welcome in the old man's reign
By passing round the cup.

Our wiry steeds are stowed away
Till frost and ice are o'er,
Till woods resound with linnet's lay,
And flowers appear once more.

Outside the snow is falling fast,
In flakes of purest white;
But what care we for winter's blast,
Our fire is burning bright.

This is the twenty-fourth time that Esstee has wished a Merry Christmas to wheelmen. He started way back there in 1881 and every year he has had the pleasure of sending forth the Merry Greeting.

For the twenty-fourth time we wish one and all a Merry Christmas with all that this implies. If good fortune attend then you are sure to be merry. If evil fortune frowns upon you push aside all thought of it and be merry on this day at least.

"Mirth is the medicine of life,
It cures its ills, it calms its strife,
I softly smooths the brow of care
And writes a thousand graces there."

A green Yule may make a fat churchyard,
but it doesn't put a night gown on the roads,
and we may ride.

Representatives are being elected. Have you voted? Do so and show just a little bit of interest.

You can't always judge a man's speed by the make of his wheel.

Methusaleh completed nine centuries and he never even saw a bicycle.

The Pittsburg Automobile Club is confronted with a law on the statute books of that state, passed many years ago, providing that any owner of a vehicle propelled by other than horse, mule or oxen, should send a mounted guard on horseback at least 200 yards ahead to warn all.

A voting ballot has been sent to every member of the League. While the mails are very reliable with first class matter, they are not so with second class mailings. Those who have had no ballot when they get this may have a duplicate sent by applying to the Secretary-Treasurer. There are no contests in any of the States, but we want a vote for the candidates.

The pervasiveness of wheeling in this country is illustrated by the fact that the late Jimmie Michael, the most successful bicycle rider the world has ever known, has been the subject of more extended obituaries in the

newspapers than any other man who has died of late. And we suppose they have been as extensively read. Great is the wheel.

Get the prize. Let others explain how they lost.

Useful education is a gradual elimination of knowing everything.

The man who says he only wants justice is often sorry when he gets it.

Those who borrow trouble multiply it and then lend it to their friends.

Ill luck is sometimes better than good luck, as it may cause a reformation.

Bassett's Scrap Book

Does It Suit You?

If so, tell your friend and get him within the circle of readers,

Chip in a half dollar and send the Magazine to a friend at Christmas.

What better Xmas present.

Twelve laughing spells a year.

We want a million readers. We shall have a better magazine next year.

Send us names of your friends that we may send a sample copy.

Wanted—A Man.

BASSETT'S SCRAP BOOK wants a business manager to take hold of and work up the business end.

We are now in our second volume and we have come to stay.

Until we had a good circulation we have not tried to sell that which we didn't have.

Our circulation is now such that we can honestly go to a man and give him something. We want a man who will go himself and make us go.

To a good hustler who is not an apprentice but who knows the business we are ready to make a favorable proposition.

Will someone get in among the scraps.

AN AUTO LULLABY.

Hush-a-by, baby, let sleep softly steal,
Mother is driving her automobile,
Sleep as the autocar jiggles and joggles,
Baby is wearing her cute little goggles,
Wrapped in her little warm, pretty warm rug,

List to the auto go: "Chug-a-chug, chug."

Sleep, pretty babykins,

Wrapped in a rug,

Dear little babykins,

Snug as a bug.

Hush, deary babykins,

Chug-a-chug, chug.

Hush, little baby and rest in the car,
Mother is driving her auto afar.

Over the roadways like birds we are flying,

Swift as the winds, and with winds we are vying.

Nothing can harm and nothing molest,

Drive we away to the country of rest.

Sleep, pretty babykins,

Wrapped in a rug.

Dear little babykins,

Snug as a bug

Hush, deary babykins,

Chug-a-chug, chug.

Hark, little baby, we skim like a breeze,

Under the branches of sheltering trees,

Over the turnpike, and over the prairies,

Floating along like the fleet-footed fairies.

Up on the hilltop and then we rush down,

Far from the rush and the roar of the town.

Sleep, pretty babykins,

Wrapped in a rug,

Dear little babykins,

Snug as a bug

Hush, deary babykins,

Chug-a-chug, chug.

It is easier to secure a unanimous decision that a bad thing is bad than that a good thing is good.

Solar Heat

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Bassett's Scrap Book

SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Vol. 2. No. 11.

JANUARY, 1905.

5 Cents.

Published Monthly.

A collector and purveyor of odd bits of information in the domain of History, Literature, Biography, etc.

*"In winter you may read them by the fireside,
and in summer under some shady tree; and
therewith pass away the tedious hours."*

L. A. W. Publishing Co.

ABBOT BASSETT, Editor.

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Entered as Second-Class Matter March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to Heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawnlight gladness voicing,
God give us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

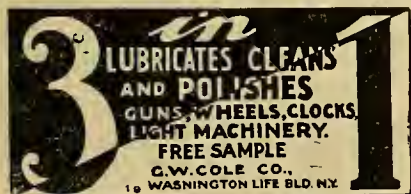
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ISAAC B. POTTER, President.

Consulate of the L. A. W. League dues may be paid here.



1905.

A fair white sheet for an unsoiled pen,
A book uncut, unread,
A new path leading to untrod ways,
New track for a weary tread.
A hope new-born from a fallen tear,
And a song for the joy of a glad New Year!

New reach for a grasp that fell too short,
New strength for the days to be,
New launch of boats that sail afar,
New winds from o'er the sea,
New joys, new aims, perhaps new tears—
We found them all in past New Years!

A new outlook for a watching eye,
New start for an unknown trip,
A fresher gleam of sky and sun,
New draught for a thirsty lip,
New time to toil, new sojourn here—
The air to breathe of glad New Year.

NEW SCRAPS FOR A NEW YEAR.

The year that is new. We greet it with hope. There is but one step from the grave to the gay; the dirge of the departed year has hardly faded from our ears and we are called upon to greet his new-born successor. Like the Chamberlain of Louis XIV., who, breaking his staff of office, pronounced "The King is Dead," and then seizing another wand and waving it over his head, exclaimed, "Long live the King" so it ever is with a parting and a coming year.

For many centuries there was no agreement in regard to the day upon which the year should begin. The Chinese and most of the Indian nations commenced it with the first new moon in the month of March; the Persians in June; the Egyptians early in autumn, the first day coinciding with the rising of the dog-star. The Jews had a sacred and a civil year. The former began in March or April, and the latter in September or October, both varying with the lunation.

The early Greeks had no settled year; when their descendants adopted one they commenced it at the vernal equinox. The Romans, like the Jews, had two years, the

sacred one began on the first of March, and the civil on the first of January. The early Christians considered the vernal equinox as the time at which the year ought properly to commence.

In 1654, however, Charles IX. of France determined by a decree that henceforth, in accordance with the Roman calendar, the year should begin upon the first day of January; and at last all Christians concurred in adopting the latter day as the initial point of the civil year. For some time, it is true, England maintained two years—a legal one, which began on the twenty-fifth of March (Lady Day) the day of the Annunciation, and a historic one, which began on the first of January—but after the adoption of the New Style in 1752 the two were united. Under the Old Style, March was the twelfth month from 1 to 24 and the first month from 25 to 31.

The change from Old to New Style is responsible for what is called double-dating. Thus we note an event which occurred February 22, 1742-43. By this we mean that it was in the year 1742 of the Old Style, but in 1743, under the New Style order of things.

It is commendable to make good resolutions at the opening of a new year—as it is to make them at any other time—but there is greater satisfaction in looking back upon a year well spent than in looking forward to good deeds that may never materialize.

Not being leap year, as is the regular thing for one year in four, the woman's privilege is denied her; but the woman who wants to marry and does not know how to bring about a proposal has herself to blame for remaining unattached.

Clinton Scollard, the poet, narrated the other day an incident that does not speak very well for modern politics.

"A friend of mine," said Mr. Scollard, "is the principal of a city school. He gathered the school children before him in the assembly room one day last month, and he told them that he wanted them to vote on a national flower.

"'France has a national flower,' he said. 'It is the lily. England's national flower is the rose. Japan's is the chrysanthemum; but we—we of this great big land of America—have no national flower at all. Little slips of paper are to be handed about now, and

each of you is to vote for the flower that you think best suited for America's national emblem.'

"The youngsters began to think earnestly, and the paper slips were distributed. Back near the door, however, a little Italian boy was all this time making a good deal of disturbance. He seemed to be arguing heatedly with the boys around him—seemed to be dissuading them from some course or other.

"My friend noticed the noise. He called before him one of the Italian boy's neighbors, and he asked what the trouble back there was.

"'Why,' was the answer, 'Pietro doesn't want any of us to vote yet, and he says he isn't going to vote yet himself. He says people never vote till they find out how much they are to be paid.'

"I guess," said the Yankee, "that there's some good in your London fogs after all."

"Glad you think so," said Jones.

"Wal, I do. My life was saved out in the West by one last year."

"I don't understand you."

"No, perhaps not. You see, when I was here last year I bought a bicycle one thick day, and had it pumped up there and then, and booked straight for New York. Just nine weeks afterwards I was on that bike, being chased over the prairie by two hundred mounted Indians. I reckoned my scalp was as good as gone, when bang went my back tire, and that's how I dodged 'em, sir. You see, that tire was full of compressed fog—good fog, too—and when it streamed out and spread itself about, I guess them Indian fellers lost me in the mist!"

The train had just commenced its journey.

"What did the porter say was the next station?" asked one passenger of another.

"Excuse me," said passenger No. 2, "you mean what is the next station. It's still a station, you know."

"You're wrong. It is was, but was is not necessarily is."

"Now you're getting ridiculous," said the second speaker, irritably. "What was is and what is is? Is was is or is is was?"

"Don't be foolish. What may be is, but is is not was. Is was was, but if was was is, then is isn't is, or was wasn't was. If was is, was is was, isn't. But if is is was, then—"

"Listen. Is is, was was, and is was and was is; therefore is was is, and was was was, and is is was."

"Shut up, will you! I've gone by my station already."

And there was silence for awhile.

Tom—But wasn't she angry when you called on her with a four-days'-old beard on your face?

Dick—Yes; she said she felt it very much.

SWEARING OFF.

If you're waking call me early, call me early,
mother, dear;

For I've a heap to resolute upon this glad
New Year;

There's lots of things I'm going to say that
I'm agoing to do,

And I kind of hope in a thousand things I'll
manage to keep a few.

I'm going to do the very best that ever a
feller can,

And I will make no friendship with a very
angry man;

I will not look upon the wine when it is
glowing red,

So may my evening hat sit loose upon my
morning head.

I will not loaf with sinners at the corner of
the street,

Nor will I talk about myself to every one I
meet;

I'll be the good boy of the school, and study
all the day,

Nor prod my seatmate with a pin to see him
laugh and play.

When wisdom crieth at the gates I'll know
that she means me;

And when she putteth forth her voice I'll
answer, "Here I be!"

When slugger men afront me I will give the
answer soft,

But the little man who tries it may venture
once too oft.

I will not lie about my age, my salary or
weight;

To help indeed the friend in need I will not
hesitate;

I will not scoff at feeble things, not even at
the poor;

And fractured toys and broken hearts I'll
try to mend and cure.

I'll go to see no gray-haired sire pose as the
"Preacher Boy,"

Nor go to hear a suckling babe play "Little
Fauntleroy."

I will not whistle in the cars the airs I do
not know,

Nor hold high revel in my room while others
sleep below.

I will not wear my dress coat when the sun
is in the sky;

I will not wear a collar more than seven
inches high;

I will be so good and sensible that people in
the street

Will lift their hats to me and say: "Ah,
Gabriel," when we meet.

Good night, dear mother, sweet good night;
nay, do not weep for me,

I am so good tonight I fear the morn I ne'er
may see,

But if I do live through it, when tomorrow
disappears—

You'll likely think your precious boy will live
a hundred years.

—Robert J. Burdette.

"THERE WAS A SOUND OF REVELRY BY NIGHT."

The famous Waterloo ball, given by the Duchess of Richmond, took place on the evening of Thursday, June 15, 1815. The Baroness de Ros (pronounced Roos) was the third daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and the last of the "fair women" present at the ball to pass away in 1891. She was born Sept. 30, 1795, and was therefore nineteen when that scene took place which inspired Byron to write those stirring lines beginning, "There was a sound of revelry by night." Sir Walter Scott once said, "I am not sure that any verses in our language surpass in vigor and in feeling this most beautiful description." There is little wonder that this veritable "dance of death" should have appealed to the genius of poets and prose writers alike. There has been much discussion as to where the ball took place in Brussels, but the investigations of Sir William Fraser make it certain that it was given in a carriage builder's warehouse. For many years the error was current that the British army was surprised while the officers were dancing, on the evening of June 15, nearly three days before the battle of Waterloo. The facts are these: On June 15, Napoleon crossed the River Sambre and advanced upon Charleroi, but the attack was not thought to be a serious one and it was believed he really intended to open his way to Brussels. twenty-five or thirty miles due north, by way of the Charleroi road. Brussels being the headquarters of Wellington, the latter waited there for proof of the attack being a feint upon Charleroi, which report was brought at three o'clock in the afternoon to the duke at his hotel, which he had taken care not to leave during the evening or the preceding day. Wellington now put his army in motion, the order for the memorable march being given not in the ballroom at midnight, as report had it for many years, but in the duke's hotel at five o'clock in the afternoon. These orders must have reached most of the corps by night. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond were living in a fine hotel in the Rue de la

Blanchisserie, and had a fruit and flower garden extending to the city ramparts. Their graces moved in the best society of Brussels and entertained a great deal. The duchess, who had issued 220 invitations for the ball, proposed to recall them when she heard that Napoleon had invaded Belgium. But Wellington, to prevent alarm, requested that the ball might proceed. Nevertheless many English families were frightened away from Brussels, and post horses were kept in readiness in the Duke of Richmond's stable in case bad news from the scene of conflict should make it advisable to send his children to Antwerp. So it happened that Wellington and many of his officers went to the hall after the business of the day had been attended to. While the merry couples were enjoying the dance, a despatch from the front was handed to Wellington. He asked Richmond for a private room where he might consult with those of his generals who were present. The duchess' dressing-room was the only convenient one safe from intrusion, candles were hastily placed on the dressing-table at which Wellington sat with a map spread before him; and having explained certain points to his staff they all rejoined the dancers. They left the house before ten o'clock and succeeded in doing so without attracting attention. Very few of the company guessed how near at hand was the crisis which was to decide the fate of Europe, and it did not enter the heads of the young ladies that many of their partners were dancing the dance of death. About midnight the general officers were secretly warned and disappeared from the room, among them "Brunswick's fated chieftain." Sir John Millais's famous painting, "The Black Brunswicker," represents one of the officers bidding farewell to his lady-love at the ball. Millais's model for the lady was the daughter of Charles Dickens. The roar of cannon could not have been heard at the ball, inasmuch as at that hour there could not have been more than slight skirmishing at Ligny and Quatre Bras, twenty miles to the southward from Brussels. Those battles were fought on the 16th, and on the field of Quatre Bras Sir William Fraser's father saw officers lying dead in silk stockings and buckled shoes. Of late years there have been many opinions advanced in the English press as to whether the room in which the Waterloo ball was given existed or not. Lord and Lady de Has could find no trace of the Duke of Richmond's former hotel, nor of the street on which it stood when

they visited Brussels in 1869. Sir William Fraser, many years later, discovered that not only did the Rue de la Blanchisserie still exist, but that the Duke of Richmond's house had been absorbed and made part of the large hospital of the Nursing Sisters of the Order of St. Augustine. One of the sisters pointed out to him what portion of the building was the duke's home, but would not admit him, as it was the abode of the sister's order. Sir William writes: "The windows were wide open, the weather being very hot and I could distinctly examine the rooms from the outside. My first impulse naturally was to examine the rooms as carefully and accurately as I could, hoping that one of them was the famous ballroom, but none of them was nearly large enough. They were the ordinary sitting-rooms of a family, and none of them could have held the two hundred and twenty persons which were the number of guests, according to the list of them given me by Lady de Ros. I at length noticed behind me a wall and over the top of this I observed a gabled roof, and on asking the sister what building was behind this lofty wall of separation, she at once replied, 'that is the great brewery of the Rue de la Blanchisserie.' Sir William visited the brewery and found a room which answered precisely to the description given him by Lady de Ros of the ballroom and which he learned had been formerly a coach-maker's depot for his carriages. It had been originally used as an annex to the Duke of Richmond's house, and there is little doubt that it was the famous ballroom. An engraving of it discloses a very large, low apartment, covered by a low roof upon which can be counted thirty or more rafters. The roof is supported by several pillars through the centre, between two of which is stretched a line upon which are hanging numerous articles of clothing." But Lady de Ros, who, Sir William declares, told him the ballroom was a coach-maker's warehouse, evidently did not approve of Sir William's getting all the glory for having discovered the room, especially as she had failed in her search for it; hence the little warfare carried on between the opposing parties. The coach-builder's warehouse has, however, been generally accepted as the room from which came "the sound of revelry by night," where "the lamps shone o'er fair woman and brave men," and "a thousand hearts beat happily," until they heard "the cannon's opening roar."

TWO EXPRESSIVE LINES.

In response to our call for the two most expressive lines in the English language, we have received the following. We cull out several duplicates:

From F. C. W.:

"The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea."
—Shakespeare.

From C. A. D.:

"There's not a joy the world can give
Like that it takes away."
—Byron.

B. W. C. sends:

"God's in his Heaven,
All's right with the world."
—Browning.

J. C. J. contributes:

"I laugh for hope hath happy place for me;
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea."
—Channing.

I. N. P. sends:

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the
trees."
—Pope.

J. M. gives us:

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."
—Shakespeare.

L. C. N. prefers:

"For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"
—Whittier.

M. C. W. sends:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like
home."
—Payne.

From C. S. D.:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."
—Goldsmith.

D. M. D. sends:

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet
they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
with exactness grinds He all."
—Sinngedichte.

E. C. A. sends:

"Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star."
—MacDonald Clarke.

J. T. A. prefers:

"My country is the world; my countrymen
are mankind."—Garrison.

J. L. C. sends:

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies."
—Byron.

From L. A. B.:

"The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe."
—Grav.

G. C. L. writes:

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do
to you, do ye even so to them."—Matthew
VII.

A LITERARY CROQUETTE.

(Find the Authors.)

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.
In every clime from Lapland to Japan;
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,
The proper study of mankind is man.

Tell, for you can, what it is to be wise,
Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the
plain?
"The man of Rose," each lisping babe re-
plies,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning
chain.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
Far as the solar walk or milky way?
Procrastination is the thief of time,
Let Hercules himself do what he may.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul;
I must be cruel only to be kind,
And wait a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Syphax! I joy to meet thee thus alone,
Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see;
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
In maiden meditation fancy free.

Farewell! and whereso'er thy voice be tried,
Why to yon mountains turns the gazing
eye,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man
Whose beard descending swept his aged
breast;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we
can,
Man never is, but always to be blest.

Young Jones (drawing a little nearer)—
Such a beautiful moonlight evening as this,
Miss Indie, is enough to make anybody love
everybody.

Judie (moving a little farther away)—Yes;
but it isn't quite enough to make everybody
love anybody!

Here is a problem which ichthyologists have frequently attempted to solve. Mr. E. G. Blackford, a recognized authority, is of the opinion that fish do sleep. Fish, he says, do not close their eyes when they sleep, because there is no necessity to do so. They have no eyelids, because their eyes are not exposed to dust, as ours are. Also light is so modified in passing through water that there is no glare to trouble them.

Not that fish cannot close their eyes if there is any actual need to do so. Pick a live fish up, and touch its eyes gently. A sort of inside yellow curtain is drawn down over the eye. Mr. Blackford adds that when you see a fish suspended motionless in the water for half an hour or so at a time, you may conclude that the creature is sleeping.

A London paper offered a prize for the best definition of a baby. The last one of the following was the winner:

"A bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican household."

"The morning caller, noonday crawler, and midnight bawler."

"The only precious possession that never excites envy."

"The latest edition of humanity, of which every couple think they possess the finest copy."

"A native of all countries, who speaks the language of none."

"A few inches of coo and wiggle, writhe and scream, filled with suction and testing apparatus for milk, and automatic alarm to regulate supply."

"A thing we are expected to kiss and look as if we enjoyed it."

"A little stranger with a free pass to the heart's best affections."

"It isn't always the tenant who pays his rent on the first of the month who is most desirable," said a landlord the other day. "Your prompt tenant is likely to hold you his debtor for that virtue, and feel perfectly free to ask for numerous improvements. My best paying property is leased to a man who is always two or three months behind in his rent. Of course, I lose my interest on my money for that time, but that's all. In the three years in which he has rented of me he has not asked me even to paper a room for him. I haven't done it, either.

"In one instance he had some plumbing done at his own expense, when he should have charged it to me. I am constantly

afraid that he will get prosperous some day, and want to pay me punctually. Just as sure as he does, I shall have to spend a lot of money on the house."

THE FOOLISH DICTIONARY.

A good friend sent us "The Foolish Dictionary" on Christmas. We make a few excerpts:

Scorcher—A chauffer in an all-fired hurry.

Temper—A quality, the loss of which is likely to make a knife blade dull and a woman's tongue sharp.

Exposition—An overgrown Department Store, usually opened a year or two behind time.

Rhetoric—Language in a dress suit.

Limburger—A native of Germany strong enough to do housework; well recommended for cleaning out the dining-room.

Island—A place where the bottom of the sea sticks up through the water.

Next—The barbarous password to the heaven of the shaved and the unshaved.

Gunpowder—A black substance much employed in marking the boundary lines of nations.

Economy—Denying ourselves a necessary today in order to buy a luxury tomorrow.

Love—A man's insane desire to become a woman's meal-ticket.

Lecture—An entertainment at which it costs but little to look intelligent.

Individuality—A harmless trait possessed by one's self. The same trait in others is downright idiocy.

Optimism—A cheerful frame of mind that enables a tea kettle to sing though in hot water up to its nose.

Tips—Wages we pay other people's hired help.

Tailor—One who takes your measure on first sight, gives you a fit, sews you up and follows suit until paid.

Note that we found the donor's name in the book, although he did not put it there.

At a dinner a Russian beggar was caught in the act of stealing a valuable bit of silver. His host remonstrated with him. The beggar was most penitent, but offered this amusing excuse:

"By stealing I broke the Eighth Commandment, which says, 'Thou shalt not steal.' But if I refrained from stealing I broke the Tenth Commandment, which says, 'Thou shalt not covet.' As I had to break one commandment either way, I thought I might as well have the silver."

THE OWL AND THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

One summer evening, as the Peasant and his wife sat at the door to enjoy the weather, a whip-poor-will began singing and made most delicious music.

"How sweet!" sighed the Peasant.

"What melody!" sighed the wife.

"It makes one forget the weariness of the day."

"It surely does; I could listen to it for hours."

The Owl had been resting in a tree above their heads, and as he heard the words of praise he cocked up his eye and said to himself:

"So they go in for the lullaby business, do they? I didn't look for it, but if it is songs they want then here goes."

"Great snakes! but what is that?" exclaimed the Peasant, as the bird above him drew in his breath and let go.

"It's that terrible Owl again!" replied his wife, when she had picked herself up off the grass.

"Well, I'll give him to understand that he can't jump the boots off me with no such music as that. S'death, but I thought a menagerie had broken loose!"

And the Peasant thereupon got his gun and shot the Bird and brought him down.

"Alas!" cried the Owl, as he fluttered about, "but this is my reward for seeking to give you pleasure!"

Moral: "Oh, you were singing, were you?" replied the Peasant. "Well, you should understand that while most of us love music, it makes quite a difference who does the singing."—Uncle Eli.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNGER.

Not until February of 1812 did the people of Kentucky know that Madison was elected president in the previous November.

In 1834 one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its time-table: "The locomotive will leave the depot every day at 10 o'clock, if the weather is fair."

The first typewriter was received by the public with suspicion. It seemed subversive of existing conditions. A reporter who took one into a court-room first proved its real worth.

In England, some centuries ago, if an ordinary workman, without permission, moved from one parish to another in search of

work or better wages, he was branded with a hot iron.

When Benjamin Franklin first thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia many of his friends advised against it, because there was a paper published in Boston. Some of them doubted that the country would be able to support two newspapers.

One hundred years ago, the fastest land travel in the world was on the Great North Road, in England, after it had been put into its best condition. There the York mail coach tore along at the rate of 90 miles a day, and many persons confidently predicted divine vengeance on such unseemly haste.

When Thomas Jefferson was elected president of the United States, on February 17, 1801, after one of the most exciting political campaigns in our history, the gratifying news did not reach the successful candidate for as many days as it now takes hours to transmit the result of a presidential election to the whole civilized world.

When, in 1809, Richard Trevithick uttered the following words, there were many who considered him an insane, dangerous person: "The present generation will use canals, the next will prefer railroads with horses, but their more enlightened successors will employ steam carriages on railways as the perfection of the art of conveyance."

When Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that, as the old driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.

Napoleon, at the height of his power, could not command our every-day conveniences, such as steam heat, running water, bath and sanitary plumbing, gas, electric light, railroads, steamboats, the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, daily newspapers, magazines, and a thousand other blessings which are now part of the daily necessities of even manual laborers.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were brought into Philadelphia, in 1803, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff; but, at length, disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later, Col. George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagonloads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretenses.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

A young fellow who had got into the habit of spending all his evenings away from home was brought to his senses in the following way.

One afternoon his father came to him and asked him if he had any engagement for the evening. The young man had not.

"Well, I'd like you to go somewhere with me."

The young man himself tells what happened.

"'All right,' I said. 'Where shall I go?'"

"He suggested the Hotel at 7.30, and I was there. When he appeared he said he wanted me to call with him on a lady. 'One I knew quite well when I was a young man,' he explained.

"We went out, and started straight for home.

"'She is staying at our house,' he said.

"I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment under those circumstances, but I said nothing.

"Well, we went in, and I was introduced with all due formality to my mother and sister.

"The situation struck me as funny, and I started to laugh, but the laugh died away. None of the three even smiled. My mother and sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated.

"It wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed for a little. Then we four played games for a while. When I finally retired I was invited to call again. I went upstairs feeling pretty small, and doing a good deal of thinking."

"And then?" asked his companion.

"Then I made up my mind that my mother was an entertaining woman and my sister a bright girl.

"I'm going to call again. I enjoy their company, and intend to cultivate their acquaintance."

The New Year bards should gaily thrive,
For they may dive, or drive,
Arrive, alive, and hive, and strive,
Contrive, deprive and wive;
Yes, they may gyve, connive, revive,
As well as rive and shrive,
For there are lots and lots of words
To rhyme with "Nineteen five."

—New York Press.

"JOHNNY-ON-THE SPOT."

The world has many golden gifts 'tis eager
to bestow
On enterprising mortals who are not too
sly or slow
To step right up and win their share of
prizes when they can.
But, oh, the world's too busy, quite, to seek
the absent man,
And those who mean to do so much next
week or month or year,
Away off in some misty clime, instead of
now and here,
May some day rouse themselves and find
a score of them have not
As much true "get there" as has one brisk
"Johnny-on-the-spot."

When shy Miles Standish sought to win the
fair Priscilla's hand
By courting her by proxy, 't isn't hard to
understand;
The comely Plymouth maiden said she really
would prefer
John Alden, who possessed the spunk to
come and speak with her.
That old, oft quoted piece of fudge which
says that "Absence makes
The heart grow fonder" must be classed
with those absurd mistakes
Which blunt, slang-using folks would say are
all a bit of "rot";
The chap that wins the lady is the "Johnny-
on-the-spot."

The men who framed our nation fought
against tremendous odds;
They never could have won had they been
slow, weak-hearted clods.
Each mother's son of them seemed glad to
risk his precious neck;
Wherever duty called him, there it found
him, right on deck.
Brave Washington was at the front, his
country's course to guide,
With Adams, Franklin, Jefferson and Han-
cock at his side.
No proxies could have done the work for
that immortal lot
Whose every man was what you'd call a
"Johnny-on-the-spot."

In love or war or politics, or whatsoe'er you
will,
The wiser man is not the one to send a boy
to mill;
Oh, no, he takes the grist himself, and, like
a prudent man,
He makes the miller give him back the best
return he can.
And "genius," properly defined, so sages all
declare,
Means being at the proper "when" just at
the proper "where";
So, of the many varied gifts the gods to
men allot,
The rarest ones are sure to fall to "Johnny-
on-the-spot."

—Nixon Waterman.

A dollar not loaned often may be consid-
ered a dollar saved.

ANSWERS.

We are not always able to answer queries at once. Very often we have to submit them to those who are better able to answer than are we, and in such cases delay is unavoidable. We cannot always publish the queries in full, and we economize space by omitting the initials of the questioner. The initials mean nothing to the average reader and the querist can recognize his question without them. We have a very large number of questions waiting answers and we hope to be able to publish them before very long.

Q—Why are elections held on the Tuesday after the first Monday? A—Because this precludes their occurring on the first day of the month, which is always a very busy day among business men.

Q—Does a rifle ball rise after leaving the muzzle? If not, what is the "trajectory" of a bullet? A—It depends upon whether the rifle is held exactly level upon being fired, or whether it is aimed through the sights provided. The trajectory of a ball is the curved path it takes from the muzzle of the rifle until it strikes the ground. In the first case, where the axis of the barrel is absolutely level, the ball begins to fall the instant it leaves the muzzle. Its path can never be higher than the muzzle, and steadily goes lower and lower until it strikes the ground.

But in the other case, where a rifle is aimed through its sights, the axis of the barrel is not level. The muzzle is elevated. To give this elevation of the muzzle is the purpose of the forward sight. The further away the target, the greater the elevation. The axis of the barrel points upward, in order that the ball will be fired higher into the air, will describe its trajectory, and have fallen sufficiently by the time it reaches the target as to strike the latter on the point aimed at.

Q—How far is the sun from the earth? What is its size compared with the earth? Does it revolve on its axis? How fast? A—Its mean distance from the earth is 93,000,000 miles. Its diameter is 866,000 miles. Its volume is more than 1,000,000 times that of the earth, and its mass more than 300,000 times that of the earth. Its density is about one-fourth that of the average of materials which make up the earth, and, therefore, only about half as much as water. The force of gravity on the sun's surface is 27

times greater than on the earth. That is, a man weighing 100 pounds here would weigh 2,700 pounds there. The sun rotates from west to east on its axis, once in about 26 days, or at the rate of about 4,407 miles an hour. The surface of the sun is 2,283,621-466,000 square miles.

Q—Is it not highly improper for women to use crests on their stationery? A highly-scented note comes to me from a lady friend. She puts a crest at the top. I think she is in error. A—Women may not use crests; they were the distinguishing mark of warriors. Wives of peers may use the proper coronet on their notepaper, with or without, usually with, their monogram beneath it. This was what was done also by Queen Alexandra when she was Princess of Wales, and may possibly still be her practice. Widows may use their husband's coat-of-arms in a lozenge (ace of diamonds), but it must be impaled on the dexter side of the paternal coat of her ancestor. If that ancestor had no arms, she cannot use her husband's arms at all.

His daughter, however, is entitled to bear her father's coat-of-arms in a lozenge. See Clark's Heraldry, pages 57, 58. Women have arrogated the use of the shield, with its arms, but their right to it, except in the case of heiresses, is only tolerated. The crest, however, is absolutely beyond the sphere of a woman's rights, unless she be a Boadicea, Jeanne d'Arc or Molly Pitcher.

Q—Does the Mississippi river run up hill? I have an old school book which says that its mouth is two miles higher than its source. Is not this up-hill work? A—The earth is not a perfect globe, its diameter at the equator being a little more than twenty-six miles greater than the diameter from pole to pole. A mathematical calculation shows that the average distance from the center of the earth to its surface on the parallel of Balize, at the mouth of the Mississippi, is nearly two miles greater than the average distance from the center of the earth to its surface on the parallel of Lake Itasca, the source of the Mississippi. But it does not follow that the surface of the Mississippi at its mouth is two miles higher than Lake Itasca. Actual survey has demonstrated that it is not so; but on the contrary, that Lake Itasca is 1,575 feet, or thereabouts, above sea level. The rapid revolution of the earth on its axis, at the rate of about 1,000 miles per hour, causes the waters of the ocean to flow from the

poles toward the equator and remain at a general surface height of about thirteen miles more from the center of the earth than the surface at either pole. So long as the earth maintains its present rate of daily revolution the level of the Gulf of Mexico is likely to be kept lower than the source of the Mississippi, but it is easy to understand that should this diurnal rotation cease, the ocean would recede from the equator toward the poles, and not only would the waters of the Gulf of Mexico rise higher than the sources of the Mississippi, but all North America, except the portions nearest the equator, would be submerged. At present the earth's rotation on its axis serves as a thoroughly effectual centrifugal pump to drain the United States.

Q—What percentage of gold is there in sea water? I am one of the victims of a recent promoter and want to know how near to correct his statements were? A—A chemist who analyzed sea water in an experiment which he performed in 1872 found that there is less than one grain of gold in a ton of sea water; another chemist found .5 of a grain of gold in a ton of the water. From these figures, it is very apparent why it does not pay to chemically separate the gold from the water. For further information on this subject, consult an article on "The Amount of Gold and Silver in Sea Water," by Liverfidge, published on October 2, 1895, in the publications of the Royal Society of New South Wales.

Q—Was the United States ever out of debt? A—Yes, practically so, in 1836; when Secretary Woodbury estimated the amount of public debt then outstanding at only \$328,582. This remained unpaid simply because not called for. Funds were deposited in the United States Bank to meet this amount and still there was so large a surplus that under the act of June 23, 1836, no less than \$28,101,644.91 was distributed among the several States, as loans, which, by the way, have never been repaid. In all probability the greater part of the \$328,582 "not called for" had been lost or destroyed; so that the period mentioned is rightly referred to as a time when the Nation was out of debt. It was at a time when we were at peace and had a very low tariff.

Q—Having read the book "When Knighthood was in Flower," and afterwards seen the play founded on the novel, in which Julia

Marlowe made such a success, I am impressed with the idea that Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor must have been ancestors of Lady Jane Grey? Please give us a sketch of Lady Jane Grey. A—Lady Jane Grey, the very highly-accomplished granddaughter of Henry VII, King of England, and daughter of Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and Lady Frances Brandon, the latter being a daughter of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, was born at Broadgate, Leicestershire, in 1537. When she was 15 years of age she was married to Lord Guilford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland. In the same year Edward VI died, expressing in his will the desire that Lady Jane should succeed him on the throne. She was the great granddaughter of Henry VII, having descended from the Princess Mary, wife of Charles Brandon, and, owing to the doubtful rights of the children of Henry VIII, possessed a claim to the throne through her royal blood. Though she preferred private life, she yielded to the strong entreaties of her husband, father, and father-in-law, and was clothed in the regal robes. But Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII, was more popular, and contrived to obtain the support of the majority of the nobility, which caused Lady Jane to despair of ever holding her throne. After a disturbed reign of ten days she yielded to Queen Mary, who caused her to be imprisoned in the Tower, and afterward, in February, 1554, ordered her to be executed.

Q—Where in traveling around the world is a day lost? A—At the "international date line," an imaginary line running through the Pacific Ocean and supposed to coincide with the meridian of 12 hours, or 180 degrees from Greenwich, but it really follows a somewhat devious course. On the east of the "date line" the nominal date is one day earlier than on the west of it, so that if a person crosses the line, going eastward, he loses a day, and going westward he gains a day. Sunday east of the date line is Monday west of it.

Q—Who was Finsen? and what are the Finsen rays? A—Dr. Niels Finsen was born in Iceland in 1860, and studied medicine in Copenhagen, completing his university course in 1890. His health, however, was bad; and though knowing his life would necessarily be short he went forward with the zeal of the true disciple of science, and made a brilliant record. Poor in purse, and suffering con-

stant pain, he took up the investigation of the effects of light on the human system. He found that the use of red light, in small-pox cases, entirely prevents disfigurement by pitting. Dr. Finsen later discovered the even more valuable fact that the ultra-violet rays of the solar spectrum will destroy the bacteria of lupus, a hitherto most intractable skin disease, and thus effect a cure. The Finsen lamp, to employ the ultra-violet light, is used by all progressive dermatologists of Europe and America. Prof. Finsen gave his discoveries to the world, for the relief of humanity, instead of profiting by them, as he easily might have done. He was one of the comparatively few men who directly benefited the human race, though working under the handicaps of poverty and ill-health.

Q—Please publish John Quincy Adams' poem called "The Wants of Man."

THE WANTS OF MAN.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with me exactly so,
But 'tis so with the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score.
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bow the knee to power.
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship proves as strong
For him as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart
For others' wants to feel,
A soul secure from fortune's dart,
And bosom armed with steel
To bear divine chastisement's rod,
And mingling in my plan,
Submission to the will of God,
With charity to man.

I want a keen observing eye,
An ever listening ear;
The truth through all disguise to spy.
And wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue to speak at virtue's need
In heaven's sublimest strain;
And lips the cause of man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

I want uninterrupted health
Throughout my long career;
And streams of never failing wealth,
To scatter far and near.
The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow;
Supply the helpless orphan's need,
And soothe the widow's woe.

I want the genius to conceive,
The talents to unfold
Designs the vicious to retrieve,
The virtuous to uphold.
Inventive power, combining skill,
A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mold the will,
And reach from pole to pole.

I want the seals of powers and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the people's unbought grace,
To rule my native land.
For crown nor scepter would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task,
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind;
And to be thought in future days,
The friend of humankind;
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union, to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

And, oh, while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream;
My soul in humble hope unscares,
Forget not then to pray,
That this thy want may be prepared,
To meet the judgment day.

—John Quincy Adams.

The above poem was written in June, 1840, when the author was 74 years of age, under these circumstances: General Ogle informed Mr. Adams that several young ladies in his district had requested him to obtain his autograph for them. In accordance with this request Mr. Adams wrote the poem, each stanza upon a sheet of note paper.

Q—Why are criminals executed on Friday and on no other special day of the week?
A—For one reason or another, Friday, from time immemorial, was reckoned an unlucky day among nearly all the various branches of the Aryan family of nations, embracing the Greek, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic and Slavonic races, or, in other words, the ancestors of pretty nearly all the present populations of Europe. This was the case long before any of these races were Christianized. The Romans classed Friday in the *nefasti dies*, on which the courts were forbidden to sit; and it was one of the unlucky days of that sort on which worship of the gods, or, at least, religious feasts, were never celebrated. After the introduction of Christianity the day became still more obnoxious to the people because it was held that Christ expired on the Cross on Friday, April 3, 33 A. D., according to Usher's Chronology, but according to later authorities, March 18, 29, A. D.

It seems that in very early times in the history of English jurisprudence it became a common practice in selecting a day for the execution of criminals to choose a Friday. This practice was transplanted to the courts of this country in colonial times, and has been generally, though not invariably, observed ever since, not only in the original thirteen States, but in all the States. There is no statutory provisions, so far as we can learn, making it obligatory on judges to follow this old custom. It only remains to add, that the superstition that Friday is an unlucky, evil day, is so deeply rooted in the minds of thousands of intelligent, educated people that they cannot be induced to set sail on a voyage, start on any kind of a journey, or commence any new enterprise on that day of the week. The same superstition prevails among the Hindoos. Why, Columbus discovered us on Friday, which was a lucky thing for us, perhaps, for after all we don't know how it would feel if we had never been discovered.

Q—Does the word "None" take a singular or a plural verb? We read, "None but the brave deserve the fair," and also "None are so desolate." A—"None" is short for "No one," and is used sometimes with a singular and sometimes with a plural verb. Custom sanctions the use of either. If our correspondent will look up his Dryden he will find the word "deserves" in place of "deserve" as he quotes it.

Q—When did the titles D. D. and LL. D. originate? A—They originated in the twelfth century at the first establishment of the universities. The title LL. D. was created by Emperor Lothario II. at the request of his Chancellor, a learned professor of law at the University of Bologna, and who was the first recipient of it. Later the title was borrowed by the faculty of theology, and was first conferred by the University of Paris on Peter Lombard, the celebrated scholastic theologian. The first person to receive the degree "Doctor of Medicine" was Wm. Gordonio, upon whom it was bestowed by the College of Asti in 1320.

Q—What was the relationship that existed between the three Napoleons? What is the correct story of Napoleon II., called "L'Aiglon?" A—Napoleon II. was the son of Napoleon I. and Maria Louisa, was born at Paris, March 20, 1811, and died at Schonbrunn, July 22, 1832. The young Napoleon's

father bestowed on him the title of King of Rome, and on abdication designated him as his successor to the throne as Napoleon II., and he was recognized as such by the Executive Committee appointed by the Chambers previous to the final accession of Louis XVIII. in 1815. The young prince went to Austria, where he was educated; and the right of succession to his mother's dominions in Parma being withdrawn from him in 1817, the Emperor of Austria conferred on him, in July, 1818, the rank of an Austrian prince, with the title of Duke of Reichstadt, and provided him with eminent instructors. The efforts made after the revolution of 1830 in his favor were unsuccessful, but the young man became greatly interested in the military history of his father, and received from Marmont a course of instruction in the Napoleonic campaigns. He entered the army and went through several grades, and in 1831 commanded as Lieutenant Colonel one of the Hungarian infantry regiments of Vienna. He died of laryngeal phthisis in the same room in which his father dictated peace to Austria. On the establishment of the second empire in 1852, he became known as Napoleon II. in the order of imperial succession. Napoleon III., popularly known as Louis Napoleon, was born at Paris, April 20, 1808, and died at Chislehurst, England, Jan. 9, 1873. His mother was Hortense de Beauharnais, who had lived apart from her husband, King Louis, of Holland, and his paternity was questioned, although it has been ascribed to the Dutch Admiral Verhuel. King Louis himself only reluctantly acknowledged the child as his son at the command of Napoleon I. Hortense was the daughter of Alexandre Beauharnais and Josephine, afterward wife of Napoleon; and, in accordance with the wish of Napoleon, she became the wife of his brother Louis.

Q—Where may I find the quotation: "The darkest hour is just before the dawn"? A—It is an old English proverb whose authorship is unknown. Longfellow wrote the following lines in "The Baron of St. Castine":
 "But the nearer the dawn, the darker the night,
 And by going wrong all things come right;
 Things have been mended that were worse,
 And the worse, the nearer they are to mend."

Q—What is a shooting star? Please give it to me in simple language. A—A shooting star is a meteor. What is a meteor? Meteors are tiny planets traveling in space; but whenever the earth's crossing of their orbit coincides with the meteors' arrival at the point

of intersection, the smaller body is attracted by the larger, and they—the meteors—come to earth. They are rendered visible by their rapid passage through our atmosphere, and, luckily for us, this same rapid passage through the air dissolves them into impalpable dust. It is when they become visible that they become shooting stars.

Q—Who is Jane Addams? What is a social settlement? A—Miss Jane Addams was born in 1860 at Cedarville, Illinois. She graduated at Rockford Female seminary in 1881. In conjunction with Miss Ellen G. Starr, in 1889, she established Hull House, Chicago, the leading social settlement in the United States, of which she became the guiding spirit. Miss Addams has less sympathy with theoretical studies of social problems than with everyday experience with all sorts and conditions of people. Her practical common sense, great executive ability, and fine, unselfish spirit, have made her the natural leader of the settlement movement in the United States. A social settlement is a house, situated in a poorer district of a great city, in which educated men and women live, that they may come into contact with the poor and better their condition. The leading idea is not hand-to-mouth charity, but that enlightened philanthropy which realizes that the truest charity is to help people to help themselves. The social settlement stands for no denominational, social nor political propaganda. Its purpose is to awaken an aspiration in all who come within its influence to live on a higher plane, to get all the real good out of life which is possible; and then to aid, as far as may be, in an intelligent realization of the ideals thus formed.

Q—Kindly publish the poem beginning "Drink to me only with thine eyes?"

TO CELIA.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

"I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sendst it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee."
—Ben Jonson.

E. A. W. writes:—In Bassett's Scrap Book for December, 1904, on the bottom of page 157, you give what is stated to be a list of all the republics in the world. You have omitted the republic of San Marino, at once the oldest and smallest republic in the world.

Slander is the crime of saying what other people think.

As soon as a man is good enough, he is no longer any good.

People who borrow trouble are always ready to lend advice.

There is just as much worry over money as over the lack of it.

It is sometimes better to stay where you are than to jump at conclusions.

You cannot make clouds for others and live in the clear light yourself.

"There never was a good war or a bad peace."—Benjamin Franklin.

"A wicked tyrant is better than a wicked war."—Martin Luther.

"Necessity makes war just."—Bias.

"War is the sink of all injustice."—Fielding.

"To lead an uninstructed people to war is to throw them away."—Confucius.

"War is the faro-table of governments, nations the dupes of the game."—Thomas Paine.

"The king who makes war on his enemies tenderly, distresses his subjects most cruelly."—Dr. Johnson.

"War is hell, and you cannot refine it or civilize it."—General Sherman.

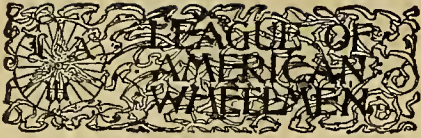
"The existence of war always implies injustice in one at least of the parties concerned."—Silius Italicus.

"Let war be so carried on that no other object may seem to be in view except the acquisition of peace."—Cicero.

"War is the trade of barbarians, and consists in the art of bringing to bear the greatest force upon a given point."—Napoleon I.

Being headstrong doesn't mean getting ahead.

Troubles, just like babies, grow larger by nursing.



POST ELECTION THOUGHTS.

Both your president and your secretary are very much pleased at the interest taken in it. There was no contest in either State or district, yet the percentage of the membership voting was large—in one State of a certain district, where the number of members falls a little short of 100, full 50 per cent. of them cast ballots. Of course,—as always happens in the first trial of a new process, so to speak—there were mistakes made, mainly, it is evident, from misunderstanding of directions or too casual examination of the ballot. But these can be avoided hereafter and have no significance. The main consideration is that the members do concern themselves, if given the opportunity, with the affairs of the League.

"Wherefore, and therefore," they can further concern themselves, if they will, with the matter of the membership of the League; which touches a most vital spot. Twenty-five years ago the 31st day of the coming month of May the League of American Wheelmen was organized. In that period of time it grew steadily for a while, then took a sudden and tremendous boom, and now—we have suffered the usual collapse and have come back almost, if not quite, to the beginning of things with us.

The one question now is:

What shall our quarter centenary have to tell? More shrinkage, a stationary hold-up, or evidences of proper growth? Brethren and sisters—there are yet some sisters—of the wheel, it is, if you will pardon the colloquialism, "up to you,"—to each one of you—for the answer.

GEORGE L. COOKE,
President.

ESSTEE WISHES.

A Happy New Year to all mankind and womankind. If this wish should hit the bull's eye, wouldn't life be worth living?

Of all the times that gladden us with hope of coming good,—

Of all the seasons cycling round, our fainting souls that cheer,—

When brave "I will!" from out the heart drives timid, weak "I would,"

The gladdest and the brightest is the opening of the Year.

Oh, Youth, go forth upon thy way, nor falter in thy faith

That firm upon the highest peak the banner thou'lt uprear;

Keep heart and purpose true to that, for still the Master saith,

"Whoso that strives, shall surely win."
Then hail the glad New Year!

This is our year of jubilee.

We celebrate twenty-five years of earnest endeavor; twenty-five years of usefulness; twenty-five years given to the improvement of our ways; twenty-five years in the open air; twenty-five years pushing the car of progress; twenty-five years of good-fellowship; twenty-five years of joy.

Why may we not make the welkin ring on our silver jubilee? Answer it yourself.

Did you note the result of the voting? Not a single contest in the election and yet a large vote cast. A very creditable thing. It indicates that our members are still alert.

We hope that one day the rank and file may vote directly for National Officers. If not, why not? We have always believed in letting the members take a hand. This election shows that the members want to do something. Such a step would be one of the best moves that could be made in the interest of those who support the L. A. W. Think of it.

One of the pieces of proposed legislation in Massachusetts will probably be a measure of great interest to drivers of all vehicles, bicyclists and automobilists. Mr. Richard P. Elliott, a well-known Boston lawyer, is the father of a bill providing that all vehicles and bicycles used on any highway in the State shall, from one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise, display some kind of a light, so attached that it shall be visible both front and rear, for a distance of about three hundred feet. The proposed bill will probably further provide for a maximum penalty of a \$10 fine for the first offence and a maximum penalty of \$20 for each subsequent offence. The fines shall be paid into city and town treasuries and be used by cities and towns for the maintenance of their highways. The act shall take effect May 1, 1905, and note that it takes in all vehicles, carriages, lumber wagons, hay carts, etc.

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

The annual meeting of the National Assembly will be held at League Headquarters, Boston, Mass., on the second Wednesday in February (8th) at 10 a. m. Election of officers and other routine business.

GEO. L. COOKE, President.

ABBOT BASSETT, Secretary-Treasurer.

ANNUAL ELECTION.

The committee whose duty it was to count the votes cast for candidates for the office of Representative to the National Assembly report the following result of the ballot:

New York State.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| John F. Clark, Great Kills, | 348 |
| L. P. Cowell, New York City, | 346 |
| E. F. Hill, Peekskill, | 378 |
| J. C. Howard, New York City, | 376 |
| L. C. LeRoy, New York City, | 377 |
| F. A. Myrick, New York City, | 377 |
| Geo. T. Stebbins, Brooklyn, | 376 |
| L. H. Washburn, Albany, | 365 |
| Henry G. Wynn, New York City, | 360 |
| Scattering, | 12 |
| Defective, | 4 |
| Blank, | 2 |
| Nine elected. | |

Massachusetts.

| | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Quincy Kilby, Boston, | 340 |
| Alonzo D. Peck, Boston, | 343 |
| A. P. Benson, Dedham, | 342 |
| Charles W. Pierce, Brighton, | 341 |
| Frank W. Weston, Boston, | 343 |
| Scattering 4. | |

Pennsylvania.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| George D. Gideon, | 264 |
| W. G. Speier, | 260 |
| Marriott C. Morris, Germantown, | 262 |
| George A. Gorgas, Harrisburg, | 262 |
| T. F. Myler, Pittsburg, | 261 |
| Scattering, | 5 |
| Defective, | 4 |

New Jersey.

| | |
|----------------------------|----|
| Herbert W. Knight, Newark, | 66 |
| H. E. Deats, Flemington, | 64 |
| Scattering, | 2 |
| Defective, | 2 |

Ohio.

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| H. C. G. Ellard, Cincinnati, | 48 |
| Scattering, | 3 |

Group of States, No. 1.

Comprising Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Indiana, Illinois:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| Clarence W. Small, Portland, Me., | 50 |
| C. M. Fairchild, Chicago, Ill., | 52 |
| Scattering. | 2 |

Group of States, No. 2.

Comprising Rhode Island and Connecticut:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| O. H. Hammond, Torrington, Conn., | 61 |
| N. H. Gibbs, Providence, R. I., | 57 |
| Blank, | 1 |

Group of States, No. 3.

Comprising Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Texas:

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| James M. Pickens, Washington, D. C., | 40 |
| M. J. Gilbert, St. Louis, Mo., | 38 |
| Scattering, | 2 |

Group of States, No. 4.

Comprising Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, California, Utah, Arizona and Foreign:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| M. L. Knowlton, Minneapolis, Minn., | 41 |
| Charles K. Alley, So. Pasadena, Cal., | 38 |
| Scattering, | 2 |

All of the candidates named above are elected.

GEORGE L. COOKE, Chairman.
ABBOT BASSETT, Secretary.

A MATTER OF PUNCTUATION.

When first I kissed sweet Marguerite,
When first I kissed sweet Marguerite;
She blushed rose red
And sternly said:
"You musn't!! Stop!!!"

Last night I kissed sweet Marguerite,
Last night I kissed sweet Marguerite;
She blushed rose red
But sweetly said:
"You musn't stop."

There was an old sailor of Crete,
Whose peg-legs propelled him quite nete;
"Strong liquor," he said,
"Never goes to my haid,
And I know it can't go to my fete."

Success lies beyond a swing-to door,
And the lobby is always full;
Some get through by the door marked
"push,"
And some through the door marked
"pull."

A clergyman learned was he,
In a very abnormal degree.
He'd an old violin,
And could play it like sin,
And the people said: "Fiddle D. D."
—Charles Edward Prior.

If this little world tonight
 Suddenly should fall through space
 In a hissing, headlong flight,
 Shriveling from off its face,
 As it falls into the sun,
 In an instant ever trace
 Of the little crawling things—
 Ants, philosophers and lice,
 Cattle, cockroaches and Kings,
 Beggars, millionaires and mice,
 Men and maggots—all as one
 As it falls into the sun—
 Who can say but at the same
 Instant from some planet far
 A child may watch us and exclaim:
 "See the pretty shooting star!"
 —Oliver Herford.

If some men were to lose their reputation
 they would be lucky.

He is a good collector who can collect his
 wits on all occasions.

When a woman discloses a secret it is al-
 ways with telling effect.

It is a sad fact that a boy can never get his
 first pair of skates twice.

It is far more honorable to black boots
 than it is to black characters.

He that takes time to resolve gives leisure
 to deny, and warning to prepare.

A philosopher is a person who can tell
 others how to profit by his mistakes.

Fortune sometimes makes fools of wise
 men by bestowing her caresses upon them.

Don't crow when you are out of the woods
 unless you know you won't have to go back.

A woman doesn't like to smell cloves on
 her husband's breath before the honeymoon
 is over.

Your goodness is of no use to you if you
 are not good to others.

In this world there is not much use for
 the what-is-the-use man.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but
 do not tell them so.

Life, like every other blessing, derives its
 value from its use alone.

Wise is the man who uses his stumbling-
 blocks as stepping-stones.

He was making a speech at a banquet and
 was talking about plain and direct speech.

"To be plain and direct is always best," he
 said, "but to be too plain and too direct is
 to be uncouth—to be ludicrous.

"A good example of that was afforded by
 a clergyman. He was addressing a congrega-
 tion of fishermen, and he wanted to be
 sure they would understand him.

"The Bible tells us," said this clergyman,
 'that it is as difficult for a camel to pass
 through a needle's eye as for a rich man to
 enter the kingdom of heaven. That, though,
 is a roundabout, confused way of stating the
 case. I should state it like this:

"It is as difficult for a rich man to enter
 the kingdom of heaven as for a shad to go
 up a smooth bark apple tree tail foremost."

"Yes," said the funny barber, "we're up to
 date here. We shave you while you wait."

"Indeed!" replied Pepprey. "I've usually
 found that you shave several other fellows
 while I wait."

A word to the unwise is superfluous.

When in doubt don't even whisper.

It is always safe to suspect the suspicious.

Be generous in thought but miserly in
 words.

Successful men are not of necessity good
 men.

Vanity is often mistaken for pride in this
 world.

Boys make their own way better if they do
 not always have their own way.

When a man is working for himself he
 doesn't have to employ a timekeeper.

Larceny, embezzlement and defalcation are
 merely misapplied business acumen.

Many people think they are living for char-
 acter who are only fighting for reputation.

If your enthusiasm lasts only forty min-
 utes, you can't expect it to do anything for
 you.

Vol. 2. No. 12. FEBRUARY, 1905

Five Cents.

BASSETT'S SCRAP BOOK



Scraps from N. E. W. S.

PENNED AND SCISSORED

IT IS TO LAUGH
IT IS TO BE WISE
IT IS KNOTS TO UNTIE



BOSTON
L. A. W. PUBLISHING COMPANY

1904

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the National Assembly, L. A. W., was held at League Headquarters, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday, February 8th. President Geo. L. Cooke presided.

Thirty-five members were represented in person and by proxy.

Reports from the several officers were presented and accepted.

The secretary reported that, during the year, renewals had been received from eighty per cent. of last year's membership and 148 new members had been enrolled.

The treasurer reported a balance on hand of \$72.80, and all bills paid.

The following officers were elected:

President, Geo. L. Cooke, Providence, R. I., (re-elected).

First Vice President, Dr. Louis C. LeRoy, New York City.

Second Vice President, Marriott C. Morris, Philadelphia.

Secretary-Treasurer, Abbot Bassett, Boston, Mass., (19th year).

Auditor, George W. Nash, Wollaston, Mass.

League Day was appointed for May 30, Silver Jubilee celebration at Boston. Special Committee in charge to act in conjunction with the Executive Committee, L. A. W.: Geo. A. Perkins, Boston; Abbot Bassett, Boston; Quincy Kilby, Boston; Alonzo D. Peck, Boston; H. W. Robinson, Boston; A. P. Benson, Dedham.

Recognizing the fact that the Boston Bicycle Club was a very important factor in the birth of the League, and that it gave the League its first president, the Assembly passed a vote asking this club to co-operate with the League in making the 25th anniversary a success.

An amendment was made to the Constitution, changing from October 1st to September 1st the time for estimating the membership of the States to determine the quota of representation in the Assembly and to group the states having a membership under one hundred.

The meeting was harmonious throughout, and those present were very hopeful concerning the future of the L. A. W.

ABBOT BASSETT,
Secretary-Treasurer.

The honest old horticulturist carefully placed the largest apples in the top row before heading the barrel up. "There is always more room at the top," he said.—Chicago Tribune.

Delicacy is to the affections what grace is to beauty.

There is nothing makes a woman feel so proud and a man so foolish as to read old love letters.

They talk about a woman's sphere

As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a featherweight of worth
Without a woman in it.

A COMMONPLACE LIFE.

"A commonplace life" we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?

The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky

Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,

The flower that blooms and the bird that sings;

But sad were the world and dark our lot,
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;
And God, who sees each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

—Susan Coolidge.

Forgive and forget. Why, the world would be lonely,

The garden a wilderness left to deform.

If the flowers but remembered the killing breeze only,

And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.

—Charles Swain.

A little more gray in the lessening hair

As the days and the years go by,

A little more stooping in the form

And much more dim in the eye.

A little more faltering in the step

As we tread life's pathway o'er,

But a little nearer every day

To the ones who have gone before.

In church today she wore her last year's hat,
And wore it as a queen might wear a crown;

Methinks such bravery deserves renown.

Greater than Saragossa maids, or that
Rash Molly Pitcher, Joan of Arc, or strong,

Determined Semiramis—hating wrong.

Talk of Boadicea, talk of girls

And matrons whose heroic mold is made

The theme of song and story—all will fade
To nothingness compared with her brave hurls

At fashion's stern decrees! Brave little lass!
Did she gain courage from her looking-glass?

Bassett's Scrap Book

SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Vol. 2. No. 12.

FEBRUARY, 1905.

5 Cents.

Published Monthly.

A collector and purveyor of odd bits of information in the domain of History, Literature, Biography, etc.

*"In winter you may read them by the fireside,
and in summer under some shady tree; and
therewith pass away the tedious hours."*

L. A. W. Publishing Co.

ABBOT BASSETT, Editor.

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BOSTON, MASS.

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Entered as Second-Class Matter March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Remember, three things come not back;
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed, it flies to wound or slay;
The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee, but it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill;
And the lost opportunity
That cometh back no more to thee—
In vain thou weepst, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will nevermore return.
—From the Arabic.

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ISAAC B. POTTER, President.

Consulate of the L. A. W. League dues may be paid here.



**Lubricates
Prevents Rust
Cleans and
Polishes**

AN OLD VALENTINE.

It wasn't much for beauty, but its sentiment
was good,
Since it bore some tender verses that were
easy understood,
As affirming red a rose was and the violet
was blue
An' sugar weren't no sweeter than the girl I
sent it to.
It represented all the pocket money that I
had,
An' it did me good t' buy it since I knew
'twould make her glad,
For it told a boy's affections, if it wasn't
much for show—
The valentine I sent her in the days of long
ago.

I had my sister back it, with a "Miss" on the
address,
So she wouldn't know who sent it, though I
felt quite sure she'd guess
It was me, an' when she showed it on the
road t' school next day,
I colored so an' stammered that I give it all
away.
I know I acted foolish 'fore her girlish
chums, a crowd,
When I said, 'twas mighty pretty, yet I felt
most awful proud
Jes to know that I'd established my position
as her beau
With the valentine I sent her in the days of
long ago.

She's wedded been these many years, an'
made a helpmate true,
A lovin' mother, quite as long I have been
married, too!
An' sometimes when my wife the bureau
rummages she brings
To light old letters, flowers pressed, an' lots
o' such sweet things
That have a place in memory, a corner spot
apart,
Where all the old-time flowers seem t' blos-
som in the heart,
An' one thing in particular makes love's
sweet roses blow—
A valentine I sent her in the days of long
ago!

SCRAPS FOR VALENTINES.

'Tis the last month of winter and we are
looking down the road to see spring coming
to see us.

February is a good month to be born in for one will be in good company. Note the list: Washington, Lincoln, Lowell, Darwin, Mendelssohn, Greeley, Lanier, Dickens, Ruskin, Sherman (W. T.), Verne, Edison, Winthrop (John), Jo. Jefferson, Geo. Wm. Curtis, Longfellow.

February is the month of purification and it has been not inappropriately dedicated to Neptune.

It is a popular fallacy that the first love is the true one, unique in its excellence, says an exchange. As well say that the first picture of a painter is the best of all he will paint in the course of his life; that the first speech, the first book, the first statue, the first composition will be the best of the statesman, novelist, sculptor or musician, as the case may be. First works have all the imperfections of uncertainty, of inexperience and ignorance. And it is rather by chance than by anything inherent in the nature of Cupid's ways that the first love turns out to be the great one.

"The Philadelphia Ledger" tells of two women of that town who had been on a tour of the country and were discussing their experiences. "One hears strange stories about Chicago," said one, "but I never believed half of them until I went there a while ago on a visit. Will you believe, my dear, that I went to dinner where there was a little silver trumpet beside each soup plate?" "What were they for?" inquired the other. "I didn't know at first, but I found out later that they were called 'soup coolers,' and were used for blowing the soup!" said the traveled one.

Statistics have disclosed that vocal artistes are usually long lived, and that brass instrument players, who bring their lungs and chests into unusual activity, rarely have consumptive victims among them. No matter how thin or weak the voice, young people should be encouraged to indulge in singing. There can be no happier medicine. Physicians are agreed that singing is a great help towards the prevention, cure, or amelioration of lung diseases, and much good, it is said, is being done in elementary schools by compelling all young scholars to join in singing lessons.

The death roll due to wars during the last century, Professor C. Richer of the faculty of medicine in Paris, sums up in a grand total of 14,000,000. He divides this as fol-

lows: Napoleonic wars, 8,000,000; Crimean wars, 300,000; Italian wars, 300,000; American Civil War, 500,000; Franco-German war, 80,000; Russo-Turkish war, 400,000; civil wars in South America, 500,000; various colonial expeditions in India, Mexico, Tonquin, South Africa, etc., 3,000,000.

Here is a bachelor's toast:

The happiest hour of a bachelor's life;
When clasped in the arms of another man's
wife—
That woman, God bless her!
His Mother.

Mr. Jacob Riis, who has done so much to enlighten one-half of the population as to the other half, is an optimist, despite the tragic material with which he fills his books. He told a good story the other day, characteristic alike of his material and his own point of view. He was illustrating the frightful congestion of the East Side. He had discovered four different families, he said, living, or trying to live, in a single room, each family being apportioned to a different corner.

"They got along all right even at that," said Mr. Riis, "until one of the families actually took a boarder."

Colonel Ed Bowie, of "de Eastern Sho'" of Maryland, has a negro tenant who is rather shiftless and ne'er well to do. After a recent absence the Colonel was surprised to find on his return that old Ben, the darky in question, was driving a fine-looking mule hitched to a brand-new wagon. Questioning him, the Colonel was informed by Ben that he had "bot de outfit" at Snow Hill.

"And what did you pay for it?"

"I gib ma note for \$100."

"And where on earth do you expect to get \$100 to pay the note when it falls due?" asked Colonel Ed.

The old darky's face assumed an injured expression, and in a grieved tone he replied:

"'Fore de Lawd, Marse Ed, you doan' 'spect me to gib de note an' pay it, too?"

Put your arms around me
There, like that;
I want a little petting
At life's setting,
For 't is harder to be brave
When feeble age comes creeping
And finds me weeping;
Dear ones gone;
Just a little petting
At life's setting.
For I'm old, alone and tired
And my long life's work is done.

Elizabeth Porter Gould

ONLY A SIGN OF TROUBLE.

"Do you know," said the professor, "I saw a rather queer sign at the station this morning? I have been thinking about it a good deal, and although it is printed, or painted, in apparently good English, I cannot, for the life of me, make up my mind exactly what it means."

The professor had been silent for so long a time that I feared he might be in some sort of trouble, and I was much relieved, therefore, when he thus made known the subject of his meditation.

"Oh!" I cried, "that's all, is it? I thought it might be something serious."

"Serious? It is serious," he said. "What is the object of a sign, if not to give information? And if it does not give information clearly it might as well not be hung up—it is better that it should not be hung up."

"But, professor," I said, "what sign are you talking about? I did not notice anything unusual of that kind."

"Of course you didn't," said he; "young men do not notice things so closely as they should. It would be better for them if they were more observant; they would make better progress, not only in their studies, but in their knowledge of the world."

"But the sign, professor," said I, now somewhat impatient, "what about that sign?"

"I'll tell you; it was. 'This Train only Stops at New York.'"

"I don't see anything so queer about that," said I.

"That," answered the professor, "is because you haven't been thinking. Pray, what does it mean?"

"It means," I responded, "that the train stops at no place but New York."

"I'm glad you answered quickly," he said, "because if you had thought over it you'd have been as uncertain as I am. The meaning you give is possible only when you say it without any emphasis. Suppose you read it thus, emphasizing 'this' and 'only,' 'This train only stops at New York.'"

"Why, that would mean," I answered, rather dubiously, "that this train, and no other, stops at New York."

"I believe that's right," said he, "but I'm pretty well confused myself. Now emphasize the word 'stops' and what do you have?"

"I'm not exactly sure."

"I think—yes, that's right! That would mean that it only stops—does nothing else. It couldn't take on or let off passengers; it couldn't take on coal or water—it could not

do anything but stop. In fact, it could not even start again, which would be a rather unpleasant result of an ambiguous sign. But what does it mean if you emphasize the words 'train' and 'only?'"

"I don't see that that means anything," I answered.

"Well, it does," laughed the professor. "It means that the train and nothing but the train stops. That is, the passengers and their baggage go right ahead, without stopping in New York at all—which would be rather difficult to effect."

"You might," I suggested, "stop the train suddenly by running it into something and thus shoot them all ahead."

"That's so," laughed the professor. "It's quite evident, I think, that the sentence as it stands is a little indefinite. Let's try to improve it."

"All right," I answered, "try 'Only this train stops at New York.'"

I thought I had it then, but the professor did not agree with me.

"Same fault," he said. "In the first place, that is not what the sign really means, because there are a good many trains that stop at New York. But even waiving that, it's faulty. 'Only this train, etc.' means this train and no other. But emphasizing 'only' and 'train' puts you under the same necessity of having a collision. Try again."

"This train stops only at New York," I suggested.

"That's better, by far, but if I wanted to quibble I might find fault with it. Read it with the emphasis on 'train,' and the passengers may stop elsewhere while the train goes on. Someone might misunderstand that and then—"

"He might jump out of the window," I added.

"So. But I might save the funeral expenses by writing the sign thus: 'This train stops at New York only.' And there it is."

"Oh," I suggested seriously, "you might try 'Only this only train only stops only at only New York only.'"

"You see," said the professor, looking at me with a grieved expression, "there was more fun and instruction to be got out of that sign than you thought. You only have to think—that is, you have only to think."

"I tell you, there's no word in the English language so often misplaced as that word 'only.' The safest rule, I think, is to put it before the word it is intended to emphasize. But sometimes, as we have seen, even that will not prevent the disagreeable necessity

of throwing passengers from the windows. You see how important it is to say what you mean."

THE ANT AND THE ELEPHANT.

In the jungle, jungle, jingle,
Where the animals commingle,
Came an Elephant, whose single
Aim was dignified repose;
Till an Ant, in accents painful,
Hailed the Elephant disdainful,
"Sir, excuse my comments plain-ful,
But you're standing on my toes!"

But the tower of brute creation,
At this base insinuation
(Undisturbed his contemplation)
Only blinked and flopped his ear;
Quoth the Ant, in mighty dudgeon,
"Ouch! you hurt! lift up your bludgeon
From my foot, you hulking gudgeon—
Are you deaf, or don't you hear?"

Said the Elephant, benighted,
"Tut, tut, child! don't get excited—
By and by I'll be dee-lighted
To remove this groundwork fat;
All these demonstrations anti-c,
Make me positively frantic."
Then he placed one toe gigantic
On the Ant—and squashed him flat.

Here's a moral I would tender
Unto you small Retail spender:
When a Trust steps on your slender
Little tootsie, don't you squeal;
Better offer no resistance
Or the Trust, at such insistence,
Will discover your existence
And remove you—with his heel.
—Wallace Irwin.

REACHED THE LIMIT.

The difficulties of invasion are multiplying, without doubt. With twenty submarines in place of each coast-defence ship; with a "mother ship" to supply food, water, and supplies to every five of these "ducklings;" and with one fast surface craft for a scout, what transport that might slip by the one battleship, could hope to land her soldiers?

And what invading warcraft, slower than the scout, could catch her, or destroy her, except by surprise, which it is a scout's business to prevent? Transports, to be successful, will need to be faster than the scouts that will report them; and, since this is physically impossible, invasion by sea will come to an end.

The battleship, with its seven or eight hundred men to perish when disaster comes, is an expensive investment. Those who advocate its continuance do not advocate its development. No one argues for the building of battleships twice as long and broad and

deep as those that now exist, with twice the thickness of armor and weight of guns. Yet, if the big battleship is not developd still further, it will cease to exist.

ST. VALENTINE.

St. Valentine was a bishop and martyr of the church, who was put to death at Rome for his faith during the persecution under Claudius II, February 14, 270. St. Valentine is said to have been a man of most admirable character, noted for his love and charity. The custom of choosing valentines on his day is of considerable antiquity, and it was an early belief that birds began to mate on this day. On the eve of St. Valentine's day young people of both sexes used to meet and each of them drew one by lot from a number of names of the opposite sex, which were put in a common receptacle. Each gentleman thus got a lady for his valentine, and became the valentine of a lady. The gentlemen became bound to the service of valentines for a year.

BLACK SLEEVE BAND.

All have noticed, no doubt, a great many ladies and gentlemen wearing a band of black crepe on the left sleeve of the coat. Without doubt the people who are wearing this band are of the opinion that it is the correct style for one in mourning, but such is not the case. The wearing of a band of crepe or black cloth on the left sleeve is an affectation borrowed from England, where it was adopted for liveried servants. In civil life it is a sign of poverty, as it was adopted first by men who felt they could not afford to buy entire mourning outfits. The band is proper for servants, penurious and poor people.

Three Symbols of Japan.—The three symbols of the imperial house of Japan are the mirror, the crystal and the sword, and they are carried in front of the emperor on all state occasions. Each has its significance. "Look at the mirror and reflect thyself," or in other words, "Know thyself," is the message of the mirror. "Be pure and shine," is the crystal's injunction, while the sword is a reminder to "Be sharp."

She—Women may gossip sometimes, but they have better control of their tongues than men have.

He—You are right. Men have no control whatever of women's tongues.

MOST EXPRESSIVE LINES.

We are in receipt of a few more of those lines which our correspondents think most expressive.

From L. P. comes this:

"The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land."—Holmes.

W. P. prefers:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke II.

The most expressive lines I ever heard uttered were these:

I have no money!
I am hungry.—C. M. D.

Referring to the most "expressive lines," I heard one word once that was more expressive than any two lines that you have published. I asked a girl to marry me. She did not say "No," but the more expressive: "Naa!"

I don't know of any two lines which tell a longer story than the following from the "Lady of the Lake."—C. B.

"Outstripped my comrades, missed the deer,
Lost my good steed and wandered here."

In looking over your last paper just at hand, I note that all your correspondents seem to think that expressive lines must be in a measure of a sentimental nature. I think that they are wrong in that conclusion. I give you the following as what I think are the two most expressive lines. They are from Congreve, and here they are.—F. W. B.

"Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude."

K. B. asks: "Is not this sentence strenuously expressive?"

"Give me liberty, or give me death!"
—Patrick Henry.

J. H. C. suggests the following as a most expressive line:

"I've lived and loved."
—Coleridge.

W. B. Writes: "Find two lines which speak volumes, therefore they must be expressive."

"For what is worth in anything
But so much money as 'twill bring."
—Butler.

Some men acquire honor at a bound, and others by degrees—college graduates, for instance.

"Hark, John! That must be the new servant. I heard a cab stop at the door."

"You'd better show her the house, dear, while I go and tell the cabman to wait."

THE PENCIL, THE PEN, THE GUN.

Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen;
But you sit up in a conning-tower
Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style;
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile.

Zogbaum looks after his business,
And I look after mine;
But you look after ten thousand tons
Sky-hooting through the brine.

"To him that hath shall be given,"
And that's why these books are sent
To the man that has lived more stories
Than Zogbaum or I could invent.
—Rudyard Kipling.

The above lines were sent to Admiral Evans by Kipling accompanying a set of his works. They were written on the fly-leaf of the copy of "Plain Tales from the Hills" opposite a water color sketch by Zogbaum of Private Mulvaney. (See "A Sailor's Log" by Robley D. Evans.)

"If I could afford to live as I would like to live, I really couldn't afford it," was the confusing statement of a young man faultlessly groomed. He was doing his best to be entertaining to a young lady companion, who graciously overlooked the unusual ability of the young man to talk in a circle. The notable remark, however, reminded a fellow passenger of the raw recruit at Aldershot, in England. The new soldier was exceedingly dense, and when he had exhausted the attenuated patience of the drill sergeant, that worthy addressed him in evident exasperation with the query, "What's your head on your shoulders for, anyway?" to which the reply was returned, "I don't know, unless it is to keep my collar from slipping off."

Did it ever strike you that although we eat food of every other conceivable color, we eat nothing blue? Brown, red, green, yellow, white, pink, crimson are all included in our edibles, but nothing blue.

A story is told of a speech recently made by an Irish barrister in a court of law.

He was for the plaintiff, whose cow had been knocked down and killed by a train, and this was the contention:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow

would not have been injured when she was killed."

There was a certain Jewish beggar in London who for a long time had been receiving \$1 a week—to put it in American money—from a philanthropist. One week the man handed the beggar only 50 cents, and the beggar at once demanded why his allowance had been cut in two.

"I cannot afford to give you so much now," said the philanthropist. "I have just been married."

"What!" exclaimed the beggar. "You get married on my money?"

Some people will do nothing unless they have Bible authority for it. Men will not wipe dishes, because they claim it is woman's work. Let them turn to their Bible; to II. Kings, xxi: 13: "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down." Women, cut this out, and show it to the men when they refuse to wipe the dishes.

An American wrote to the editor of a London paper, asking how he should pronounce the name of that famous diarist, Pepys. "Do you," he asked, "call it Peppis, or Peepies, or Chumley, or what?" The editor answered the question politely, just the same, saying that Pepys is pronounced Pips.

"You mustn't cough so much, Willie," his mother said.

"I can't help it, mamma," replied the little boy, with the long golden curls. "Something amuses me in my throat."

Mrs. Tellington—Poor Mr. Moonabout is very absent-minded, isn't he?

Mr. Tellington—Yes; his latest freak was to lose his pocketbook and then look for it among the "Ps" in the dictionary.

"I perceive," said a friend to the amiable man, "that you have had your hair cut."

"Yes," he smilingly replied, and added: "Why do barbers so often cut your hair in a manner directly opposite to the way you have requested, and then say to you, complacently, at the end of the operation: 'Does it suit you, sir?' You simply have to answer that it does. It is too late for any change to be made. I enjoyed the rebuke that a patron gave to a barber one day. The barber, after the hair-cut was over, held up a hand-mirror so that the man could see the back of his

head, at the same time saying, as a matter of form: 'Hair-cut suit you, sir?' 'No,' said the customer. 'It is altogether too short. A little longer, please.'"

"The strangest meal I ever ate," said a sailor, "was dished up to me in the Yellow Sea nine years ago. This meal consisted of an ostrich egg and a Japanese oyster.

"There was nine of us fell to, and the egg and the oyster made enough for all. The egg was hard boiled. Cookie had shelled it, and it came on looking fine, all white and glistening, with a tart yellow sauce in the bottom of the dish. We sliced it down with a knife, the same as you would slice a turkey. It wasn't bad—a little eggy, that's all.

"The Japanese oyster was nearly two feet long. Jap oysters, is you know, the biggest in the world. It was served raw, and when the boatswain stuck his long carvin' knife in it, it shivered all over, and it seemed to me a kind of low groan escaped it. It tasted fine. There was enough left for a stew."

A well-known minister is telling an anecdote about a brother clergyman who was required unexpectedly to officiate at the funeral of a man concerning whom he knew nothing. When he arrived at the town where the deceased had lived he had just time to make a few inquiries about his traits and achievements, the results of which he noted on a memorandum. His eulogy at the sermon, as reported, was about as follows:

"Our dear brother whom we mourn today was a man of rare character and ability. He had the mental capacity of a"—referring to his notes—"Samuel Johnson; the tact of a"—again consulting his memoranda—"Pauncefote; the pertinacity of a"—another reference—"Gladstone. We can only mourn him with a profound and sorrowful regret now that he has gone to meet his"—another reference to the notes—"God."

"Binks overcame a lot of obstacles," said Banks to his wife. "He never went to school in his life, but he is a successful business man and prominent enough to be sent as a delegate to the St. Louis convention."

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Mrs. Banks. "He's one of those uninstructed delegates the papers tell about."

"I must set up some sort of scarecrow to keep the crows out of my cornfield," said Farmer Jones.

"Why don't you stick up a crowbar?" was the ironical remark of the village imbecile.

PRIZE WINNERS.

A magazine editor, seeking an increase of circulation, sent to each of his thirty-five hundred subscribers this query: "What was the most important act of your life? Fifty dollars for the best true answer." He received more than one thousand replies, all but one relating some particular deed of which the writer was proud. The exception—the prize winner—was brief and to the point—"Being born."

Encouraged by the success of his scheme of advertising, our editor sent out a second query, offering another \$50 for the best answer. "Last month you stated what was the most important act of your life; now tell us what is the most important act of your life." The variety of replies would have made several pages of rare humor, but the winner solemnly wrote, "Breathing."

EPIGRAMS OF ZANGWILL.

After all, politics is only inconsistency reduced to a career.

Truly the Englishman's mind is a muddle. He pays churches to say one thing, armies to do the opposite, and board schools to unteach both things.

They say that trade follows the flag, but it is the flag that follows trade. The march of empire is a commercial advance covered by cannon.

Oh, if some one would only discover how to destroy this microbe of militarism which ravages the world!

What is the House of Lords but a monkey house! All these brand-new peers—these brewers and bankers—aping the old feudal lords, mimicking their mediaeval militarism.

Patriotism no longer means love your country. It means hate your neighbors.

Our admirals and generals don't yowl about manliness. Their joy is to read books and their ambition is to write them. They yearn for plays and music and pictures and the blessings of civilization. Do you think they enjoy seeing their friends or their men with their jaws blown off or their eyes gouged out?

London is Piccadilly and the Park, or it is nothing. To live in London one must be born rich or die dishonest.

Death-bed repentances should be followed by deaths. Life tries them too hard.

Cheers are the certificates of eloquence.

Modern battles are won by brain, not by brawn. The future Napoleon will be a par-

alytic chess-player carried about the field on a water bed.

JIM DIDN'T WORRY.

Nobody never quite made out Jim;
'Peared like they allers jest thought him queer,

And kinder cranky and laughed at him.

When Jim would tell 'em he didn't keer.

"Don't make no differ'nce," I've heerd him say,

An' most folks called him a jolly brick—

"It's a tough-ol' world, an' 'll have its way;

'Taint worryin' me—I've got no kick."

But I knowed better; he's come to me

Many's the time heartsick an' sore;

"I'm tired of the whole outfit," sez he.

"They ain't no use ever tryin' no more;"

An' then in a crowd he'd peak up smart,

An' sorter sneer at the deals he'd git;

"That? That's nothin'! W'y bless your heart,

I ain't a worryin' a little bit."

Jim was onlucky, no use to talk;

Folks wondered sometimes at the way he done,

But I know w'y he used to balk

An' give up suthin' h'd just begun.

His back had been broke by circumstance.

An' allers onlucky, he'd los' his grit;

But still he'd laugh—"I ain't had no chance,

But I ain't a worryin' a little bit."

So Jim went a-laughin' right down to death,

An' he'd let go o' life not keerin' a darn;

"Pardner," sez he, kinder catchin' his breath,

As I set watchin' with the night on the turn.

"I hain't had much of a deal down here,

And I ain't askin' now for a softer sit;

I'm jest a-lettin' go, bend lower, d'ye hear?

I ain't worryin' now—not—a-little-bit."

Ted—"She cuts rather an odd figure."

Ned—"No wonder! Her gown cost nine dollars ninety-eight, her hat two dollars forty-nine, and her shoes one dollar seventy-four."—Judge.

She—"What is the use of Greek?"

The Sophomore—"Why—er—you know, they use it in the names of the Greek letter societies."—Puck.

A well-known lecturer, who had been invited to serve as a substitute, felt some nervousness, knowing he was to fill the place of a more famous man. This feeling was not diminished when he heard himself thus announced by a long-limbed, keen-eyed Western farmer:—

"This 'ere is our substitute. I don't know what he can do. Time was short, an' we had to take what we could git!"

"Have you made any effort to create enthusiasm among the masses?" "No," answered the unpopular man who was running for office. "The only sure way I can see to create enthusiasm is to get defeated."—Washington Star.

"I see," began the man on the platform, "that the President had been thinking of tendering his good offices to Russia." "He has, eh?" spoke up the politician. "Well, if he is elected, I hope he tenders me a few."—Chicago Daily News.

"I'm just sitting on a rainbow and hanging my feet over!" was the poetic strain in which "Bud" Robinson, the converted Texas cowboy, strove last week to reveal to the imagination of a cold and critical Boston auditory the prismatic glories thrown by a hallelujah religion over his own previously dank and chilly spiritual estate. His classic Boston auditory were, of course, well up in Greek mythology, and could easily see, in the mind's eye, beautiful Iris tripping or sliding down the rainbow on a radiant mission to mortals; but the idea of a Texas cowboy perched up there, dangling his legs over and smiling an iridescent cowboy smile all round the horizon, shocked the fastidious delicacy of their sensibilities.

"Pa, is retribution the worst thing a person can have?"

"No. It isn't half so bad as the feeling one has after he has confessed, and then discovered that he wouldn't have been found out if he had kept quiet."

A lady was looking for her husband and inquired anxiously of a housemaid, "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?"

"I'm not sure, ma'am," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they are in the wash."

Noozey—"It seems rather strange that you should be so down on your best friend, as you appear to be, simply because he took your part."

Strutter—"I'm an actor, sir, and wanted that part for myself."

Mr. Ruskin once lent a volume of Plato to one of his neighboring farmers, and when the book was returned asked: "Well, how did you like Plato?"

"First-rate," said the farmer; "I see he's got some of my ideas."

The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is also, as a rule, higher than the left. Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people. The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows slowest. In fifty-four cases out of a hundred the left leg is shorter than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh 20 pounds; those of a woman are 6 pounds lighter.

Little Willie had been told that he must always wait patiently till he was served at meals, and not cry across the table or grab for his food.

One day, while dining at a neighbor's with his mother, the little fellow was accidentally overlooked.

He was very patient for a time, but at last he could bear the strain no longer of seeing everybody feeding but himself. So, leaning quietly across to his mother, he said, in a loud whisper:

"Mother, do little boys who starve to death go to Heaven?"

"This pay-roll is too big," exclaimed the manager of the "Hamlet" company. "Can't we get along with less people?"

"You might give up the ghost," suggested one of the gravediggers.

And the manager, wrongly thinking the suggestion referred to himself, discharged the humorist instant.

Charles Sumner in most matters was quick enough of apprehension, yet even he lacked the sense of humor. It is said that one day, after tidings had arrived from Washington of the suicide of Provost Paradol, the brilliant French Ambassador, Sumner was giving his theories as to the cause of the act, when Lowell asked: "Did you see the Ambassador often before his death?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I saw him every day."

"Did you converse with him in English or in French?"

"Oh, I talked nothing but French."

"Gentlemen," said Lowell, "we do not need to seek any further reason for his

death; this fully explains the suicide." The explosion which followed, we are told, Sumner was never able to understand.

To a friend who had expressed his sympathy for Sumner when taken ill he replied: "I am not afraid to die, for I have read through Calvin's Institutes in the original Latin."

The German Emperor is said to be twenty-fourth in the line of succession to the British Crown.

The castle in chess owes its shape and name to a misunderstanding of its old Italian name, "rocco," as if it were "rocca," a castle or fortress. The words rocco, rook, and roc (French) come from rohk, the old Persian name of the piece, which was in the shape of an elephant. Curiously enough, the elephant carried a little castle on his back, and the position of the piece on the board seemed suitable for a castle.

"One of Bill Nye's old stories has been going the rounds of late," said a man who admired the late humorist, "and it is, in my judgment, one of the cleverest bits of wit circulated in connection with Nye's life. Nye owned a cow which he wanted to sell, and put an advertisement in the paper which read like this: 'Owing to ill-health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range 18, according to the government survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth short-horn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall red calf with wobbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident.' Did he sell the cow? Oh, I don't know about that. I'm just telling you about the advertisement; that's all."

A young bachelor, who was a stranger to woman's wiles, innocently asked a damsel of his acquaintance to render him some slight service; and, it being leap-year, the girl thought this an excellent opportunity for availing herself of her privilege.

"I will willingly do as you desire," said she, "on condition that you give me what

you have not, and what you never can have, and yet what you can easily give me."

"If that's all, of course I will," rashly promised the unsophisticated youth; "but what is it?"

"A husband," answered the young person, demurely.

And now she is receiving the congratulations of her friends.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE.

A fire-mist and a planet—
A crystal and a cell—
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,
Some call it Evolution
And others call it God.

A haze on the fair horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over upland and lowland,
The charm of the goldenrod,
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts' high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty—
A mother starved for her brood—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod—
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God.
—William Herbert Carruth.

"In the majority of cases," said Senator Depew, "a formal personal address is simply a string of fulsome compliments and professions indiscriminately lavished upon any individual in authority in order to assure him of the particular, personal and exclusive veneration in which he is held by those who would pay equal homage to anyone else if he possessed equal power.

"The best reply I ever heard of to such an address was made by James I. when certain of his subjects expressed a wish that he might reign over them as long as sun, moon and stars should endure.

"I suppose, then," observed the monarch, 'you mean my successor to reign by candle light.'"

A story is told by a London paper of a cabman who recently lost his voice when a man was brazen enough to pay him only the legal fare, without the customary tip. The cabby looked at the coin in the palm of his hand, and tried hard to summon up words capable of expressing a portion of what he felt. Meanwhile the man had disappeared, and when the cabby discovered this his language completely failed him. Finally a neighboring cabman came to his relief: "Lave him to God, Mike," he said: "lave him to God."

Methuen, Mass., is being made so rich by the gifts of one of its townsmen that the citizens are finding it difficult to pay their tax bills. This queer state of affairs has been brought about by the gifts of Edward F. Searles. Mr. Searles is Methuen's richest man, and, being childless and without heirs, he has intimated on several occasions that he will leave his entire estate, amounting to many millions, to the town. In the meantime, merely as a foretaste of his bounty, he has given the town, which has only eighty-five pupils in its schools, a \$1,000,000 high school building and a library building costing \$500,000. These buildings, of course, must be maintained, and it is said they burn more coal, for one item, than all the rest of the town combined. As one citizen rather ruefully expresses it, when the town receives all Mr. Searles's fortune "we shall be so rich that we shall be poverty stricken to keep up appearances."

Fashions in walking-sticks change just as fashions in ladies' dress. Two or three years ago the fashionable stick was perfectly straight, without crook or bend at the top. Then came the crook-handled stick, the most popular form of which was the cherry-wood. More recently—and the fashion still prevails—came the thin cane having its handle at right angles.

Now we are promised what is quite a novelty—sticks which are square instead of round. The angles are rounded off just enough to prevent sharpness. The idea started in Paris, whence, like fashions in dress, come also fashions in sticks.

Paderewski, the famous pianist, whose fingers are, of course, precious to him, insures both his hands regularly from year to year. He pays about \$5,000 annually in this way, with the result that if anything went wrong with one of his precious hands at any

time, so that he could no longer play the piano, he would be paid \$50,000 by the underwriters.

FROM THE PROPHETS.

What kind of a year is 1905 going to be? It would be a fine thing to have a peep into the future, and know just one or two of the things that are going to happen, and this glimpse three well-known "prophets" have again attempted to give us in their respective almanacs—Old Moore, Raphael, and Zadkiel.

We make a few extracts in order that our readers may check off the prophets.

In January, in the United States, I see foretold a terrible disaster in some way through fire or flame, very near a harbor and towering monument.—Old Moore.

In January I also see a lurking assassin waiting in the lobby of a public building for his unsuspecting victim. Guardian angels, preserve him!—Old Moore. This is in England.

Japan and China, as well as the immense Russian Empire, will, in January, be under the ban of the mischief-making powers.—Raphael. Even so.

Traveling by rail will be attended by risk in February, for many serious accidents will occur. Deaths by fire and drowning will be numerous. Schools and places of amusement will suffer.—Raphael.

In March a large fire will occur in the City of London.—Old Moore.

The young King of Spain finds his sovereignty burdensome in March.—Zadkiel.

The health of King Edward VII will suffer in March. Towards the close of the month heavy calamities will occur at sea, and murders on land. It will be a period of much crime.—Raphael.

I made an idol of the night
And watched her coming with delight,
So pure and fair, adown the brake,
When, like all idols that we make,
Night fell!

I made my suit unto the day,
And swore I'd be her liege away;
But, ah, in vain my lips did woo!
Just then, by all the gospels true,
The day declined!

When "Mark Twain" was a young and struggling newspaper-writer, a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar-box under his arm, looking in a shop-window.

"Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you

with a cigar-box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much."

"It isn't that," said the humorist. "I'm moving again!"

ANSWERS.

We don't like to be altogether as other men are, nor do we like to conduct this column as other journals do. It is quite the common thing to narrow down the questions to be answered to those which may not be found in ordinary books of reference. The average man does not possess "ordinary books of reference," more's the pity, and the good things which these great storehouses contain of facts not generally known are lost to him if they are not taken out for him. The Chief Scrapper has upwards of a hundred scrap books fully indexed which he has been for years making up. He has a library of reference books which few private collections can excel and he has access to two of the largest libraries in the country. With these resources he has been able to answer many questions which have stumped those not so well equipped for the work. We are not always able to answer queries at once. Very often we have to submit them to those who are better able to answer than we are, and in such cases delay is unavoidable. We cannot always publish the queries in full, and we economize space by omitting the initials of the questioner. The initials mean nothing to the average reader and the querist can recognize his question without them. We have a very large number of questions waiting answers and we hope to be able to publish them before very long.

Q—When I hit my elbow they tell me I have knocked my "funny" bone. There is nothing funny about it. Why do we call it a "funny" bone? A—A pun on the word humerus. The bone at the end of the os humeri, or bone which runs from the shoulder to the elbow.

Q—Why do we say a "private" soldier? A—The origin of the term must be traced back to the much earlier use of the word as applied to civilians—one not invested with public office or employment—so that, the epithet being applied to any civilian not holding office, it came to signify soldiers not holding rank.

Q—Should we say "Arrive in Boston?" or should it be "Arrive at Boston?" A—If

you come to Boston by train, you arrive "in" Boston; if you come by steamer, you arrive "at" Boston. Before the names of large and important cities, "in" is to be used whenever you mean within the bounds of the city; "at" denotes mere contact. For example, "Our steamer arrived at Hong-Kong on the fifth of October;" "We stayed in Pekin three weeks."

Q—What is meant by the term "Tetragram?" A—The four letters, meaning the four which compose the name of the Deity. The ancient Jews never pronounced the word Jehovah, composed of the four sacred letters, I H V H. Pythagoras called Deity a Tetrad or Tetractys, meaning the "four sacred letters." The Greek Zeus, Latin Jove and Deus, Persian Gorn, Assyrian Adad, Arabian Alla, Egyptian Amon, as well as the German Gott, Dutch Godt, Danish Godh, Spanish Dios, Italian Idio, French Dieu, and a host of other words significant of Deity are tetragrams.

Q—What is the religion of Japan? A—There is no state religion and no state support for religion. By the Japanese constitution absolute freedom of religious belief and practice is provided so long as it is not prejudicial to peace and order. The chief forms of religion in Japan are Shintoism, with 12 sects; Buddhism, with 12 sects and 32 creeds. There are also many Roman and Greek Catholic and Protestant churches.

Q—Assuming the President's wife to be the "first lady of the land," who is the second lady? A—This is a disputed point on which equally accomplished persons differ. In the book, "Etiquette of Social Life in Washington," Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren says: "The second place is claimed for both the Chief Justice and the Vice President and so many good reasons may be given on either side that until a social Congress can be convened to decide this and some other controverted points, there can be no decision attained." Their wives should be respectively the second and third lady.

Q—Are there more people dead than living? A—Certainly. The population of the earth today is estimated, in round figures, at 1,500,000,000. In view that the earth has been the abode of man for many thousands of years, it is obvious that there must have died more than are in existence at a given moment.

Q—How do you pronounce the Japanese word "jiu jitsu," so commonly seen in print? A—As if spelled "jew-jits."

Q—We often hear such expressions as: "I love her with all my heart;" "My heart tells me;" "Don't take it to heart." Is there any reason for referring to the heart as a reasoning organ? A—None whatever. The referring to the heart as to the seat of all or some of the mental faculties, such as emotions, affections, especially moral capacity and disposition, arises from an ancient and erroneous belief that the passions had their seat in the heart because this organ was manifestly affected by them.

Q—Kindly name the States that have woman suffrage and women in public office. A—There are four States which give to women the suffrage in equal terms with men—Wyoming since 1869, in Colorado since 1893, in Utah since 1895, and in Idaho since 1896. In Kansas women have had school suffrage since 1861, and municipal suffrage since 1887. Eighteen other States give women school suffrage; two permit women to vote on the issue of municipal bonds, and Louisiana, since 1898, has given to women taxpayers a vote upon all questions of public expenditure. In the States that have full suffrage many women are elected to minor offices.

Q—Who is the author of the saying: "God deliver me from my friends; I can take care of my enemies?" A—The correct quotation is, "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies," and it is assigned to the Marechal de Villars on his taking leave of Louis XIV.

Q—How would you define classical music? A—Classical music is a term applied only to such compositions as conform to musical standards of the highest authority and excellence; the works of recognized masters. Such are the productions of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner and a legion of other princes of music, vocal and instrumental.

Q—Why do they call the rope attached to the lower corner of a sail, or to the boom, a "sheet?" Can a rope be a flat expanse? A—The term is simply a bit of nautical slang. The rope, in old times, was called "the sheet rope," but the sailors shortened it to "sheet," and the term has now become so common that the dictionaries recognize it. We often

come up against a dish made of cheese which we call a rabbit, but no one thinks of it as the little long-eared animal. Don't try to get behind slang etymologically.

Q—Could a woman, if nominated and elected, serve as President of the United States? A—The Constitution of the United States, in Article II, Section I, uses the pronoun "he" in referring to the President, but it is not likely that this would prevent a woman from serving if she were elected. The question came up when first women were elected on the School Committee in Massachusetts. The Supreme Court decided that "he" used in the Constitution embraced both sexes, and it has also been decided that "mankind" is synonymous with "human-kind."

Q—How should a married woman sign her name? Should it be Mrs. Henry Wilson or Mary Wilson? A—Mrs. Henry Wilson should sign her own name—Mary Wilson; but, when writing to a stranger, she should put "Mrs. Henry Wilson" below her signature, either directly below and within marks of parenthesis, or below and to the left without any marks of parenthesis.

Q—Is there any truth in the statement that poor people in olden times used to get satisfaction to the palate in pointing viands at the salt, which gave rise to the saying, "To dine on potatoes and point?" A—There seems to be very good authority for the statement. When salt was very dear, and the cellar was empty, parents used to tell their children to point their potato to the salt cellar, and then eat the vegetable. This was potato and point. In the tale of "Ralph Richards the Miser," we are told that he gave his boy dry bread, and whipped him for pointing it towards the cupboard where a bit of cheese was kept in a bottle. Imagination will do more than season a potato. Do you remember that Col. Sellers put a candle in his stove and warmed himself by the gleam?

Q—Who was the founder and first president of Harvard College? Of Yale College? A—1. Harvard College, now Harvard University, the oldest institution of learning in the United States, was founded by act of the General Court of Massachusetts, granting £400 toward a school or college, Oct. 28, 1630. The college was named after John Harvard, a graduate from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, England, who bequeathed

his library and half of his estate, about £700, for a college, at his death at Charleston, Mass., Sept. 14, 1638. Cambridge, then Newtown, was selected as the site for the college March 13, 1639. The first head was Nathaniel Eaton, who was soon deposed for ill-treating and starving the students and beating his assistant, a Mr. Briscoe. He was succeeded by Rev. Henry Dunster, the first president of the college, who held the office from 1640 to October, 1654, when he was compelled to resign on the charge of disobeying the ordinance of infant baptism in the Cambridge Church. The school had acquired a high reputation under him. Charles W. Elliot has been president since 1869.

2. The charter for Yale College was granted by the General Court of Connecticut Oct. 9, 1701. It was to be located at New Haven, but was started at Saybrook in 1701 and removed to New Haven Oct. 30, 1717, despite opposition of a minority of trustees who wanted to locate it at Wethersfield. It was named after Elihu Yale, of London, England, Sept. 12, 1718. He was born at New Haven, Conn., April 5, 1648, was sent to England to complete his education when ten years old. At thirty he removed to India, where he remained twenty years, married, acquired a fortune, and was made Governor of the East India Company, and a fellow of the Royal Society. His donations to Yale College aggregated about \$2,000. He intended to give \$2,500 more, but died before doing so. His death occurred in England July 8, 1721. The first president of Yale was Rev. Abraham Pierson, 1701-1707.

Q—What is the language of Diplomacy at the present time? It used to be French. Is it now? In what language were the proceedings at the Hague conducted? A—During the Middle Ages, the language of European diplomacy, the world-language, in which all international conferences were held, was Latin. This was the case until the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the growing importance of France in European politics led to the substitution of the French language for the Latin. During the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth French was the polite language of the world, the tongue with which every educated person, at least in Europe, was supposed to be conversant. Even to the present day, French is the language of the European tourist, considered as essential a convenience in his wanderings as his passport or his railway ticket. For these reasons, there-

fore, the political importance of France and the polished quality of the French language led to the general adoption of that tongue in international councils. Now, however, as the Anglo-Saxon race is coming more and more to the front, the French tongue is losing its hold, and the growing importance of the United States in international politics is the most potent force in bringing about this change. In any conference in which the United States and England hold prominent part the English language is the one most used and the French language is but secondary. In the drawing up of the treaty between the United States and Spain two drafts were made, one in English and one in Spanish, and the discussions of the commissioners were held partly through the medium of an interpreter. The proceedings of the peace conference at The Hague, however, were mainly conducted in French, and its acts were drawn up and its minutes recorded in that language.

THE NINKUM LAND.

A thingamajig met a thingamaree
One day in the land where the ninkums be;
And the thingamajig, with a swaggering air,
Gave the thingamaree a well-bred stare;
And the ninkums all gathered around to see
The thingamajig meet the thingamaree.

"Your hands are horny, your clothes are old
And tattered and torn, and I'm even told
That you work for hire! that I can't forgive!
On my coupons and bonds and rents I live.
You fellow, how dare you look at me?"
Said the thingamajig to the thingamaree.

Then the 'ree got down on his marrow bones.
And he abjectly kissed the dusty stones
Where the 'jig had stood, like a slavish thing,
Who bows in awe of a tyrant king;
And the ninkums all laughed and jeered to
see

The craven looks of the thingamaree.

"We all must work for our daily bread;
Those who will not work may not eat," they
said;

"And whether a man, from pride or shame,
Would shirk his duties, we equal blame;
And no greater difference can we see
'Twixt a thingamajig and a thingamaree
Than 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

'Twas a long time ago, in a distant land,
Where ninkums lived, you will understand.
We manage things better here, and today
Those who work the least get the biggest
pay;

And the ninkums are those who the work
must do.

Who must toil and slave, and go hungry,
too;

And we neither wonder nor laugh to see
A thingamajig or a thingamaree.

Q—What is the meaning of the word Philistine as used by Matthew Arnold and other writers? A—This question we sent to a clerical friend of ours whom we know to be a regular reader of Elbert Hubbard's "Philistine" magazine. We give his answer as it came to us. "Matthew Arnold was the first to introduce the word Philistinism into modern literature, using it to describe, not inaptly, the sordid, and at the same time, bigoted spirit of modern civilization. Why the name Philistine was chosen for those imbued with this spirit rather than that of any other tribe of heathens, it is hard to say, but having been chosen it seemed so peculiarly appropriate that it soon found a place among literary phrases. The Philistines of old were rich and powerful and excessively proud of their wealth, characteristics which are also distinctive of the modern Philistines. They were sworn foes of the chosen people even as the Philistines of today are inimical to the advocates of culture, or of any gospel outside of mere materialism; and the latter cling to their pet dogmas of belief as the Philistines of old did to their gods of wood, never daring to set out on a campaign without taking their deities with them for protection. The modern Philistines are, first of all, devoted to money-getting. They have no ideas beyond this sordid aim, no hope, no enthusiasm, nor desire which is not included in the greed of gain. The worship of 'the good, the true, and the beautiful' is their especial scorn, and words cannot describe the contempt with which they regard those who follow 'art for art's sake,' or who find in virtue or labor its own reward. Their one touchstone of worth for everything under the shining sun is, 'Will it pay?' If it will not, there is nothing to be said in favor of it. The true Philistine is always 'on the make.' He is also superstitious and narrow-minded. He has a set of dogmas, beliefs, fancies—it makes no difference what he calls them, or whether they are rigidly orthodox or grossly heretical—and by these, the little two-foot rule of his individual opinion, he insists upon measuring everything in heaven and earth. What he does not approve is worthless, what he does not know is not worth the knowing. As the Philistine, thus defined, represents a large share of the human race in this generation, we may suppose that he has his uses somewhere, even if culture and the fine arts have no need of him—nor he of them."

Q—What is the story of the Mountain

Meadows Massacre? A—The Mountain Meadows massacre occurred in September, 1857. Thirty families of immigrants, known as the Arkansas company, were passing through Utah on their way to California, when the Mormon hierarchy decided to annihilate them. Mormons and Indians under the leadership of John D. Lee attacked the immigrants near Mountain Meadows, but were repulsed. Then Lee, sending in a flag of truce, persuaded the immigrants to surrender on condition that the Mormons should protect them and guide them to a place of safety. They were instructed to put their rifles in their wagons so as not to provoke the Indians, and proceeded on their way under Mormon guides. The guides led them into an ambush at Mountain Meadows, where all except a few children were killed. Later the military found the bones of the immigrants and instituted a search for the murderers. Twenty years later, in 1877, John D. Lee, a Bishop of the Mormon church, was tried for the murder of the Arkansans, was convicted, and was sentenced to be shot. He confessed to the leadership of the attacking party and implicated other Mormons in the conspiracy that led to the massacre. He was taken to the scene of the massacre March 23, 1877, and shot.

Q—What is the national flower of the United States? What flowers have been adopted by the states and by other countries? A—We have no national flower. Our broad expanse of territory gives us so many flowers that we have never been able to agree on a special one to dignify as a national flower. The States have adopted flowers as follows:

| | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Alabama | Golden Rod |
| Arizona | Cactus |
| Arkansas | Aster |
| California | California Poppy |
| Colorado | Columbine, Blue and White |
| Delaware | Peach Blossom |
| Georgia | Cherokee Rose |
| Idaho | Syringia |
| Iowa | Wild Rose |
| Kansas | Sunflower |
| Maine | Pine Cone and Tassel |
| Michigan | Apple Blossom |
| Minnesota | Moccasin Flower |
| Missouri | Golden Rod |
| Montana | Bitter Root |
| Nebraska | Golden Rod |
| New Hampshire | Oak Leaf and Acorn |
| New Jersey, State tree | Sugar Maple |
| New York, Rose; State tree | Maple |

North Dakota Golden Rod
Oklahoma Territory Mistletoe
Oregon Oregon Grape
Rhode Island, Violet; State tree Maple
Utah Osage Lily
Vermont Red Clover
Washington Rhododendron

Other countries have decorated themselves as follows:

Canada Sugar Maple
China Narcissus
England Rose
France Flower-de-luce
Germany Cornflower
The Guelphs Red Lily
Holland Orange and Tulip
Japan Chrysanthemum
Prussia Linden
Saxony Mignonette
Scotland Thistle
Spain Pomegranate

Some of the Italian States have the white lily. Nova Scotia has the English rose, Scottish thistle and Irish shamrock with the trailing arbutus for her distinctive emblem.

G. B. C.—I found the name of the giver of the Foolish Dictionary in the acrostic which you constructed. (Page 166.) Send the prize in Sterling Silver.

A. S. F. writes: "You give credit for the twenty-four hour system to the Italians. They have always used the twenty-four-hour time on the Intercolonial railroad in the Maritime Provinces. Here is an extract from their time-table. "On the Intercolonial Railway the twenty-four hour system of notation is used in which the hours are numbered from one to twenty-four, beginning at 1 o'clock in the morning. The afternoon and evening hours run from 13 to 24, and those not familiar with the system may readily reckon by adding or subtracting 12. Thus to convert ordinary p. m. time into railway time, 12 is added; and 5 in the afternoon for instance, would be found to be 17 o'clock. To reduce the time-table figures to ordinary p. m. time, subtract 12, and thus 19-35 would be found to mean 35 minutes past 7 in the evening. The advantages of this system is that it prevents mistakes from the confusion of a. m. and p. m. in reading time-tables and in the operating of the railway generally.

One time Truth set out to catch a lie.

For many miles and for many years she pursued it.

At last she overtook it.

The Lie was firmly established on a tombstone.

There being a heavy penalty for defacing an epitaph, Truth was forced to abandon her efforts.

FEBRUARY 14, 1905.

Mr. Brown leaned back in his office chair,
His restaurant dinner had been quite fair,
And now his paper he leisurely read,
Smoothing the while his half-bald head.
He glances at times at his force of clerks,
To notice if any his duty shirks.
For business is good. So he sits and smokes
And rests for a while as he reads the jokes.
Each man is obedient to his call.
For there in that office he's lord of all,
His slightest suggestions are all obeyed
By the clerks, and the salesmen, and by the maid
Who sat by the window from early t' late,
To typewrite the letters which he would dictate.

St. Valentine's poems had come again.
He reads some, and muses. Alas! in vain
Were those he had sent. Now he's getting old

To be a success as a lover bold.
And sadly he thinks of what might have been

If when he was younger he'd had the "tin."

At the top of the page young Cupid stands,
With his bow held fast in his chubby hands;
An arrow is sunk in a bleeding heart,
Sped straight to its goal by the cherub's art.

"I'd like to hire that half-clothed child,
With his bow and arrows and antics wild.
By jove! the youngster should be well paid
If he'd bring me the heart of a certain maid.
I wonder, if out by my great brass sign
I should tack up 'Wanted—Sir Valentine,'
I could get him to come for a single day?—
But no doubt he is busy now far away."

While thus he was musing the clock struck one,

It brought to his mind a long letter begun.
"Here, Harry," he called to a tall young man,

"Just answer this letter—I guess you can.
"Miss Emma will write it in proper style."
The young girl looked up with an answering smile,

And a few moments later the old man saw
That he needed no sign on the office door,
For Cupid had come and was hard at work
On the heart of the maiden and that young clerk.

A dead letter law is the opposite of an animated statute.

Money talks, but it's not doing much cheering just now.

It takes an old maid to tell how to raise a child, and a bachelor how to manage a wife.

EN VOYAGE.

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to wait me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that he
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.
—Caroline A. Mason.

RAIN AFTER BATTLES.

Napoleon was, in modern times, the first man reported to have noticed that heavy artillery firing was frequently followed by rain, and he took advantage of its regular occurrence in ordering the manoeuvres of his troops. Later, during the Franco-Prussian War, which opened in the summer of 1870, the fact that rain fell after the battles was again brought to notice, and widely discussed by European scientists. During the Civil War the same phenomenon repeatedly occurred, and came to be one of the factors in the case, to be considered by a general when planning his movements on the eve of an engagement. A noteworthy instance of the occurrence of rain during the Mexican War was at the battle of Buena Vista, fought in February 22 and 23, 1847, in the dry season in that region. The battles of Palo Alto, the siege of Monterey, Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey and Chapultepec were all fought during the dry season, which, in Mexico, is severe, and each of these battles was followed by heavy rains. In his little book, "War and Weather," published in 1870, Edward Powers mentions 198 battles in the Civil War which were followed by more or less rain, either next day or in two, three or four days. Disturbance of the atmosphere by the shock of cannon firing is accounted to be the cause.

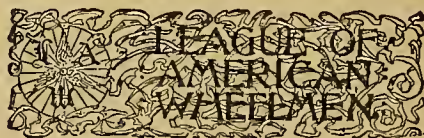
The price of popularity has made bankrupt many a man's nature.

A gentleman bought a new variety of potatoes, and told his gardener to be sure and plant them far enough apart.

"Well, Sam, did you plant the potatoes far apart, as I told you?"

Sam: "I did, sir. I planted some in your garden and some in mine, so they are four miles apart."

Retort Sarcastic.—Husband—"I wish you wouldn't make so many grammatical errors, my dear." Wife—"What's the matter with 'em? Ain't they as good as your mother used to make?"—Chicago Daily News.

**ESSTEE'S VALENTINE.**

We are talking before our annual meeting has taken place and you will read these lines when it has passed into history. A monthly magazine is not a newspaper.

We can trust to those who turn the crank that sets the wheels in motion to give things a start off.

We have said it before, and we now repeat it, that this is our silver jubilee year. May we not look for a membership of 100,000? Why certainly! We can look for it.

C. M. Darling and C. C. Murphy, who started from Jackson, Mich., on May 2, 1904, intending to ride in every State in the Union within eighteen months have reached Texas at last accounts and intend working their way up the coast to New England. When they get home they will write a book, "Around the United States by Bicycle."

According to Chairman McClintock of the Mass. state highway commission one-third of the length of the state highway which the good roads system contemplates has now been built. Altogether there are 18,800 miles of public highway in the entire state, outside the cities, and about one-tenth of this mileage will ultimately be taken under the state's management. This will make about 1,800 miles, and at the close of the present season about 600 miles had been built. It has cost a great deal of money, and it is going to cost a good deal more, varying all the way from \$3,500 to \$15,000 a mile, but the state has got or will get its money's worth. Certainly the towns through which the good roads run have.

The mob besieged Baron Rothschild's house in Paris during the revolutionary upheaval in 1848, and the baron begged the ringleaders to enter. They demanded an equal distribution of his wealth among all the male adults of France. It was clear that the safest way for Baron Rothschild was the simplest, and the baron, working out the sum, found that it came to much less than a franc a head. "We will, however, call it a franc," he said. "Accept the first instalment with my compliments. And now, gentlemen, you will allow me to resume my business." There was no longer any need to be violent, and for two shillings a Rothschild bought the good will of an angry mob.

A bright young woman was very deeply interested in her Sunday school class, and endeavored to make the little ones understand different verses in the Bible more clearly by letting them finish each sentence. "The idol had eyes," she said, "but it couldn't—" "See!" cried the children. "It had lips, but it couldn't—" "Speak!" the children answered. "It had ears, but it couldn't—" "Hear!" they once more correctly replied. "It had a nose, but it couldn't—" "Blow it!" the children confidently shouted.—New York Sun.

Johnny—Pa, what is the difference between a talk and a conversation?

Pa—All the difference in the world, my boy. Your mother converses with strangers, but she talks to me.

"Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pour them all right out just as they are, chaff and grain together, knowing that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away." Isn't that a pretty thought? Quoted by Rev. Campbell Morgan, an English divine.—C. E. M.

Too Generous. "Wiggins likes to hear himself talk." "Yes," answered the sarcastic person; "it wouldn't be so bad if he didn't insist on trying to share the luxury of his conversation with some one else."—Washington Star.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "acts like dey wus tryin' to make up foh deir own

short-comin's by bein' strict wif de chillen."—Washington Star.

When some politicians bury the hatchet they take mighty good care to locate the place of interment with an eye to future emergencies.

At the farewell dinner to John Morley he indulged in a jest that has hitherto not got into print. It happened during Mr. Depew's speech. "And let me remind our distinguished guest," said the New York senator, "that even now the fires of patriotism are not dead in the land that was originally an appendage of the British crown. On Thanksgiving day every self-respecting parent in the 13 original states offers his sons 13 kinds of pie."

"I suppose," said Morley, softly, to the man nearest him, "I suppose, of course, that 'Washington pie' heads the list."

AN INTERNATIONAL STAMP.

One of the latest ideas to be propounded, and which will be brought forward at a future international postal congress, is a suggestion for an international stamp. There is no doubt that such a label would be a very great convenience, for merchants and travelers often feel the want of a stamp which will serve equally well in all countries. When writing to a distant country it is very difficult to obtain stamps to forward in case a reply is needed and as means of paying small sums. An international stamp would exactly meet the case, but even before the idea has been properly brought forward difficulties seem to have cropped up.

A French heraldic artist has designed a label which has on its face the armorial bearings of the countries of the Postal Union ranged in a circle in alphabetical order. So far so good, but the inscriptions are in the French language, which has offended some susceptible persons. Moreover, the arms are so small that it is almost impossible to make them out, and there is no room to add any more should other nations desire to join the union. But if the stamp is to be introduced all occasions of quarrel must be avoided, and it will probably be found best to have the inscription in Latin, which can offend nobody, with the classical figure of Europa on the bull instead of the mass of armorial bearings.



OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

The objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

OFFICERS OF THE LEAGUE.

President, Geo. L. Cooke, 15 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.
First vice-president, Walter M. Meserole, 44 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Second vice-president, Geo. M. Schell, Box 1145, Philadelphia, Pa.
Secretary-treasurer, Abbot Bassett, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.
Foreign consul, Joseph Pennell, 14 Buckingham St., Strand, W. C., London, England.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Rights and Privileges—William M. P. Bowen, chairman, Banigan Building, Providence, R. I.; Charles F. Cossum, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Highway Improvement—Hilberd B. Worrell, chairman, 555 West Sixteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Robert A. Kendall, Pawtucket, R. I.; Horatio S. Earle, Detroit, Mich.; Arthur P. Benson, Dedham, Mass.; Harry C. G. Ellard, Cincinnati, O.
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No officer of the League (except the Secretary-Treasurer), nor any member of a committee is required to answer any communication, unless return postage accompanies it.

DUES:—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership, \$10. Life members must pay additional for official organ if they desire it. All dues payable in New York, Philadelphia or Boston funds. Money orders preferred. Personal checks outside the foregoing cities are subject to a collection fee of 10 cents, which must be added to amount in all cases.

APPLICATION BLANK:—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send name with one dollar to Abbot Bassett, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

RENEWAL BLANK:—To renew membership, in case member has no renewal blank, write number, date of expiration, name and full address, and send with enclosure of one dollar to Abbot Bassett, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

LEAGUE CLUBS:—A League Club becomes such when its entire membership belongs to the L. A. W. We issue a ticket of membership to such club. There is no fee. A League Club, by becoming such, attests its loyalty to the cause which the L. A. W. stands for.

Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consular system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where too ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

VETERAN:—A member becomes a Veteran when he has been a member ten consecutive years. When he enters upon his tenth year his ticket will be marked "Veteran" and he will be entitled to wear the Veteran Bar. He must hold a ticket bearing number less than 2210.

PIONEER:—A Pioneer is one who belongs to the "Pioneers." To be eligible to membership he must have joined the L. A. W. during the decade of 1880-89. He pays dues of 50 cents each two years. A Pioneer must hold a number less than 951.

SUPPLIES:—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar: Price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents. Road Maps, State and City Maps, etc. Send for list.

SIDE PATH TAGS:—The right to ride on the side paths of New York State is acquired by the purchase of a tag. This will allow the holder to ride on any path in the State. Tags may be purchased of Secretary-Treasurer Bassett, 50 cents for tag, 5 cents extra for postage and packing (coin or stamps). To League members only. League members who intend touring in New York State should procure one of these tags.

DUES may be paid to our agents as follows:—
New York City—Isaac B. Potter, 132 Nassau St.
Brooklyn—C. J. Obermayer, 498 5th Ave.
Philadelphia—V. V. Dorp, 816 Chestnut St.
Boston—Headquarters, 221 Columbus Ave.; Geo. A. Perkins, 15 Court Sq.; A. D. Peck, 223 Columbus Ave.; E. W. Ray, 234 Devonshire St.
Cleveland—Geo. Collister, 317 Superior St.
Cincinnati—Harry C. G. Ellard, Senator Place.
Lynn, Mass.—C. R. Welch, 4 Mason St.

AUTOMOBILE SECTION invites all members of the L. A. W. who own automobiles or those who are interested in them to unite and form a body for offensive and defensive work. Fee 50 cts. Send same to Secretary Abbot Bassett. Officers will soon be elected.

Our Jubilee Year.

1880—1905

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